



11-13





# THE PARIS FRONT



# THE PARIS FRONT

*An Unpublished Diary: 1914-1918*

by

MICHEL CORDAY

LONDON  
VICTOR GOLLANCZ LTD  
14 Henrietta Street Covent Garden  
1933

*Printed in Great Britain by*  
**The Camelot Press Ltd., London and Southampton**

## FOREWORD

I SHOULD like to give a brief outline of my reasons for publishing the diary which I kept during the war. After reading my first novels, the general scheme of which was based on these notes, Jean de Pierrefeu wrote : " I have just passed three very full days. On and on without a break, unable to stop, as if under a spell, I read your work—that of a writer who has dared to conjure up again the immense drama of the war as it unfolded on the home front in the hearts and consciences of men. . . . Why ! It is preposterous that we should possess books of this stamp only to leave them in discreet obscurity, instead of extolling their value as propaganda, of seizing every possible opportunity to thrust them before the public eye and stock them in the libraries where the people may learn the truth." These words struck me forcibly. It is precisely in order to drag forth a little further out of the shadows " the immense drama of the home front," to promote its wider realisation, that I have decided to publish these Notes.

But ought I to leave them in the rather casual form into which I threw them, from day to day, during the actual course of the war ? On this point I privately sought the opinion of a man for whose career and intellect I have an equal admiration, the illustrious H. G. Wells. I submitted to him the Notes for three months taken at random. Here is his written opinion : " It is wonderful stuff, and of the greatest historical value. The tone, concise, ironic, shrewd, is entirely novel, and the whole work extraordinarily interesting. It *must* be published just as it stands."

Thus I have not modified the form of my diary. I have merely confined myself to pruning and cutting, to sweeping away undergrowth and removing thorns. . . . Some will perhaps reproach me for having included the remarks of politicians who talked freely in my presence, over the table or at private parties. But, in my view, every public man belongs to history. His intimate conversation is essential to complete his portrait. Besides, in the circles wherein I moved at this period everybody knew that I was keeping a diary. Hundreds—nay, thousands of times, when they

drew my attention to an interesting detail or anecdote, I heard the remark : “ Corday, put that in your Notes. . . .”

One last point : how long was it right and proper for me to wait before publishing this diary ? I mentioned the point one day to a former Minister to whom these Notes are much indebted. It was just after the Armistice. He replied, with a smile : “ I give you eighteen months !”

I have waited fourteen years.

## AUGUST – SEPTEMBER 1914

DURING the first three weeks of the war I was staying at the seaside, indisposed and confined to my room. The only echoes of the world's events were the newspapers, and the telephone calls of our friends, the Thomsons, who rang me twice a day. M. Thomson was Minister for Commerce and Posts. Every thought and deed to which the outbreak of war gave vent struck a bitter and mortal blow at the one great belief of my heart—the continuous progress of the race towards greater happiness. I had not believed that this thing could happen. It marked the collapse of my faith. It marked the awakening from a dream that I had cherished ever since I began to think. That was my dominant attitude. Every morning I had to learn afresh that it was indeed true—that war was in being. All that was left to me—a sincere support of our cause—came later. Though French, I remained human. I should rejoice in victory, but deplore the battle which must precede it. And I retained my hatred for hatred.

I tried to evade that haunting shadow by burying myself in books—a harmless narcotic. But the war remained my one absorbing interest. I wanted to unravel its causes. Then I felt that it was too early for that. Both telephone messages and newspapers alike poured upon me inspiring calls to confidence and cheerfulness. They announced the resistance at Liège, the triumphant march in Alsace. Joffre issued a General Order in which he christened this conquest : “The first gesture of Revenge.” The Germans would be starving ; they would surrender for a bun. They fired too low and their shells did not burst. The most striking feature of the local life was the spy mania. They saw traitors everywhere. Santos-Dumont, that pioneer in the development both of the dirigible and of the aeroplane, a Brazilian by birth, who had certainly given many proofs of his attachment to our country, fell under suspicion. Had they not found in his villa at Deauville an optical projector—a mere scientific toy—which reflected the roadstead of Havre ? From my window I caught sight of a draft of gunners singing aloud as they marched away to war. I burst into tears. . . .



At last I was allowed to go out a little. The rhythm of the sea, the calm immobility of the horizon, emphasised the monstrous horror of the catastrophe. On the beach were children playing at war. The little girls insisted on being nurses, while the nervous little boys played the part of wounded.

We left the seaside by car on the 22nd August. Lunch at Mantes with Victor Margueritte and family. They looked grave. There we were in the thick of events ; but we could not see them, just as an aviator cannot see the outline of the cloud through which he is passing.

We reached Paris in time for the battle of Charleroi. Every evening M. Thomson, on his return from the Ministry of War, announced : " Things are going badly ! ", but his commanding presence, his lively demeanour, his fortitude and good humour, were as marked as ever. Did he not, on the 26th, pass on to me the first field postcard inscribed with the word " Confidence ! " ?

The despatch from Joffre called forth comment but not comprehension : " We have thrown in our hand ; it is now the Government's turn to speak." Then came the famous *communiqué* : " From the Somme to the Meuse, we stand firm," etc. It was baffling. Many thought there must be a mistake. It should have read : " From the Sambre to the Meuse." But we had to face the facts : that was their curious method of informing us that actually there had been a retreat.

Past my window went the Belgian refugees who were being assembled in the Cirque de Paris. A dreadful cavalcade of old men and little children, wearing slippers and weighed down with bundles. An ant-heap changing its quarters. Would you believe it ? These unfortunates asked for a cinema ; there was already a screen up in the circus. Their request was granted, and for a moment they forgot their hardships.

The *taubes* appeared. In the ignorant crowd there was more curiosity than fear. Besides, the authorities concealed the deaths. " Insignificant damage," they announced. For the censorship was in full sway. In the evenings, Paris looked sinister in its impenetrable gloom, through which we groped step by step. Alone in the sky, two searchlights swept the night.

The invasion went on. One evening a rumour ran round that they had cut through the German army at Guise. An officer, emerging from the Ministry, kissed a young woman in the street, exclaiming, " We have broken their line ! "

Meanwhile, people began to realise that the forts of Paris dated

from 1876, and would offer no resistance ; that our " entrenched camp " so far existed only on paper ; that the guns of the forts had no range-finders. Despite an important group who wanted to resist street by street, the determination gradually gained ground, after a creditable engagement towards Pontoise, to declare Paris an unfortified city. On the 2nd September, people still believed that the Germans would march on Paris, even encircling it from the south-west. Then began a vast stampede ; masses of fugitives crushed each other in the station as if in a burning theatre.

The Government moved to Bordeaux. We left Paris by car one evening, Vergniaud (the permanent secretary of M. Thomson's department) and myself, to whom they had given the honorary official rank of joint secretary. Two aeroplanes chased each other through the twilight, amid salvos of gun-fire, the crowd gazing into the heavens at the little spherical clouds of smoke left by the bursting shells.

On the 4th September we reached Bordeaux, where the Ministry of Commerce was installed in the Deaf and Dumb Institution, in the Rue Saint-Sernin. Very soon hope revived with the first engagements along the Ourcq.

The following Notes, which were written from day to day, begin from this moment.

— From Paris to Bordeaux. We found chains across the road only after leaving Town. The further we went, the stricter the supervision. Terrible, these militia-men at three francs a day, who bring bayonet or rifle into action over a mere trifle. They are drunk with power. At Étampes one of them searched our cars, with insolent remarks. He revelled in his hour of triumph. When we stopped for dinner, I chatted with the American, Jaccacie, who was journeying with us. He will not allow any criticism of the military. They are doing their duty. We will settle accounts later.

— The victory of the Marne causes amazed delight. It is only slowly that the mind grasps it. David, standing before the prostrate Goliath, must have known this ecstasy of surprise. G.H.Q. sent to the Ministers at Bordeaux a *communiqué* mentioning " A retreat without parallel in history." The Cabinet substituted the words : " A retreat of unparalleled extent."

— Territorials near Rheims rushed to bring down one of our own dirigibles, *Le Fleurus*.

— Sometimes when we telephone from Bordeaux to G.H.Q. in the evening, they reply that Joffre is sleeping.

— In the hotels there are crowds of smart staff officers, as dazzling as macaws. A young woman who mistook one of them for a commissionaire was rewarded with a most annihilating glance. . . .

— Everyone is busy justifying and excusing his position in regard to military service.

— Generosity and meanness are equally manifest. There are examples of boundless devotion, but a number of Bordeaux people are profiteering on the letting of rooms to Parisians.

— A young woman is settling in Bordeaux the refugees whom she collected first of all in her workrooms in Paris. The first evening she did not know where to find beds for them. They were on one of those river canteens, but had to leave it. A policeman came to their aid, opening up certain dubious little houses of assignation where his word was law. Within a quarter of an hour everybody had a room. And the next day these purveyors of dubious pleasures did all they could to show their visitors little attentions—cups of coffee, etc.

— Viviani, the Premier, complains of the methods of Madame Poincaré. He says : " She is a damnuisance."

— At a meeting of the Cabinet someone said, in the presence of Briand, that the bridges over the Meuse had been destroyed to cut off the retreat of the Germans. Briand angrily retorted : " On the contrary ! Damn them and their bridges ! "

— Pierre Loti wants to return to active service. Receiving little encouragement from the military and naval chiefs, he talks of enlisting as a stretcher-bearer.

— Everyone proclaims aloud his patriotic sentiments but at the same time trembles for his kith and kin.

— A German telegram dated the 8th September, sent from Berne, enjoins the Americans to leave Paris.

— Poincaré is anxious to address proclamations to the country at large. He has had to be restrained.

— Two women are talking in the street. They speak of William II : " He ought to be put to death.—Yes, starved to death !—Yes, slow starvation ! "

— Distribution of cigarettes to the wounded in hospital. Farm hands, workmen, very few members of the middle class. The bullet which hit them they keep in their purses under the bolster.

— There are signs of a Catholic revival in the hospitals, according to the newspapers.

— No public report has been allowed of the deaths caused in Paris by French bullets which missed enemy aeroplanes but, of course, fall back to earth with the same velocity as that of their projection.

— Madame Ménard-Dorian says that she has seen trains full of wounded, without orderlies to attend them. They had no facilities for satisfying the calls of nature, and said they would have preferred death in battle.

— There seems to be a general blunting of sensibility ; carnage, destruction, and slaughter have become mere words, which do not touch the heart at all.

— Many women, but not all, have given up cosmetics.

— The people of Bône, in Algeria, are appealing for the privilege of acting as gaolers to the Crown Prince. Others want to send him to Devil's Island, where Dreyfus was.

— Remark by a mother : " Not for anything in the world would I see my two sons out of it ! " So patriotic fervour is stronger than maternal love. But how much is due to fear of public opinion ?

— Some of our Algerian troops and some wounded Germans were put on a train together. It appears that, when the train stopped, it was found that the Algerians had cut off the Germans' heads.

— Kindness, humanity—all that has been swept away. A youth of quite good education writes that " he dreams of laying some of them out." The more a man has killed, the more he is clothed in honour and glory.

— Everyone pretends to be a hero. I dare not tell any close relation that her husband is not in any danger, for he would flatly deny it on his return from the front.

— What a strange picture Arcachon makes, with the wounded lying on the balcony of a sumptuous hotel, just above a beach swarming with little children.

— Madame X insists that one should not weep over those who go off to fight, but that, on the contrary, one should pity those who are postponed or exempted.

— Word is passed from town to town of a motor carrying two bombs. They are cylinders of liquid air for the inflation of tyres !

— M. Thomson has been to inspect Lille, Arras, and Lens, which were occupied at the beginning of September. His chief recollection is the obstinate folly of the German Lieutenant Von Oppel

and several others, who began a reign of terror and wanted to levy contributions on these towns.

— The newspapers publish letters from the front. But one reads others which do not blow the trumpet quite so loud—letters in which the writer displays a sense of the value of life, regrets the family quarrels, dwells touchingly on precious little memories, and expresses tender sentiments hitherto concealed. A friend writes : “ Good-bye, little one. Love and kisses as ever.”

— Here is a point to set against undeniable cruelties : German Medical Officers are attending women in childbirth.

— Madame Marcelin Pelet, daughter of Scheurer-Kestner, wife of our Minister at the Hague, describes her journey from Thann to the Hague at the beginning of August (from the 1st to the 3rd). She describes Alsace as empty, the station of Strasburg literally deserted, but little by little, as she came nearer to the north, the mobilisation in a state of perfect preparation.

— It is remarkable that the war mentality does not make a dead set against the soldier who surrenders—since, after all, he has preferred life to death.

— Our Minister visits G.H.Q. in Bordeaux every evening for news. And he declares that by merely observing the nose of Colonel Buat, Millerand’s private secretary, he can tell how the war is going.

— In the suburbs of Bordeaux we have found some people who have made an anthology of atrocities reported in the Press. They know them by heart, bandying them to and fro with fanatical gusto. They also describe unpublished local incidents. For instance, that of a German in a Bordeaux hospital who said that he would rather have a basin of French blood than his barley-water. They add that he was put to death.

— At the hospital, one of our Algerians was prowling round a wounded German. They suspected that he might murder him. They wanted to turn him out. He replied : “ Don’t worry. I’ll wait till he’s better ! ”

— People say : “ How they must have been taught to hate us from their very cradles ! ” But have we not also had our professors of hatred, our professional haters ?

— People also say : “ What an abominable method of making war ! ” The abominable thing is to make war at all.

— The style of a nurse’s uniform has become the height of fashion. Ladies who find it suits them wear it for lunch in town.

— Oh ! the boundless tyranny of public opinion, in the midst of

this appalling crisis—the anxiety about what one's neighbour will think ! One dare not even say that a wounded man would like a little sick-leave ! Everything is turned into heroics. When a soldier is posted down the line, they say : “ He is furious. He wants to get back to the trenches,” even when he has no such desire.

— The man who falls ill at the front is rated infinitely lower than one who is wounded. That difference shows itself plainly in hospital visits. The distinguished person who hands round the cigarettes and the congratulations is at a loss what to say to a case of rheumatism.

— When you deplore the atrocity of the war, they throw at your head the question : “ Do you want to be a German ? ”

— Already we have quite a number of generals and politicians claiming to be the sponsors of the victory of the Marne.

— The regular army has been much extolled—but actually what we see before us is the whole nation under arms. There are territorials of forty-five in the trenches. But, even so, they still sing the praises of the regulars—as if they were a superior and distinct entity.

— A German Prince occupied the country mansion of the manufacturer of Clément cars at Pierrefonds, and wrote to him : “ Perhaps that will be a good advertisement for your make of car.”

— Many people see in this war the triumph of the law of 1913 extending the period of military service to three years. But for that, they say, there would have been a sudden attack in the east, without the advantage to us of the Belgian resistance. Nothing will convince them to the contrary. But how can one prove that the Germans would not have invaded Belgium even without that law ?

— There is a story that a lady whose car had been requisitioned noticed it outside a confectioner's shop in Bordeaux, and asked the chauffeur for the name of the lady who was using it. He gave her the name of an actress.

— It is impossible to express humane sentiments in public.

— M. Marcelin Pelet declares in good faith that the German prisoners are cowards. And he informs me that he was taken prisoner in 1870.

— Oh ! this anxiety about “ what people will say,” which impels everybody to wear a uniform. After Loti, now we have Anatole France, who wants to enlist at the age of seventy-one.

— It is comic to reflect that a general of Republican views is an exception in a Republic. Can one imagine people whispering about a German general : “ They say that he is an Imperialist ! ”

— What a tremendous comedy this would be, if it were not a tragedy.

— Briand, Minister of Justice, relates that the Director of the Criminal Department, arranging for the execution of three men condemned to death, laid stress on the exemplary nature of the execution. And Briand retorted : “ But why worry about three deaths ! And, besides, what is the guillotine compared to one of our 75's ! ”

— But generally Briand discusses the war with that witty banter which is part of his nature. He will observe that the soldier is lost for ever because they have taught him cleanliness. He will describe his rapid promotion, almost daily, on the outbreak of war, when he suddenly shot up from a mere private to a full-blown colour-sergeant. Barthou has been promoted to the same lofty rank ; and they question each other about their unaccustomed duties : “ This flag ? Is it not too heavy ? . . . In the wind ? ” He remarks also that on the transfer of the prison of Saint-Quentin there was a convict condemned to death who, so far from escaping, helped with might and main in the removal.

He describes the Cabinet meetings, complaining of the idle chatter. “ We waste three hours talking and talking without making any decisions. . . . ” He adds : “ Fortunately.”

He asserts that the Minister Messimy (replaced on the 26th August by Millerand at the War Office) placed before him a bust of Marceau, whose stoical expression he tried to imitate.

— In Bordeaux I have run into an old friend, C——, who saw the battlefield of the Marne just after the Germans had evacuated it. A very popular excursion. He speaks of two hundred men mown down in the very attitude of attack, but with their wallets rifled ; others, shot in the stomach, let down their trousers instinctively. They were all black, with heads as big as pumpkins, like those of gigantic Senegalese. On the blackboard of a school used as a German field-hospital he read, amid the splashes of blood : “ Courtesy is the first duty. . . . ”

Finally, he assures me that, three days before the Serbian ultimatum, our Consul at Frankfort wrote to him that he could visit Germany in perfect security.

— Every time that I read an article in the newspaper which stimulates us to victory, I cannot help thinking that the writer

himself is sitting in an armchair at the very moment when he is shouting : " Forward ! "

— They tell us that the troops have adopted Joan of Arc's phrase, " Shove them out." Only, of course, she was referring to the English. That is delightful for our Allies.

— People suspect civilians, who say they are ill, of malingering in order to escape military service. Nothing short of death can prove their sincerity.

— Crozier, former Ambassador of France at Vienna, says that the Balkan peoples are admirably adapted for the purposes of war ; they are just as ready for death as for assassination.

— A doctor remarked to me that he can hardly believe that mankind should devote all their ingenuity to destroying the human frame and yet ask the doctors to devote all their ingenuity to piecing it together again. He was looking after wounded Germans. It was the same people that they were destroying and repairing at the same time.

— The American Ambassador was at a restaurant. At a neighbouring table, one of his friends, thinking he could not be heard, regretted that the Ambassador had not been killed by a bomb from a *taube*, since in that case America would have been drawn into the struggle. The Ambassador had a little note sent to the speaker, in which he remarked that his patriotism had too quickly outstripped his friendship.

— One dare not even speak evil of the war. It has become a god.



## OCTOBER 1914

— EVERY evening they bring us G.H.Q.'s report : " Situation unchanged "—actually telephoned from G.H.Q. itself. Briand comes back with M. Thomson at ten o'clock at night to our very door and mimics that boring telephone call.

— The Americans whom we meet in Bordeaux say that the Germans in America fall into two groups : those who repudiate Germany, and those who try to rouse enthusiasm for the German cause.

— Cruppi, a former Minister, asserts that three-quarters of our current literature will prove unsaleable. It looks as if the revivals of religion and Socialism will dispute the future between them.

— The current joke is that the diary of a German soldier could be made out as follows : " In the French Army you see Arabs, Senegalese, Indians, Belgians, and English. You even see Frenchmen."

— I was relating, in the presence of Briand, that, in the train from Saint-Amand to Bordeaux, I had discussed the situation with a negro deputy. Briand put in : " And did he take a dark view of things ? "

— When one compares the first despatches announcing the destruction of the cathedral of Rheims with the photographs of this edifice, its majestic outlines almost unchanged, one realises that tendency towards exaggeration against which one must steel oneself if one is to be fair.

— October 18th. Lunch at Andernos, by the lake of Arcachon. There were Viviani, M. Thomson and his daughter, Valentine, Madame Guillaumet, and myself, in the same car. It was raining. Viviani (the Premier) has developed an absurd habit of blaming all our failures on the English, " who always arrive too late." He foresees " a spurious peace after an indecisive struggle." He seems weary and embittered. The little dining-room, on the ground floor of the hotel, was cold and dark. They moved the table nearer to the fire and to the French window. Little by little we thawed out. Madame Guillaumet, who comes from Alsace, sat between the two Ministers, who were very attentive

to her. . . . It seemed almost like an allegory : Alsace surrounded by the French. We were the only visitors in that charming village of Andernos. But, even so, the Mayor nosed out the Premier, pounced upon him on the promenade, and raised the question of the parish pump. . . .

— On the subject of German atrocities, Viviani remarked that, in an army of three million Germans, there might easily be twenty-five thousand brutes.

— On the 22nd October a general feeling begins to gain ground in favour of immediate return to Paris. Poincaré heads this movement, influenced by anonymous letters, which he reads with care.

— A district magistrate remarked to me : “ I have not been called up because I lost eleven phalanges in the army.” Instinctively, I looked at the joints of his fingers, which were quite complete. So it must be in his toes. But how strange it is, this need of justifying oneself. In time of peace nobody has this anxious sense of a common duty.

— Already articles are beginning to appear in the Press about “ the war of redemption.”

— Among the stories printed in the papers, I notice that about the targets. Above the trenches, on both sides, they erect targets for the enemy to shoot at. And they give cheers for the best scores. That sort of shooting, at least, is harmless.

— There is also a current story that, as many Germans have been waiters in restaurants and hotels in France, all you need do to make them stand to attention is to shout across to their trenches the word : “ Waiter ! ”

— I have just been told of the following pleasant incident. In front of the trenches there are patrols who go about taking up the wounded. One of these patrols found a German officer who could not be moved. And for five days they brought all his food to him.

— A French soldier was feigning death under a hedge. At last he ventured to rise. But a German appeared from behind a tree and signalled to him : “ No ! . . . Keep down ! ”

— The Russians have started to retreat during October. People have said that they would crush the Germans like a steam roller. Tristan Bernard remarks that, like all steam rollers, it is now rolling backwards.

— The Catholic faith lends a helping hand to weakness—the sick and wounded. Intercessions, words of comfort, little presents. What clever tactics. . . .

— I noticed a little volunteer of seventeen. Of course, he is

moved by patriotism. But how keen is his delight as he struts in uniform before the young girls he sees along the Cours de l'Intendance.

— A manufacturer of steel for shells, who had been allotted troops to work in his factory, remarks to me : " At last I shall discover what is the working man's maximum output. For if they don't work I shall send them back to the trenches."

— A woman is furious because I have proved to her that her husband is not exposed to danger. She is anxious that he should be—or, at least, appear to be. Affection is banished by fear of public opinion.

— For the second time I am going to see my family at Saint-Amand (Cher), where they have taken refuge. The first time I went by car from Bordeaux. The second time, by train. I travelled with a hospital nurse, just come from Rabat. She admitted that she was helping in a war of revenge. At Tours, young boys are used as stretcher-bearers. They wear police helmets. They march in step when carrying the empty stretchers. An old man was imitating them. How they hustled the crowd ! How touchingly absurd they are, but they represent the resolution to save France. Between Tours and Vierzon, women and children were offering to anyone in the train who wore uniform, fruit, milk, coffee, sandwiches, chocolate, and cigarettes. The soldiers were simply stuffed, and in the end accepted the gifts only out of politeness. Oh, for a little of this class sympathy in peacetime ! The stations have been transformed into field-hospitals and military dépôts. There are no more waiting-rooms.

On my way back, between Saint-Pierre and Tours, I overheard two families who had met together. They detailed their dead with an appalling resignation, as if describing merely the victims of a natural catastrophe, a volcanic eruption. At Angoulême, in a neighbouring compartment, they brought in, on a stretcher, a wounded man, who had been struck in the back by a shell fragment, and paralysed. During the journey a nurse examined his wound. His wife, or mistress, was with him. She was a blonde. She observed to the nurse : " He won't believe that I still love him." When the nurse went to wash her hands in the lavatory, they kissed each other passionately on the lips. On her return, the nurse looked out modestly at the night beyond the corridor windows.

In the stations one sees on the bookstalls gay-covered illustrated papers, all stopped at the August number, like the theatre bills on the Morisse columns in Paris.

I chatted part of the night with a little subaltern on his way back from the front. He got out at four in the morning. A girl darted upon him like a shot and clung to him. . . . Oh ! to think that so many loves, the loves of mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts, have yet been powerless against so many hatreds !

— To preserve one's sense of justice one would have to project oneself now and then into the soul of the enemy.

— I quite see that general opinion and my own are at cross-purposes. The accepted view is that Germany attacked France. If that is so, our every action is justified, the war is ennobled—a holy war, which reflects honour upon us. But there ! did it *really* happen so simply as that ?

And so, instead of referring to the war as " What swinishness ! " people prefer to speak of the Germans as " What swine ! "

— My little nephew, Claude, wants to cut off the heads of the Boche (this use of the word " Boche " to mean " German " has taken a rapid hold). He is only five, but already at school. Hatred sweeps down the generations in a flood. It is true that, as he lives in the Cher country, he goes on to say : " They're still a long way off, aren't they, mama ? "

— The most widely spread feeling in France is to refuse to admit the bad news from the front. They hang on with tooth and nail. They refuse to surrender.

— Tristan Bernard writes that there is no place for the humorist in wartime, since he sees humanity from an individual angle, under a highly specialised light ; whereas, in point of fact, the typical French spirit has hidden itself away beneath a bright uniform.

— Those who declare that we must shatter militarism, or Imperialism, or the German Empire, are admitting by implication that they willed the war, since its object seems to them so necessary.

— I notice picture-postcards showing the Kaiser hanged, bled to death, and guillotined.

— In Bordeaux, a dealer in ladies' work-bags cannot keep pace with her orders, owing to the number of black handbags she has to make for people in mourning.

— The most indefensible of Germany's actions is the aerial bombing of unfortified towns. It is true that they will claim they were merely aiming at stations, factories, etc. But, in fact, at a height of six thousand feet, it is madness to believe it possible to aim at one particular roof ! At the same time, I read that the

newspaper *La Libre Parole* believed that a *taube* singled it out for a bomb amid the vast ocean of the roofs of Paris.

— Ministers complain that they know the disposition of the German troops, but not that of the French.

— Indeed, generally speaking, the contemptuous oblivion to which the army relegates the nation will remain one of the outstanding features of this war.

— The ex-Minister Raynaud wants to lead a mission to England, but Viviani remarks that he has no need to go so far as that to be swindled.

— The religion of patriotism is more tyrannical than any other. One is allowed to say : “ I do not believe in God,” but one is not allowed to say : “ I do not believe in my country.”

— C—— wonders why the Germans unleashed the dogs of war, considering their state of prosperity, and the risks incurred by war. (The reply was—that they were suffering from over-production and faced with bankruptcy.)

— A drunkard was abusing a chauffeur. He vomited every insult he could think of, ending up with “ Pro-German ! ” Apparently, amid the religious ecstasy of patriotism, that is the worst insult of all.

— I overheard someone recommending for a position as interpreter an officer whose brother had been killed. His sponsor felt it his duty to add : “ There is just as much danger in this job as anywhere else—otherwise I would not put in a word for you.” It is a matter of obligation to utter that sentiment.

— The Prince of Monaco, who was on very good terms with the Kaiser, has been asked, so I hear, by the Germans to pay half a million francs to save from spoliation his château at Marchais.

— There are some civil servants, such as postal officials, who received contradictory instructions in case of war. The old ones told them to destroy everything before the enemy's advance. The new ones ordered them to remain at their posts during the German occupation. Which are they to follow ?

— Madame Guillaumet went to Orleans to see one of her sons, who was sick in the military hospital, at the moment of mobilisation. At first everybody was astounded. The men left their soup, dropping their spoons back into their mess-tins. Then they leapt to their feet, with a : “ Very well, we'll knock their heads off ! ” But some showed an attitude of resignation : “ I suppose it had to be ! ”

— For it is beyond dispute that the masses have been given the idea that the war was *inevitable*.

— Remark by two travellers in a hotel in Bordeaux : " I see there are pessimistic articles beginning to appear in the papers." The other replied abruptly : " For my part, *I never read them.*"

— I asked one of our Ministers : " Who co-ordinates the operations of our army and navy ? " I did not receive any exact reply. The Cabinet, he supposed. . . .

— One question above all others is asked about every man : Has he been under fire ? Has he *seen* fire ? Has he been behind the guns ? An indispensable baptism.

— One of the Guillaumet brothers, from whom no news has been received for two months, has at last written. He is a prisoner, wounded, at Nuremberg. " I shall not die, mother. I don't think they will have to amputate my leg. Still, the wound is pretty beastly. Mother dear, don't worry, it is quite enough for me to have to suffer. . . ."

— And she, his mother, declares that she suffered less in losing her husband, her relatives, and her other children. Those bereavements were not imposed *by the will of men*—they were not bereavements that *might have been avoided*. Moreover, one thing quite prostrates her—that her son is still here, at a definite place on earth, but she cannot visit him.

— Ah ! the General Staff have a poor grasp of psychology. If only it had the slightest idea of the trouble people take to read between the lines of the official *communiqué* ! If only it realised the millions of people who wait for it ! . . .

— The army and the nation are at cross-purposes. The latter does not exist for the sake of the former. If a township protests that the deliberate breaking of a bridge will starve out the town, the military authorities reply : " We don't care a damn."

— October 26th. The balance of power in Europe between the nations was so perfect that it still continues between their armies.

— I have had described to me Poincaré's dismal departure for Bordeaux from the station of Auteuil. The President stumbled over luggage trolleys, while his wife was accompanied by her maid, and some officials mistook one for the other. . . .

— Two workmen were discussing the misfortunes of the war. One of them, with that indescribable Bordeaux accent, commented : " It's not cowardice, you know, but I have something pressing on my stomach."

— A comment by Tristan Bernard : They speak of " delivering " an attack, as if it were a speech. Often they ought rather to speak of " stammering out " an attack.

— Another of his comments : “ Two men are playing an important part in the war. But one is forty years over military age, while the other would have been rejected by all the medical boards—the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Kaiser.”

— Oh, this human weakness of throwing responsibility upon other people when things go badly ! Lo and behold ! people are now describing Joffre as a mere colonial dug-out, a wily old soldier, just feathering his own nest (October 29th).

— A letter has been read to me from a mother who has lost her four sons. And the war has only been going on for three months.

— A second letter from young Guillaumet, from Nuremberg. Left for twenty-four hours without attention, wounded—the German soldiers passing by, giving him drinks and fruit.

— People will wonder how the Ministers at Bordeaux spend their spare time. Some of them rummage round in the old curiosity shops. Others have a mistress in the suburbs. Many pursue a happy married life.

— There are so many German prisoners in France and they are so comfortable that we shall have to resist this secondary invasion.

— “ We are not at war with Austria.” The phrase comes from Madame Viviani. Still, Austria is the only country on which France declared war. The mistake is natural, so much are we hypnotised by the duel between France and Germany.

— Someone has written : “ The changes in the German General Staff are a sign of serious demoralisation.” With us, of course, similar changes are no sign of demoralisation ! So little are we able to put ourselves into our enemy’s place.

— Comments from Colonel Bouttieaux, whom I have met at all the aerial displays of the last twenty years, and who has just been appointed Deputy Director of Air Services. Before this he was in Lorraine. Before explaining the terrible effect of aerial darts and liquid-air bombs, he put in the brief apology : “ It is abominable, but it is war.” In describing his visit to a fort under bombardment or his descent in a nose-dive with the flier Garros, he adopts a simple style which conceals his pride, and almost, though not quite, his admission of excitement during this initiation.

He described the dramatic interview in which they were faced with the alternatives of either dismissing certain manufacturers of aeroplanes or inviting them to build planes for their fortunate rivals, so as to restrict the types of plane to the four required by the armies (Voisin, Caudron, Farman, Morane).

— The gardener who worked for Madame Thomson at Méry has written to her from a fort at Verdun, where he is now a machine-gunner. The only thing which worries him is his greenhouse. . . .

— There is a sort of religious asceticism in the new orders which forbid officers to entertain their wives even in sectors well to the rear.

— October 28th. The militia has been disbanded. One of these worthy citizens had arrested Millerand in a café "with a person who could not be identified." It was Poincaré.

— I have overheard the remark : "What do you expect? Financial news had dwindled away in the papers to nothing at all. They simply had to have war."

— A gentleman remarked to Madame X : "I am a censor." She replied : "Ah ! So you are the man who writes those delightful articles which are left blank. . . ."

— After the battle of the Marne, in a village which had been sacked and burnt to the ground by the Germans, a woman was complaining : "They've taken my food, my money, and my stock. . . . And what else? Oh, yes ! they've taken my husband."

— Letter from a doctor in Vichy, a pacifist. He discovers in himself a new mentality, a lust for vengeance and ferocious deeds. Otherwise he complains that the masses are fobbed off with fairy tales instead of the truth.

— A horrible story from Paris. A mother wanted to see her son, who was in the trenches. Permission refused. So she disguised herself as a soldier, reached the trenches, and sent a message to her son through a friend of his. They had an hour together. But the enemy attacked. The position was abandoned. The mock soldier was shot.

— In a looted house, the owner found that the Germans had left all his goods in a great heap, and, in addition, an enormous stock of tinned foods.

— Another looted house. The owner had six rare engravings. But he was doubtful about two of them. Those were the only two the enemy left behind.

— The ministers here are suspicious of any colleague who visits Paris. They are in fear and trembling lest such Ministers should league themselves with that civil power installed at the Lycée Duruy which governs the civil affairs of the "entrenched camp" and is the *de facto* Ministry, with reactionary tendencies.



## NOVEMBER 1914

— THE TERRITORIAL forces present a curious picture of social upheaval. Many wealthy men have not taken the trouble to acquire any non-commissioned rank in the army, owing to the boring frequency of the qualifying courses. But men of humble station who reached the rank of sergeant during their army service, have become lieutenants in the reserve. Thus, in the trenches, a mere foreman is often in command of his civil employer. So discipline is topsy-turvy. A common soldier of this kind will dismiss his captain with : “ Oh ! go to hell ! ” The captain dare not punish him. It would involve a court martial.

— Women cannot even set eyes on any man, who is not dropping to pieces with age, without exclaiming : “ Why isn’t that man at the front ? ”

— The Bordeaux family with whom I lodge have had no news of their sergeant son since the beginning of the war. There is something depressing in their appeals for advice and moral support. One can do so little ! So every morning I have to execute a tragi-comic flight to avoid them, along the corridor, passing by the danger-points one by one—their little boy’s bicycle hooked to the wall, the large cupboard, the door of their room, the display of old guns on the wall, the alcove opening into the kitchen where my hosts sit.

— When one reflects for a moment, one finds a bitter irony in the common juxtaposition of the words : the *laws* of war.

— And that solemn farce of drawing neat little lines between one horror and another—of laying down that the submarine is legal, but that the floating mine is not. . . . Whatever one says, they are both methods of killing.

— An official order gives to the military authorities the control over religious ceremonies in hospitals. The civilian authorities protest against this legalisation of different creeds by this grant of separate recognition. Briand, deputising at the War Office, submitted the problem by telephone to Millerand, who is at Dunkirk. Then, thinking better of it, he handed over the telephone to Viviani.

— A young woman has established a workshop for refugees at Lourdes. The town is very religious. It seems that down there they hold novenas, in which they call upon God "to establish a Christian Government." And, in this atmosphere of bigoted old ladies, it is common to add the wish: "Let us have ten more wars like this—let us see half France in German hands—if only we can secure a Christian Government." They frequently refer in their conversation to the "chastisement of France." It is one of the peculiar ideas of the Catholics that the war is a punishment to France for her anti-clerical attitude.

— One of our Ministers often visits the old curiosity shops. He does not want to be recognised. But one day someone caught him unawares, recognised him, raised his hat, and began: "Oh, Mr. ——" The Minister cut him short, and tried to put him off the scent by pretending to be a professional photographer. He even tried to secure an order from the lady dealer, who refused, with the remark: "Oh! I am too old to want my photograph taken!"

— The separation allowance of one and a quarter francs for a wife and half a franc for each child has been a stroke of good fortune for women whose husbands used to spend their wages on drink and then beat their wives. "Twenty-five sous and no husband! If only it will last!"

— The jealousy between Ministers would astonish those who love to place some men on a pedestal. Thus, Ministers are jealous of any colleague who has visited the front. After the second absence of Millerand, they did not wish to appoint Briand as his deputy, as on the first occasion. They wanted to punish him for having visited Verdun, by giving the post to Delcassé instead. And, moreover, Briand grumbles about Poincaré in such bitter terms as to leave the poor President nothing but his bones.

— The attitude of the professional soldier towards the civilians—who have, after all, provided a nation under arms—recalls that of theatre managers towards those curious people they describe as "the rotten audience."

— When an English ironclad was sunk, people said that it was falling to pieces with age.

— The fear of Zeppelins over London is worrying the English. To protect Buckingham Palace they have reproduced "elsewhere," one hears, the exact outline of the row of lamps surrounding the Palace. Flats cannot be very expensive in that particular "elsewhere."

— It is rumoured that the Crown Prince was so attracted by the excellent partridge-shooting in the Champagne country that he allowed himself a whole day of it and thus jeopardised the fate of his army.

— Who would suspect that eager zeal of our Ministers which makes them all hasten to put their signatures to rules and orders with which they wish to be associated?

— The German prisoners at Blaye, with their grey tunics, their soft felt caps, and their cheerful calm, might almost be a troop of Boy Scouts forgotten and grown old in some country camp.

— Young Colson has enlisted. In a single month he has developed into a gunner of astonishing ability. His father—steward of Madame Thomson's estate—remarks, with that common sense so notable in the people of Champagne: "And they used to say that it needed three years to make a soldier!" He is sure that after the war—if one may discuss it—this argument that recruits can be fully trained in three months will be useful to supporters of a shortened period of service.

— Who pays the eighteen thousand<sup>1</sup> francs a year which is the salary of a general? The nation. If one remembers that, the contemptuous disregard which the military display toward the civilian is really astonishing.

— Clemenceau has a secretary, who is believed to have a great influence on his chief. Clemenceau denies it and waggishly complains: "When Mandel is flatulent, they accuse me of having eaten haricot beans."

— The supporters of the war are full of delight and ecstasy. The day after a Zeppelin raid on London, one of them exclaimed in the *Echo de Paris*, in a kind of exaltation of patriotism: "How fair a morrow will be ours, a morrow ever more glorious!"

— On the 3rd November, the Director of the Air Services and his deputy forecast an early raid by airships over Paris.

— The English *communiqué* of the 5th November reads: "In the course of an *excellent* counter-attack, we achieved a *prodigious* massacre of the enemy."<sup>2</sup>

— It is difficult to secure truth in history. In the course of Poincaré's second journey to Paris, some say that he was hissed, while others declare that he was cheered. Perhaps both were

<sup>1</sup> *Author's note*: In this and all other references to francs, the par value should be understood.

<sup>2</sup> Retranslated from the French.

right. Perhaps it depended on the particular place and the strength of the police.

— Commenting on the possible re-opening of theatres and on the obstacles to this proposal, M. Thomson remarks : " There is not a single family not wearing black."

— However, people talk of keeping the cafés open till ten o'clock at night, and of encouraging recitals and concerts.

— At the beginning of the war, they called up the 1914 class. Six hundred young men were ordered to assemble at Bar-le-Duc. All in vain did people protest that the town was threatened, and that these recruits ran the risk of capture. The authorities assembled them in that town all the same.

— A Yellow Book on the war is being drawn up. Reports from our representatives in Germany made out that the articles and speeches of Humbert and Clemenceau played a great part in the decision of Germany. Viviani has removed these two names on the proof sheets, to spare their reputation before the bar of history.

— Friction still continues (November 5th) about our return to Paris. The Cabinet is much annoyed over a report by the Agence Havas from which it seems that Poincaré declares that the Government is keeping him in Bordeaux.

— How strange is the authorisation of the celebration of Mass in hospitals. For in this way they are practically creating so many churches which it will be difficult later on to suppress. Millerand must be acting under the influence of the General Staff, and perhaps of people more intimately connected with him.

— November 7th. Briand relates his visit to the front. He describes the two lines of trenches. The German trench has only one outlet, guarded by an N.C.O., a revolver in hand. Our own trenches are open. There is little distinction between officers and men. Some soldiers came to Millerand and complained about the army postal service. General Dubail rebuked one of them with the words : " Look here, do you think the Government has nothing else to do but pinch your postal orders ? Get back to your job ! "

These men were as happy as street urchins. They are on a pleasure jaunt. As for G.H.Q., it is as full of gossip as an office. You would think they were merely holding manœuvres. These officers are playing a game. It is just a boxing match. " Oh ! well hit, sir ! " . . . " Oh ! hard lines, sir ! " They are sticking to the book of rules.

By agreement with Joffre and Sarraill, Briand wished to telegraph a report that he visited a fort at Verdun and found it in good condition. But its despatch has been suspended.

— Sarraut, Minister of Education, who comes from the South, asked Joffre and Sarraill, who are both from the South themselves, how the troops from the Midi behaved under fire. Both replied : " Why ! Good heavens ! . . . "

— Briand pointed out the danger of area commanders taking advantage of their dictatorial power to give a clerical bias to this dictatorship. And that, of course, when the nation is weakened and preoccupied by the present ordeal.

— Without warning they took Briand into one of the Alsatian towns occupied by our troops. The car stopped before a town hall, formerly German, when a flourish of trumpets rang out. Briand was told : " You are now in Alsace." Briand remarked : " How funny ! " That is his particular expression when he is moved.

When one mentions to him the frightful losses of men, Briand retorts : " What d'you expect ? " Still, he hopes for an age of peace for future generations.

— Briand relates that at Epernay every German officer had his bottle of champagne between his knees, not daring to trust his table companions. In the same frame of mind, a German major went up to his room in the middle of their mess dinner, to dispose of a brain (not a human one) which had been specially cooked for him. Then he came down again to the common table.

According to Briand, women who have been only slightly raped do not like to describe it. He adds that they do not seem to be very much annoyed about it, nor anxious about a further invasion.

The Ministers compete against one another in boasting of their exposure to shell-fire.

— We met a regiment on the march. The 1914 class. Boys of twenty. It is deplorable. And one has the feeling that it is a nameless crowd, a herd, a cipher, to those who control it. Individualism is dead for a time. Ah !—how one can understand the joy of the reactionaries !

— The novelist, Romain Rolland, who has retreated to Switzerland, points out that the newspapers dwell only on the general ferocity and hatred. Never do they record acts of mutual generosity and comparative benevolence. And their sensationalism, by repercussion, creates fresh victims.

— At Lormont, near Bordeaux, a picket stopped our car. These

troops have already shot two travellers who were not quick enough in obeying the order to stop. The corporal remarked : " Even if you were the President himself, you would have to stop ! " It appears that they have changed the form of military passes since last night. What wasted zeal ! The further one goes into the Midi, the more one is bullied by the military. Briand observes : " Marseilles is under martial law."

— Briand, when someone was boasting of the feats of the Gurkhas with their kukris, made the ironic comment that we ought to have a few cannibals in our armies.

— There is antagonism between Poincaré on the one hand and Viviani and Briand on the other. They accuse him of a jealous tendency to keep everything in his own hands. Briand wanted to resign. He left the Cabinet before the finish. They were still discussing the return to Paris. Poincaré attributed to Briand some note or other which appeared in the *Temps*. During the afternoon, Sembat and Thomson had to go and lecture Briand, show him the grave results of his resignation, and finally drag him along to see the President. The interview itself opened badly. For Poincaré began by remarking : " I am reassured to find that there are three of you, as there is thus no question of sending for witnesses." The interview ended with cordiality, in which Poincaré took the initiative. But the sense of dissatisfaction is still smouldering. Thus, Viviani is always complaining of the rudeness of Madame Poincaré.

In the course of his argument with Thomson and Sembat, Briand bitterly recalled the part he played in the Presidential election. He declared that he made overtures to Bourgeois, who first accepted and then backed out. Jaurès was also a supporter of the latter's candidature. But, in view of Bourgeois's withdrawal, Briand gave his support to Poincaré.

— Here are points from a soldier's letter : " We entered a village. Blood ! Blood ! But still there is not enough. It is only Boche blood." You may say what you will—but an age which can rouse and stimulate such sentiments is an age of horror.

— Briand declares that he dreams of leaving politics after the war, returning to the law, and building up an income of three or four thousand francs a year.

— There is a report to-day of fog at the front. I rejoice to think that a fog means less killing. And it is a great pity that I cannot even express this satisfaction, humane though it is, so cruel has the atmosphere of war become.

— The privilege of telephoning is restricted to Ministers. And as everyone knows the kindness of the Thomsons, many people come and ask them to telephone for news of a relative at the front, to secure the release of someone wrongly imprisoned, etc. This privilege of using the telephone, together with their benevolent use of their power, has made their Ministry, as it were, the headquarters of sorrow. . . .

— The theory of double personality explains the action of Poincaré, who insisted on returning to Paris (November 10th) to bolster up his prestige with the masses—and yet declared in another connection that he would not return unless permitted by Joffre.

— The Customs are claiming duty on clothes sent by Americans for use of refugees.

— A torpedo boat, last September—that is to say, a month *after* the declaration of war—wanted to coal in Algiers. Permission was refused. The captain pointed to a mountain of coal on the quayside. But their reply was : “ Ah ! we can’t touch that. That’s the war stock ! ”

— Among the dangers of the military despotism, I must specially mention the case of the old retired officers who are in command of the military districts and who often give free scope to their sympathies with the Church. Thus, they commandeer the secular schools but allow the re-opening of the “ free ” schools—that is, the Catholic schools.

— Madame Cruppi tells me that at Luchon two thousand wounded men had no surgeon for three whole weeks. The barrister Labori had secured the removal of the locum tenens, who had been performing operations with a pocket-knife sharpened up by the locksmith.

— England and Germany publish lists of dead and wounded. France—mother of the Revolution, of Progress, of Justice, and of Liberty—the Queen of the Nations—maintains silence.

— Nobody knows *who* the Censorship is.

— At the Cabinet, they devoted nearly an hour and a quarter to the reading of diplomatic despatches, and only three-quarters of an hour to military despatches. After that came finance, public works, and commerce.

— When the Germans recaptured Dixmude (November 10th) the *communiqué* spoke of this *village* (with five thousand inhabitants).

— I am often told that the French soldiers are given to looting. In the trenches there have been seen shelters made of rare wood

panelling covered with old and precious tapestries, and troops wearing ladies' underwear seized in the villages.

— Mention has also been made to me of truces between the two lines—for instance, during the severe cold, to enable both forces to remove straw from a stack situated between the lines.

— I have also had mentioned to me the case of French and German troops who were so tired out during the retreat from Charleroi, that one evening, in a village, they pretended not to see each other and quietly slipped past in the dark.

— One of the causes of the war, unquestionably, was the determination to avoid at all costs the application of the income tax which was to take effect from the 1st January, 1915.

— It is said that soldiers in the trenches wave their left hand above their heads—a bullet hits the hand, and there they have a nice harmless wound, a kind very much sought after.

— The astronomer Normann, supported by Painlevé, has invented a system of locating enemy batteries by sound-ranging. But he has run up against the malice of the regular gunners, who are pursuing similar experiments, and thus show themselves far from helpful towards his own, lend him useless guns, etc.

— The trenches form a vast furrow in which seethe two million men. What will be the harvest?

— People say, "It is patriotic," or "It is not patriotic," Champagne is not patriotic. So they drink it out of a flask or take Corton instead.

— Overheard in a railway corridor : "At Esternay the enemy raped women before the eyes of their husbands. Let's hope we shall have our turn."—"They shouted : 'Friends, comrades !' But two months before that they had tricked us. So we killed the whole sixty."—"Joffre promotes his generals young, as Napoleon did."—"We are working for our children."—"Since '70, we have been trembling before the threats of Germany. We have had enough."—"Delcassé, now, there you have a man who'll be firm, when it comes to making peace. Ah ! he's no friend of the Kaiser !"

— Visit to the Château of Blaye where a hundred German prisoners are stationed. An old police superintendent did the honours. He cross-examined these fellows with a paternal severity. Those who spoke French replied with diplomatic eagerness. One of them remarked that he was "a merchant," addressing the superintendent by his title. The others laughed, nudged each other—as full of fun as a lot of children, only larger. And, as we passed



by, they ran towards us clicking their ironshod heels together, while the old superintendent gravely saluted them.

— A mother, repeating what her son has written to her, severely criticises the English for being such slaves to their national habits—Tea and the Tub—which makes them lose trenches they ought to capture.

— In circles like the Red Cross, a rumour is gaining ground that Parliament refused credits during peacetime for heavy artillery.

— The papers publish a letter from a mother : “ I preserved my son from every kind of illness till he was seventeen. I am glad I did, since I can now offer his life to our country.”

— One dare not express the view that anyone who has four sons ought to be allowed to have one of them in a non-combatant unit.

— A shop is advertising its introduction of “ Eau de Pologne.”

— Dilemma : A woman has been raped by the Germans. She is with child. The child is half French. Ought she to have an abortion ? Or ought she to bear the child ?

— In the middle of the Council of State, advice was passed round that they should play bridge to “ prevent them thinking.”

— Painlevé, Chairman of the Inventions Commission, complains that he has not been permitted to visit Rheims. The General Staff has a horror of Parliament.

— The military articles written by old officers are dismally absurd. There is one (November 22nd) which advises us not to recapture Lille because the Germans there are suffering from typhoid.

— Phrases from letters published in the Press : “ I have killed ten ! I have killed twenty ! ” But they never publish a single news item revealing generosity, affection, humanity. Ferocity, and ferocity alone, is extolled and paraded.

— Madame Greffulhe, by a slip of memory, left with the Prefect of Bordeaux a pattern of soldiers’ overalls designed to protect their scarlet breeches. The Prefect was in conference with his staff when an attendant delivered to him the message : “ Countess Greffulhe is asking for her trousers which she left with you, sir.”

— An officer complained in my hearing that the army postal service works only too well, since letters from home weaken the troops’ morale.

— One of the directors of the field telegraph services was on his way through Bordeaux. He is attached to G.H.Q., and remarks that Joffre is a champion trencherman.

— This morning, my landlord, who is chief assistant of a

department in the town hall, was not at his office. Nothing less than a very grave reason would have caused that. His son has been killed. A sergeant. The letter from the office in Geneva leaves no doubt. His wife is in tears. He himself is raging because he does not know where and when. He declares : " It is intolerable ! "

— Reading the British White Book. There, indeed, you see the fatal and irresistible momentum of the mobilisations, all so anxious to prevent the other side making the first move, thus hastening and precipitating the tragedy. Also this point. On the 30th July Poincaré made representations to England : " If you stand by us, it means peace. Declare your intentions." England refused, asserting that she wished to see first how events would develop. One has the feeling that the destinies of the world at that moment hung quivering in balance upon a fine edge.

— In a list of decorations (November 23rd) I notice the grant of commissions to Du Paty de Clam and Driant. The former was the principal agent in the condemnation of Captain Dreyfus. The appeal crushed him. Ten years later he tried in vain to get back his position. And in his fall he dragged down with him the Minister Millerand, who had assisted his efforts at reinstatement. And here he is, thanks to this appalling tragedy, rehabilitated, granted a commission. . . . The other, for the last thirty years, has been predicting " The War of To-morrow " in books which have had a wide sale. To-morrow kept on arriving—but no war. And here at last his prophecy is being fulfilled.

— Everyone is busy anticipating the war gains. One writes : " We must recover our former provinces." Another : " We must revive the great classics of the seventeenth century." Everyone eagerly pursues his private and peculiar ideals.

— Every day the reactionary pens revive that monstrous myth that the country had made no preparations for resistance. If we maintain our ground, it is thanks to our men, and despite the incapacity of the Government.

— A police sergeant called on Madame Guillaumet to inform her that her son Philip is a deserter. But he was wounded and is a prisoner of war at Nuremberg. When she produced her evidence and mentioned her influential friends, the sergeant asked her to use her influence on behalf of his son who is in the postal services.

— A gunner was remarking to Briand that he could not test his shells because he had not got his customary firing ground. " No firing ground ! " exclaimed Briand, " with the front stretching four hundred miles ! "

— It is forbidden to write to French prisoners about anything but news of their family. Nothing about the situation. So one prisoner, who has two little girls, is being given news about a third whom they call "Victorine," which stands for France. Thus "Victorine has had a crisis" . . . "she is improving" . . . "she will make a complete recovery."

— At lunch (November 28th) with Briand, the Sembats, Bouttieaux, and Madame de Flers. Bouttieaux admits the Zeppelins can reach Paris. They would leave Cologne about four in the afternoon, cross over our lines at night, and be over Paris at ten o'clock the next night. (General Hirschauer also saw the possibility of Zeppelins over London, leaving Belgium at four in the morning and arriving over London at eight p.m.)

— Briand pursues his dreams of rural bliss. A little house, some fishing and shooting. As for Sembat,<sup>1</sup> it makes one rather sad to discover his new passion for power, how he is blossoming forth as Minister, how he loves his title—especially considering that he formerly belonged to a group whose first principles demanded refusal of power.

Exceptional circumstances have enabled him to enjoy a position of power which he despised on principle ; but it is sad enough to see these men now, rolling along in their cars, hoisting themselves into their reserved railway carriages, enjoying power so happily and ingenuously.

— One speaks of a "widow," an "orphan"—expressions for a woman who has lost her husband or her parents. But there is no word for a woman who has lost her child.

— It is worth mentioning those "chains of prayer" which one receives and must send on again to nine people, otherwise "misfortune will fall on you and *those you love*."

— One dare not mention that the women of Spain have launched a petition to all the combatants to hold a truce on Christmas Eve.

— One may not mention that it was wrong of Joffre to say, in his Order of the 10th September, 1914, that he had been preparing for the Revenge for the last forty-four years. And yet that phrase justifies history in declaring that this war was not simply an act of aggression on the part of Germany.

— One may not mention that the Germans still possess resources.

— In London they have placed shades over the street-lamps.

<sup>1</sup> A Socialist leader before the war.

Miss Loie Fuller, who invented illuminated dances, told Lord Kitchener that these reflectors would light up the ground magnificently. He replied that it did not matter, as long as the Londoners were satisfied.

— Under a picture in *Illustration*, I read this crude and nauseating caption: "The crimson dew besprinkles the tilth once enriched by the sweat of the ploughman's brow."

— At the end of November 1914, the Ministers have no idea of the number of men in the armies. They are compelled to base their estimates on the number of rations supplied by the Commissariat—a figure which they had to ascertain in order to fix the number of bottles of champagne to distribute on Christmas Eve.

— The question of return to Paris will be a difficult one to the very last. The slogan, "Remain in Bordeaux," has been put about by the reactionary papers, by people who stayed behind, and by the administrative nucleus in Paris. There is some talk of a compromise: for instance, that the Ministers should return but without their staffs.

— Lunch with the Sembats, at the Lycée de Longchamps, where three Ministers are lodged. Then, a drive through the woods to the springs at Gazinet—a favourite spot with Sembat. Sembat explained his idea for rebuilding demolished houses on lines which would reconcile the claims of hygiene and æsthetics. A bounty would be offered to landlords who accepted. The result would be that in the end the North would be more picturesque than the South.

## DECEMBER 1914

— AT A MEETING of the Cabinet, Ribot declared that, in any case, he would return to Paris on the following Monday. "You are becoming a revolutionary," remarked Sembat, with a smile. "Yes, as you used to be," retorted Ribot.

— From the invaded territories we have less news than from Germany. They might be on another planet.

— Our soldiers bully and despise the civilians. There is a deep gulf between the two classes. And it is all the more extraordinary since, apart from 30,000 regulars, the 5,000,000 soldiers are themselves merely civilians dressed in uniforms for the time being.

— One may not mention that the Germans, according to the first rumours which are reaching us, have cleverly organised the invaded territories, stimulating industrial production (of which they commandeer a half), etc.

— Anatole France will have had a peculiar career in this war. At first he had the courage to contemplate the renewal of German friendship when peace is restored. Then, distracted by the abuse heaped upon him, he jumped from one extreme to the other, and wanted to enlist at the age of seventy-one. At the Medical Board, they respectfully pointed out to him that he was no longer fit for active service. Tristan Bernard declares that they marked him, "Postponed for a year."

— December 2nd. Visit from an American who has come back from Germany. Here are some of his impressions : After the first Russian defeat in East Prussia, German colonels came back insane, while two committed suicide, with the horror of hearing the screams of thousands of Russians driven back into the lakes. This massacre was the work of General Hindenburg. When he was asked to return to army service for the duration of the war, he made it a condition that he should have a free hand.

— Decori, principal private secretary to the President, relates that he has received a letter from the singer Botrel : "I have written a great poem in which I speak of the azure eyes of M. Poincaré. Now, tell me, are the President's eyes really and truly that colour ?" Decori has referred him to Madame Poincaré.

— Decorì relates also that recently the Kaiser slept three nights in Brussels under different roofs. On the first night he had a bad attack of inflammation of the ear, and they summoned a Brussels doctor, who was kept under guard there until the Emperor left.

— Dinner with Briand, Admiral Aubert, and Peixotto. Briand declares that they were wrong to remove from the Legion of Honour *all* the Germans, and that there are fewer atrocities than people fancy. He describes how some German officers, while looting a château, opened a door, and caught sight of a portrait of Napoleon I. They halted and saluted.

— A further remark by Briand. A man was called up again before the Medical Appeal Board. The general asked : " Why was he rejected ? "—" He can't see, sir." The General cast a glance at the man's card and exclaimed : " What ! he can't see ? Why, he is an inspector ! "

— I have read the following in a newspaper : " The obedience of the German soldier is absolute—like a lot of sheep. A German regiment marched into a village with band playing at the head of the column. The French turned the machine-guns on them. They were mowed down to a man. Only the fifer remained on his feet. And as his only orders were to advance, the fifer did so, playing all the time. How servile ! " This example shows how men's minds are distorted during the war. But all the Press is inspired by a similar attitude.

— Tristan Bernard still wavers, wanting to enlist. Then he pulls himself together, and remarks, with his genial smile : " I shall go and see Millerand and send up an interview slip with the following entry : '*Object of visit* : Request for a "light wound while facing the enemy." ' "

— Maniacs are people who think differently from the rest of the world. Since the war, the situation has been reversed.

— One may not say that one hopes the war will not last long.

— Speaking of a forthcoming season at the Opéra, someone remarked to me : " They are going to take *Patrie* again." My retort was : " They would do better to take Lille again."

— On the report of a major in the Medical Corps, they shot three soldiers for deliberate self-mutilation. They had inflicted the wounds with their rifles. They held a post-mortem on one of them and found in his wound a German shrapnel bullet.

— Viviani declares that at the Sûreté Générale they had a blue ledger, filled with the names of 4,000 people to be arrested on the first day of mobilisation. He opposed the proposal.

— During lunch at a hotel in Bayonne, Viviani threw out the suggestion that the great example given by France is that of a nation which, though reared without religion, without God, for forty-four years, has, nevertheless, put up a noble and magnificent resistance under the impulse of no other ideals than those of justice and liberty, standing firm against nations dominated by creeds and dogmas. I had the feeling that he was practising on us his opening address for the next sitting of the Chamber.

In other respects, also, during the first days of December, he is quite a different man from what he was at Andernos. There he seemed disillusioned, leaning with his elbow on the table and holding his head on his hand, while eating *haricots verts* with his oyster fork. But now he is certain of ultimate victory. It looks as if he has been convinced by his own orations. But a lady has remarked to me : " It's because he's seen Mlle. P." She mentioned the name of an actress who is said to be his mistress.

— In our French Yellow Book, one sees that on the 29th July, 1914, the Germans were seeking a Franco-German alliance. Was that a trap ?

— In the same book, one finds that one of the Germans' motives for war was an objection to the proposed death duties, corresponding to our own middle classes' opposition to the income tax. The latter was, after all, postponed. They have not to face that on the 1st January, 1915. But at what a price !

— In France, I clearly recall, by what happened in Trouville, that they were calling men up separately and individually before the mobilisation. May this madness teach our descendants the great lesson *that, under conscription, mobilisation is synonymous with war.*

— We claim that we can strike strategic points in Germany with aerial bombs. Probably the Germans are making the same claim. But both sides are killing civilians. We have just done that at Fribourg-en-Brisgau.

— The mentality of the General Staff is the same in all countries, especially revealing itself in the clever editing of *communiqués*. The Russians, in surrendering Lodz, declare that they are " rectifying " their front line.

— December 6th. Return to Paris.

— Moutet, the Socialist deputy for Lyons, now a corporal at Epinal, has come home on leave and gives his impressions. He is specially struck by the efforts of the Church. They drag the soldier to Catholic services by free gifts of wine. They magnify a funeral into a spectacular public ceremony. He declares that Poincaré

was very annoyed when they despatched a group of suspects from Sampigny to a concentration camp. Rambervillers, which was not occupied by the enemy, has been sacked by our own colonial troops.

Madame Moutet, a lady doctor, tells me this : that a wounded schoolmaster, asked by a nun to take part in prayers, replied : " Oh ! Prayers be damned ! " On discharge from hospital a month later, he declared that he would have starved to death but for help from the other patients. He was wounded in the hands.

— Opening session of the Chamber on December 22nd. I looked on from an opening in the balcony—a prerogative of heads of departments ! Oh ! the spell that words cast over these people. . . . It calls up a vision of ancient Greece. And the more the speakers emphasise their determination to go on " to the bitter end," the more they jump about and yell and foam at the mouth.

— In this corridor I met Gheusi, Manager of the Opéra Comique, and also orderly officer to Galliéni. He told me that at his theatre they are turning away 1,500 people every night ; the boxes in the stalls are full of women in mourning. They've come to weep. Music alone softens and assuages their sorrow. He also tells me—this time in his capacity as staff officer to the Military Governor of Paris—the terrible story of a captain whose wife refused to leave him at Compiègne. It was contrary to regulations. Threatened that he would be sent back to the regimental dépôt if she hung on, he killed her.

— During these closing days of December 1914, Pichon is carrying on a campaign for the intervention of Japan. One group in the Government very much dislikes the idea ; it hampers the official negotiations. . . .

— A letter from Captain L—— at the front. He put to death soldiers of a company which began to run away. Oh !—the two-fold horror that Frenchmen should be shot down by their own comrades.

— All the Deputies are in mufti. It was a solemn question which they even debated in the Cabinet itself. Could one really see a mere lieutenant putting a question to the Minister for War ? This sacrilegious hypothesis was quite sufficient to settle the discussion. The frock-coat achieved a triumph.

— Painlevé, the Deputy, tells me of the stubborn resistance of the officials in the War Office, *who refuse to believe that we are at war*. Also, the hostility towards inventions by civilians, the incredible delay in improving war material (four months—July to November



—for a reply about the modification of a sixteen centimetre naval gun-carriage, to transform it into a siege-gun). Just the same with hand-grenades and mortars, for which the poor devils in the trenches are clamouring. Everywhere the same sluggishness. The chief idea of these professionals is to keep every detail in their own hands. There is one gunner who is experimenting with a catapult on the old Roman model.

— Professor Vidal describes his visit to the Marne. The army defending Paris had no casualty clearing stations—which explains why they left the killed on the field of battle. They were all black and swollen. Giant Senegalese. Doctor R——, who accompanied him, could not nerve himself to remove their identity discs. On their return to Paris the two doctors were impregnated with such a stench of corpses, that, so they told the waiter in their restaurant, every dish had a bad smell.

— What a pity one cannot publish a faithful record of trench life. One day they shouted a question across from one line to the other : “ Doesn’t your Kaiser come to see you at all ? Our President visits *us*.”—“ Not really ? ”—“ Yes, he does ! ” An hour later, the French hoisted an old top hat on the top of a stick, paraded it up and down, solemnly bowing over the top of the trench. It was instantly riddled with bullets.

— I dined with Pierre Loti at the home of the R——’s. He wore the uniform of a naval commander, with the star of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour on his right breast.

— Moutet the Deputy tells me also that Barrès, while on a deputation to Epinal, met him at the house of the Prefect during a bridge-party. Seeing him in private’s uniform, Barrès remarked to him : “ You are in the post of honour.” Moutet retorted : “ Perhaps you would like to change places with me ? ”

— In the Chamber, a visitor to the strangers’ gallery asked : “ Where are the seats of the Right ?—and where do the Left sit ? ” An ardent patriot replied : “ There are no longer either Rights or Lefts. There are only Frenchmen ! ”

— The humorists have become high-priests of patriotism. Capus is running pathos in the *Figaro*, Franc-Nohain on the *Echo de Paris* ; Grosclaude is waving the flag on the *Journal*, while Donnay, who devours Germans once a week in the *Intransigeant*, declaims as follows at the Academy : “ Men’s thoughts grow lofty and the churches full.” Thus, the Black Cat (the cabaret where our school of humorists first began and where Donnay sang in 1885) is our priest at the altar of patriotism.

— When I repeated this last reflection to Briand, he replied : “ Nothing surprising about that ! Do not all women who have led a wild life in their youth end up in the odour of sanctity ? ”

— General Sarraill, who has strong Republican sentiments, writes to a friend : “ Till the end of the war I hope to escape every ambushade. And I do not mean only those of the Boches.”

— Young C—— has been killed. His wife—only twenty—has committed suicide ; he left a note urging her to do this.

— I have had this same impression before that Ministers were rehearsing their ideas on their dining companions. That is what happened at Blaye when Sembat gave vent to this reflection : “ The war has achieved what Socialism failed to achieve in time of peace—equality in face of attack.”

— Many New Year's greetings express the desire for “ the end of this horrible war.” But that, of course, has to be put in a sealed envelope. It cannot be expressed openly on a postcard.

— People say : “ Let us go on to the bitter end, to save our children from war.” But what proof is there that our children would become involved in war ? To remove any doubt, they are making quite sure by having them killed now, without waiting.

— The French soldier who puts on German uniform to reconnoitre the enemy front performs a feat of heroism. The German who does the same thing in French uniform is playing a low trick. (So say the papers.)

— I am revising my opinion about Anatole France, who has published a manifesto in admirable style on the occasion of Christmas, paraphrasing the gist of the Socialist declarations on war aims and justifying their attitude. I fancy that when he offered the friendship of France to the Germans when peace returns, he was under the influence of Latin traditions. He was thinking of the Romans who desired “ that their defeated enemies should become their friends.”

— Many people weep at the mere mention of Alsace-Lorraine. The Ardennes and Flanders stir them less. They would object that the latter are undergoing only a temporary invasion. But it is all the same ; they are actually occupied, but no one bothers about them !

— As this year 1914 draws to a close, the war becomes less of an obsession. Some people soon grow used to the deaths of others.

— The formula of Pichon, “ a speedy and conclusive victory with the help of Japan,” is attractive. But some people object because they want an “ entirely French ” victory (though actually

we are only one of seven allied nations), and because they do not want to bring the yellow races into the conflict. (But we have brought in the black.)

— At Hospital 52—the mansion of the Prince de Wagram—concerts are being given full of gaiety, sentiment, and eulogies of the army. And as all these are cases of wounds in the eye, and they all wear a bandage across them, a very curious effect arises—this audience laughing and crying with but one eye, and heads bent down.

— The Germans have invented the gun known as the “420.” But they also invented the serum known as “606.”

— How strange is this trench warfare in which they are using improvised grenades filled with scrap. And when I hear that Right is struggling against Barbarism, I reflect that their weapons are sardine-tins full of melinite.

— People are bringing forward proofs of German premeditation. On the 15th July, 1914, a German doctor at a spa remarked to a Frenchman who was taking the cure : “ You will not finish your three weeks.” There is also the case of the Prince of Monaco, to whom the Kaiser remarked sadly, pointing to the British Fleet in July 1914 : “ The war is drawing near.” But such forecasts have been made annually for the last ten years.

— The reactionaries are vigorously pushing their campaign against Parliament. If the Deputies speak, they are told to “ Go and fight.” If they say nothing and leave everything to the military, Paul Bourget writes : “ You see how useless they are ! ”

## JANUARY 1915

— OUR MILITARY chiefs are determined to stamp out anything which may hinder their operations. Hence their ban on feminine visits, however justified. In their eyes, affection implies weakness. They are at daggers drawn with sentiment, with all the acquired qualities of civilised man. They insist on our reversion to the brutality of primitive times. No sweethearts, no artists. Thus, at Saint-Pol, the Provost Marshal sent back to the station a major's wife, come to see her husband, who was *wounded* and in hospital.

— Amazing adventures of G——, formerly a sub-prefect. He was a corporal when Douai was invaded in October 1914. During the night he hid in some public gardens, was given shelter by a woman, passed himself off as a sheriff's clerk, was captured on the outskirts of Arras, and condemned to death as a spy by the Germans, though he very nearly softened the hearts of his judges by showing them numerous photographs of his child, which they took to be photographs of different children. As a last resort he cleverly played on the pride of Lieutenant Von Oppel, who captured Lille, comparing him to Murat. He was pardoned on the occasion of the capture of Antwerp. Moved into hospital, he ran away, wandered about till he reached Rheims, returned to Brussels through the Ardennes (where he discovered some French soldiers in hiding), crossed over into Holland, England, and France. The General Staff placed a high value on his information, gave him the Military Medal, and entrusted him with ten thousand francs for those details in the Ardennes, and for our agents in England, Belgium, and Holland. He successfully performed his mission. Arrested in Brussels, he escaped again, returning to France through Holland, etc.

— January 5th. I have before me a letter from a soldier, in which he swears, by all that he holds dear, that on the 24th December two regiments in the opposing lines put aside their arms, in defiance of their officers, and fraternised between the trenches. The soldiers exchanged cigars, shook hands, and walked about arm in arm. The Germans promised not to fire

that night or the following day. They kept their word. That seemed to me symbolic—it marks a humane spirit far superior to the war.

— January 5th. Lunch with Sembat, Painlevé, Gabriel Voisin. Painlevé complains of the delay in bringing out inventions, the indecision as between different models, the jealousies between the Services. Voisin grumbles about the slow delivery of motors, the shortage of Flying officers.

— When one regrets that it took the war to develop the sense of social union, when one deplores the fact that no such thing exists in time of peace, people retort : “ There you are ! The war was inevitable.”

— N——, headmaster of a school, observes that the middle-class youths of fifteen to twenty are fond of sport and a life of activity. That led them in the direction of war, since, thus hardened, they had less fear of death. Still, that does not explain this outburst of fanatical patriotism, this passion for dying for their country. Especially when one reflects that they did *nothing* for that country in peacetime.

— A drawing in the *Guerre Sociale*. The question is put to a soldier in the trenches : “ What were you doing before the war ? ” “ Suffering from nerves.” Universal approbation. Thus, the war has awakened men’s energies. But, damn it all, this precious gentleman could quite easily have had his energies awakened during peacetime. For instance, all he needed to do was to visit hospitals, factories, slums. There he would have found plenty to keep him very usefully employed. Ah, but no ! They must plunge the whole world into murder and butchery before their little nervous complaints can be thrown off. Marvellous result : *millions* of men killed to cure a single hypochondriac.

— The soldier at the front has no right to attend his father’s funeral. (A case in point is that of the son of Camille L——. They would not grant him leave for that purpose.) But for that, of course, every soldier would begin to lose his father and mother.

— N—— tells me that the Medical Appeal Boards have conducted a very stringent review of former rejects : men with ruptures as big as your fist, and a one-eyed man who was told, “ Pooh !—one eye is quite good enough to help you to kill the Boches.” And Dr. Salvy has seen them review the case of a typhoid fever patient after three weeks’ convalescence, and of a consumptive already spitting blood.

— Caillaux, on a mission to Brazil, was present at a meeting of

the Brazilian Chamber on the invitation of the officials. A Deputy of the Church Party protested. It was put to the vote. The supporters of Caillaux secured 134 votes as against 14 on the other side. It is the finest majority he has ever had.

— Tristan Bernard tells me the story of the old lady who was a victim of German violence. Comparing her experience with that which she underwent in 1870, she exclaimed: "Ah! it is even better than it was in 1870!"

— The Medical Board again. They called up some young men of eighteen, two years before their time. They rushed them off as if they were criminals and convicts. They were told to hold their tongues and strip. They pushed them roughly up on to the measuring-stand, jabbing them in the jaw. All that is excellent treatment for boys who are going to be led to the slaughter.

— January 9th. Joffre lunched at the Élysée.<sup>1</sup> After the meal, they asked him questions. Briand sounded him about French co-operation in Serbia. Joffre did not approve of it. There was no mention of Japan. Nor of the duration of the war. Joffre does not remember the proposal to send Galliéni to Alsace. The troops, he asserts, are in good spirits because they are well fed. He prophesies that we shall break through at some date unspecified, but in the near future. "Within ten days, or within two months." They also consulted him on the question of building up an enormous army of second-line troops. Joffre points out the objection of a lack of artillery for them.

He looks a large, flabby sort of man, but full of common sense. He evades awkward questions by entrenching himself behind his bushy eyebrows. M. Thomson remarked to Ribot, as they left, "He is a second<sup>2</sup> Berthier," meaning by that to praise his organising ability. But the other protested, ranking him nearer to Napoleon himself.

— January 12th. At the Cabinet meeting a question arose of sending forces to Syria. For the various French societies—no doubt by that we must understand the Academy and the religious bodies—have a special interest in it.

— In the Cabinet, they distrust England more than Germany.

— At Havre, the English snatch jewels from men and women, making the excuse that it is "a souvenir." If a complaint is lodged, a "gentleman" comes along the next day and compensates you. Generally speaking, the English are heavy drinkers.

<sup>1</sup> The official residence of the President.

<sup>2</sup> Berthier was, of course, one of Napoleon's most valued marshals.

— In the north the Indian troops, who are very handsome, are founding families. . . .

— President Wilson of America observes : “ We are interfering in something which does not concern us. And I am more than half serious when I say that.” Has he some idea of offering to arbitrate between the combatants ? As for Roosevelt, he declares loudly that the Hague Convention is a mere farce, since the nations allowed the violation of Belgium.

— In Algiers, the wife of General M—— is decorating Zouaves with the Medal of the Virgin on their departure for the front.

— I have been shown a letter from a doctor who was called up. He first did some shooting, then was detailed to look after wounded prisoners. So he can now extract the very bullet which he despatched ! He writes : “ In the trenches I am conscious of the true France in all its vibrant and pulsing vitality.” Has he, then, never observed it in laboratories, in workshops, in the caressing fingers of a potter moulding a vase ?

— The manufacturers of absinthe are trying to rouse pity for their fate. I exclaimed indignantly : “ No man has a right to sell poison. Do we allow people to sell murder ? ” In reply to my question, one of our politicians, who can never resist an epigram, retorted : “ Yes—in wartime ! ”

— A cocotte, as she kissed her bully, who was joining his unit, remarked : “ Go and rape lots and lots of them ! ”

— People say of Sarraïl : “ It appears that he is a general of Republican views.” We should be astounded if anyone discussing Von Kluck or Hindenburg were to add : “ It appears that they support the Imperial party.”

— Some days after the lunch at the Élysée on the 9th January, the former Minister Étienne saw Joffre, who made him swear not to reveal even to his best friend what he was going to say. When Étienne had duly sworn, Joffre tapped the map with his finger. “ There you are,” he exclaimed, “ that’s the point where we shall break through, where we shall cut through the line ! ” He was pointing to Soissons, where, at that very moment, was beginning that painful setback which cost us thousands of men, and which, thanks to the clever arrangement of the *communiqué*, scarcely excited any comment, though it produced a very unfortunate effect abroad. This curious lack of foresight, in a man regarded by the country as infallible, is really very ominous for the future.

— Met B——, Governor of New Caledonia, but now a subaltern attached to the English. After five years’ absence he is

surprised at the vigour of the reactionaries, at their attempt to use the war for the promotion of Catholicism. Very much attached to Léon Bourgeois, he supports the latter's constructive efforts as against the purely destructive instincts of a Clemenceau.

— Yesterday, Tristan Bernard was reading to me a letter mentioning a truce at which they sang in chorus the famous Christmas song by the composer Adolphe Adam. The letter went on to observe : " It was so funny—all those voices coming out of the ground."

All the phrase-mongers who exalt the war, all who dare not denounce it throughout the world, are of small account. It is impossible that reason shall not one day triumph, that the nations of to-day shall not become someday the provinces of a single State. I call posterity to witness.

— Two General Orders by Joffre : the territorials are warned that all requests on their behalf from Senators or Deputies will be disregarded ; and men who have been taken prisoners are warned that an enquiry will be made into their cases. There we have indications of the pressure brought to bear to keep the unfortunate armies under the machine-guns, to prevent them slipping away either backwards or forwards. And I am always haunted by this idea : that such prodigious efforts are demanded in the name of one's country, though no such efforts are demanded in time of peace.

— Tristan tells me that a 75 fired on our own troops to make them charge, or indiscriminately on both forces while engaged in hand-to-hand conflict. I refuse to believe it.

— On the 18th January an order was made for the darkening of private houses. The shops are closely shuttered. Paris is in mourning. On the 19th, an experiment was made to secure complete darkness by cutting off the public lighting supply from four until seven o'clock. This same evening there was a persistent rumour of the approach of three Zeppelins towards Paris. But why dress Paris in black ? An airship will always find the city, even if only by the blare of stations and suburban factories. Is it, then, to spare buildings like the Louvre and the Elysée, so that the bomb shall fall on *ordinary* people ? It is painfully comic that Paris should suddenly have become so precious.

— The 20th. There is a current joke that the English have declared : " We will die to the last Frenchman ! "

— My neighbour, a magistrate, tells me that the Germans borrowed 1,500 million francs in France before the war. They



have just repaid it, he declares, through Switzerland, despite their shortage of money, just to demonstrate their resources and create a good impression.

— The same informant asserts that a German factory in France, closed by order of the court, has been re-opened for the manufacture of a blue dye, of which the Germans had a monopoly.

— One hears a good deal of chaff about hiding in cellars in case of Zeppelins. People will hold parties in cellars as they do in wine-growing districts. And of course they will call them "cellar-parties" on the analogy of "garden-parties." They will, naturally, play the old game with corks and coins. And they will select the cellar with the oldest wine, to ensure bottles worth having. It is said that our Parisian woman, on her way down to the cellars, will be sure to powder her nose and lay on the lipstick. Madame X declares that she will send her servants down, but remain, herself, in the flat. Her daughter retorts : " I suppose you want to welcome Count Zeppelin all by yourself ! "

— On the 18th January, Millerand made some observations to Joffre about the position at Crouy.<sup>1</sup> The general offered his resignation. Millerand went to see him at Chantilly. Reconciliation.

— The Germans have twice as many Army Corps as was believed. In allusion to that reputation for homosexuality which certain notorious trials have given them, someone has remarked : " It is quite natural ; one good invert is worth two normal men. "

— I have heard two young wives describing their journey to the front to see their husbands. The first is the daughter-in-law of a chairman of a Cabinet committee who died a week ago. She was disguised as a nurse. She went from Villers-Cotterets to Soissons in a van. A woman was driving. At Soissons the mayoress, Madame Macherez, gave her a cold welcome. She was given rooms in a fifth-rate hotel. She is, however, full of fighting spirit. She has solemnly promised her revolver that she will shoot it at a German ! I cannot forget the attitude of the Military Police who examined her credentials. She told them that she had come to see her cousin. They congratulated her. Well, well, well ! The cousin, the lover, is allowed. All that is forbidden is the husband !

The other young woman was given a reception in accordance with all the traditions of what is justly termed French gallantry. She managed to escape from Saint-Pol, the stamping ground of that terrible Major M—— who is so hard on everybody else. He

<sup>1</sup> During the German advance, Galliéni wished to attack near Crouy, but Joffre favoured retreat.

is the man who, while making enquiries in a hotel, asked, "There are no women here, are there?"—which elicited the reply, "No, sir—except the one you brought this morning." So our heroine reached the village where her husband was enjoying a rest period. There she was welcomed with every gallantry. The men hugged her muff, and waved her bag in the air, declaring that they had not seen anything of that kind for six months. They sniffed at her powder-box, remarking: "Ah! the scent of powder again!" After that came champagne, and a concert, at which she was given a seat next to the C.O.—her husband, as a mere sergeant, was quite eclipsed. During the concert all the officers overwhelmed her with courteous attentions, even down to the inevitable subaltern, shy and silent, devouring her with his eyes. . . . To return, our young lady had to squat down in the cupboard of a postal motor-van. And there again she had a shock. For the driver, stopped by a sentry, had forgotten the password. And she herself, though she knew it, did not dare to breathe it to him.

She mentions also the weariness of the men, who complain of not being relieved often enough, can see no end to the war, and are driven to death by ones and twos in attacks which they know to be futile. . . . And often buried up to their necks in mud, forced to look upon things so dreadful that no word can paint them, as only actual vision could stamp them on the mind.

— Legal note for January 21st. (The war mentality.) Private I—— heard of the death of his brother and little boy. He left the lines to go and comfort his wife. His father wrote to the presiding officer of the court martial: "He has betrayed his country. Do not pardon him! Let him die!" Can this person be quite sincere in placing the safety of the country, the sense of national existence, higher than pity, higher than love and fatherly affection? Must there not be a certain element of display in this, a desire to astonish the gallery?

— The 21st. M. Thomson went to see Poincaré and met Pichon, the chief advocate of Japanese intervention. The President threw his arm round Pichon's shoulders and congratulated him, confessing himself a supporter of intervention. It is England, he suggested, who will put her spoke in that wheel.

— What a crowd of captains with gold-braided trousers hang about the Ministry for War, wallowing in the commandeered limousines of millionaires! But for the war they would have known nothing of these delights. How many people there are who, however unconsciously, are grateful for the war!

— My brother has visited his children at Saint-Nazaire, after an absence of six months. His little girl was only one year old when he left, and could not speak. Now she is eighteen months old and can speak. She calls him "mister" and was very surprised to find this "mister" the next morning in bed with her mama.

— An English officer has been burned to a cinder in an aeroplane crash near Paris. Dr. R—— made the post-mortem. Bouttieaux asked him: "He was unrecognisable, wasn't he?" To which R—— coldly replied: "I was not acquainted with him before."

— Viviani was invited to lunch with the Belgian Ministers at the Thomsons'. He excused himself on the ground of bereavement at home. His wife had been afraid for a long time that one of her sons had been killed. But, encouraged by her friends, she still went on hoping. And that very day, they received his identity disc.

— A word on the tyranny of the General Staff. The prefects of the partly invaded departments, whose principal town is still in our hands, are not allowed to telephone to Malvy, their administrative head as Minister of the Interior. Why? Because the prefects used to send over the telephone an outline of the daily operations which did not always coincide with that given in the army *communiqué*. They are awaiting the return of Millerand to get to the bottom of this incident.

— The "mentions" for distinguished service in the despatches, which fill the pages of the *Official Gazette* every day, reveal the case of the sergeant whose dying words were: "Tell them that Sergeant X died like a good Frenchman." Then there is the soldier who lost both his legs and observed: "One cannot suffer too much for our beautiful France." Thus, in that supreme moment, it is a cry of love for France which they utter. And yet, here again arises that thought which always haunts me. Why so much love of country during war—a love which does not stop short of the sacrifice of its dearest possession, life itself? And why is no such sacrifice made for that same community in time of peace?

— Owing to my position in the Ministry of Posts, and my tendency to say exactly what I think, colleagues have dubbed me "the Postal Frank."

— "We were so happy." How often do I hear this phrase, evoking the peace of the past.

— The 27th. Only on a single occasion since the beginning of the war have they known in time, at the Foreign Office, where

the Kaiser was spending the night. Our airmen have been informed only the day after.

— The Censor's Department is examining the first instalments of a *History of the War* by Hanotaux, member of the Academy, and former Minister for Foreign Affairs. From the very beginning he slashes previous Governments, the Republican Ministers for War, André, Picard, and Brun, while he extols the national awakening when Millerand sounded the alarm in 1912. It has been pointed out to him that such attacks are somewhat improper in the middle of the war. He has apologised, declaring that he did not revise this section, which was put together by a secretary.

Georges Ohnet, who had a great success thirty years ago with his novel *The Ironmaster*—another writer revived by the war—has called forth similar comments by his book *Reminiscences of a Citizen of Paris*.

— Victor Margueritte assures me that a War Office minute mentioned shells fired at aeroplanes as falling back "gently."

— The Senator Jonnart, former Minister, ex-Governor of Algeria, was not sufficiently respectful while speaking over the telephone with a general, who thereupon ordered him "to preserve an attitude of proper subordination when speaking over the telephone." (Reported to the Cabinet.)

— Prisoners of war adopt ingenious devices for smuggling news. The Jews' word for their great fast is "Kippur." So a Jewish doctor, a prisoner in Germany, wrote that all was well, every possible care taken of them, etc., but he went on to add that he had lost touch with all his friends, with the sole exception of his friend Kippur.

— In the train coming back to Paris, two Englishmen got in at Fontainebleau. Thirty years old, complete with clubs and golf-jackets. They scanned their illustrated papers, which were full of details about a bombardment of the English coast by the German Fleet. "Savages ! Savages !" they hissed between their teeth. Then they began a game of chess on a little folding board.

— The campaign for peace is carried on both by the anti-clerical and the Catholic parties. The Papacy wants to save Austria, the true eldest daughter of the Church. Thence arises the movement to influence Catholic mothers : "Sons enough have been killed ; it is time to have done with it, etc., etc." The Government combats this with a campaign which represents the danger of a peace involving a return to the *status quo*, with the same dangers threatening us as before the war, and so many lives already thrown away.

— The 30th. At the offices of the *Bonne Presse* they have seized leaflets distributed by the Catholic paper *The Pilgrim* containing a prayer for peace. But influence has been brought to bear on the Minister of the Interior on behalf of the editor Bertaux. The difficulty is being smoothed over. The French Catholics will proclaim that they want peace only if it ensures justice and right.

I am surprised that the Catholic Church should be calling for an end to the war. It is making far too good use of it. Those chaplains popping in and out of bomb-proof shelters like a lot of rats, celebrating the Mass, exploiting the sick and wounded, exalting the sentiments of resignation and fear of the Beyond. . . . Can you picture an army contractor clamouring for peace?

— The critic C—— reports that his brother, an infantry captain of mild Republican views, states in a letter that the passwords in Castelnau's army have been : " Cathélineau " and " La Trémoille," two leaders of the insurrection in La Vendée, who did not kill any but Frenchmen. What would one say if Sarraill used as passwords the names Jaurès, Blanqui, Robespierre, and Saint-Just ?

— Again, when Castelnau visited a hospital at Amiens, his very first question to the Chief Medical Officer was : " Have you got a chaplain ? "

— In convents they say prayers for our armies. One particular prayer ensures the gain of a trench. A model little girl said to her mother : " Oh, mama, I have taken three trenches this morning."

## FEBRUARY 1915

— AT THE hospital run by Madame X they specialise in eye wounds. A famous surgeon declares that they ought to give courses of treatment there to our generals, as it might open their eyes.

— When one suggests that French troops in Westphalia would violate more than the Germans did in France, the patriots reply : " Oh, but in that case the women would consent."

— On several occasions at Cabinet meetings they have raised the question of the children born from the German rapes. They refuse to consider abortion. They will extend the foundling hospitals.

— February 3rd. Lunch with Loti and a Lieutenant Simon, who had his forearm broken and an eye shot out at the Marne. The horrible thing is that, when he describes how he was wounded, he no longer absorbs the attention of the guests. Already indifference is growing. " One can't get away from the heroes," it has been said. That recalls the epigram of an officer who had had both legs amputated : " Yes, just at this moment, I am a hero. In a year I shall be a mere cripple."

This Lieutenant Simon, in civil life, is a teacher of French in England. He has translated an English novel. There you have a book which ought to be popular, as a symbol of our alliance. But, alas ! this novel is not popular ; it describes the marriage of Goethe.

— Some Belgian refugees came to Périgueux. Liver sausage with truffles was provided for their sustenance. They enjoyed it, but it was quite new to them, and so they warned each other : " Take out those little black bits ; they've gone bad."

— Some soldiers declare that they can foretell the date when they will be moved from the trenches for relief : when their C.O. is due for promotion. They call this critical phase " promotionitis."

— Up to the 5th February, 1915, one dare not express a wish for peace. People exclaim : " How shocking ! " A very odd exclamation, since that is just what war is.

— The 8th. At Madame Guillaumet's I met the Abbé Wetterlé, former member of the Reichstag and of the Parliament of Alsace-Lorraine. He has complete confidence. He sees Alsace-Lorraine restored just as it is, to form three French departments. The Germans seem to him a curious case of mass insanity. Within twenty years, they would have been masters of the world by peaceful methods. He absolves the Kaiser, as just an ordinary citizen, who loved to play at soldiers and dreamed of establishing peace by means of force. The responsible parties, he declares, are the Crown Prince and especially the intellectual Pangermanists in the universities.

At heart, he favours independence. But as he was sentenced by the Germans to be shot without trial, and then expelled to France, one fancies that he has embraced the idea of French administration.

— A French soldier, prisoner in Germany, wrote to the Kaiser to request leave of absence to comfort his dying mother in France. Three weeks' leave was granted to him, on his promise to return. The French Government stopped him at the frontier and sent him back again. It is only fair to add that his mother was already dead.

— At Ciro's and Colombin's, at tea-time, there is a decadent crowd of people, a sort of bloom on our decay, whose attitude forms a striking contrast with the anguish of the civilian and the soldier.

— I must make a note of the titles of serial stories published in the papers during the war : *The Kaiser's Spy* ; *The Daughter of the Boche* ; *The Soldiers of the Ninth* ; *The Paths of Blood* ; *Boche Head* ; *Z 12, Spy* ; *The Sweetheart of the Frontier*.

— There must obviously be something shameful about the war when the first concern of all the belligerent nations is to prove that they were not the first to declare it, but were forced into it, compelled to fight in self-defence. To and fro across each frontier rings the cry : "We were attacked first." In each country they are making strenuous efforts to prove from the diplomatic documents *their own* truth, the proof that they were compelled by their enemy to enter into the struggle.

— The Café de la Paix, at six in the evening. Rooms crammed. Belgian subalterns, pipe in mouth, each with a woman by his side. A French subaltern lolling on a seat. Many young people. All the faces carelessly revealing, almost parading, a curious look of brutality.

— The 11th. *My Friend Fritz* at the Comédie-Française. In a box near by, some convalescent soldiers, exhaling that distressing odour of wounds which drifts about in hospitals.

— Doumer, former candidate for the Presidency, many times Minister, is said to have declared, after the Battle of Charleroi, that Joffre ought to be nailed to a wall and shot. Joffre has not forgotten it. Doumer, armed with a pass to proceed to Nancy for a visit to the grave of his son killed in action, had the imprudence not to restrict himself to the Nancy sector. Our good Joffre had him somewhat roughly removed down the line.

— The reproach has often been cast at Millerand, a professional lawyer and Minister for War, that he is too much influenced by his environment. They say of him that "he is counsel for the defence of his own department."

— It is dreadful to hear Painlevé scourge the shortcomings of the General Staff and the War Departments—that attitude of "aggressive complacency and tyrannical reaction." He remarks that phenol, a necessary ingredient of melinite, was supplied to the War Office by Germany. Now that source of supply is stopped. We have to make it ourselves. "They are making fifteen tons where they ought to be making a hundred and twenty. One might fancy these people have got all eternity in front of them, that all they are concerned with is little trench mortars or big naval guns on railway mountings, etc."

— Often in the Metro one sees men in uniform, who are certainly not regular officers, but who secure favours and salutes, looking so pleased with themselves, and more military than the military themselves.

— In a pre-war novel of Marcel Prévost about Germany, *Monsieur et Madame Moloch*, I notice the following word coined by him for people who make their living out of war: "the belliculturists."

— The 13th. A reception at the *Vie Féminine*, with an address by Mrs. Despard, sister of the British Commander-in-Chief. She said some moving things. But her chief point was this: "War is not logical. It destroys without constructing. It is evil." And she emphasised and hammered home this point: "Is it not illogical, is it not evil?" But one felt the resistance of the audience, which comprised ninety-five per cent of women. No, our French women will not agree. Are they moved by a deep conviction or by fear of their next door neighbour?

— How sad it is to see these unfortunate soldiers on two crutches



getting into the Metro. To add the misdeeds of men to the evils of nature !

— It is a curious reflection that the French are fighting for liberty amid a complete absence of liberty, enchained as they are by the dictatorship of the army and censorship.

— The 15th February. Allied Socialist Congress in London. The delegates of the four nations declared themselves opposed to a war of conquest ; they ascribe the present war to imperialism, to capitalism, to colonial expansion. The Minister Sembat among the French delegates. Thence arose the following scene : on the 16th, in the evening, Viviani was receiving one of his friends. Telephone call from Millerand, who read out the *communiqué* over the wire. Viviani invited his friend to hold the second receiver. On finishing the reading of the despatch, Millerand went on to say : “ Look here, I say, these Socialists in London are making a nuisance of themselves. . . . ” Viviani’s friend discreetly laid aside his receiver.

— In 1903, after the assassination of Queen Draga and King Alexander of Serbia, Europe vehemently repudiated Serbia and withdrew her ambassadors. To-day, it is for Serbia that the nations of Europe are killing each other.

— Joseph Reinach has telegraphed to Ferdinand of Bulgaria, asking him if the grand-daughter of the Duc d’Aumale is going to forget her ancestry. (It is said that Bulgaria is ready to side with Germany.) In his reply, Ferdinand expresses surprise that a historian should base an argument on dubious documents, and asserts that he himself forgets nothing. It is signed : “ A European.”

— On the evening of the 16th February, a report from Rome asserts that Von Bulow is offering Alsace-Lorraine to France if she will sign a peace treaty.

— Tristan Bernard remarks that there is a threat of peace, but that we are not yet ready for it.

— I was remarking that, during the siege of Paris in 1870, I was fed on horse-meat stew. A lady retorted : “ That’s why you’re such a miserable hack now ! ”

— The Socialist Congress in London to all intents and purposes presents the reactionary newspapers with the attitude : “ What ! Is there no more hatred ? Then that’s the end of everything ! ” Jules Guesde eloquently defended the delegates at the Cabinet meeting on the 16th. He declared that it was an admirable thing

to hold this reunion, if one reflects on the hostility of the English Socialists towards the war, and on the antagonism of the Russians and the English.

— It is said that one evening in October 1914, during the battle on the Flanders front, French had issued an order to retire, when Foch came to see him and urged him to hold fast. He had just lost a son and a son-in-law. He invoked the name of Waterloo. French promised and stood firm.

— The 20th. I have already noted the representations which Poincaré made, according to the English Blue Book, to the British Ambassador on the 29th July, 1914, when he said: "With England by our side, peace is assured." The newspapers are publishing the letters exchanged between Poincaré and the King of England. He refused to accept Poincaré's formula. It appears that he had no constitutional right to accept it. But it is clear evidence that we had there a loophole towards peace, which was closed by England. And yet the mind of our Press is so distorted that it refers to this revelation with the headline: "Proof that Germany willed the war."

— One sees articles appearing on this text: "War, like love and death, will always exist. . . . War is noble, because it exalts the disregard of pain and the sacrifice of life to an ideal." One might say a good deal about this denial of human progress, about the alleged beauty of despising pain, about the choice of an ideal to which one should sacrifice one's life.

— On the 22nd, travelling to Saint-Nazaire, I broke my journey at Tours to pay a visit to Anatole France, who lives in the outskirts at Saint-Cyr-sur-Loire, in a small country mansion named "La Béchellerie." We chatted for four hours during the afternoon. He seemed to me worried about the Russians. But the chief impression he gives one is that of a collapse of his faith in humanity. He tells me that he is almost ready to believe that men will never give up fighting. He expresses a fear that it will drive him mad. Nevertheless, he has managed to finish a book in a few weeks—*Little Peter*. His house is charming. At the far end of the garden he has set up a library in an old orange-house.

— The 24th. I have had described to me the historic scenes between the King of Rumania, a Hohenzollern, and his wife, who is English. The king asserted that the Germans are stronger and that he wants to keep his throne. He has tried to convince the queen of the Germans' superior strength, supporting his

argument with demonstrations on the map. She was convinced for a time, remarking : " It is true. They are strong."

— There has appeared on the market a little spirit-stove, called the "Joffrette," an almost charming fancy.

— On Sunday, the 21st February, Madame Thomson saw Joffre at Chantilly. Her husband went to discuss some questions affecting postal arrangements. She herself stayed behind in the car. But the general invited her to come up to his office. She was moved to the point of tears. Her husband reminded him that she was the grand-daughter of Crémieux, a Minister in the Government of National Defence in 1870 ; she paid Joffre the compliment that he " holds the destiny of France in his hands." She thought him shrewd, sensible, and sure of himself. He dropped the phrase : " When we are in Germany." He explained our present offensives by the necessity of harassing the enemy all along the line, to pin him down. Otherwise Germany would turn towards the Russians, settle them off, and come back against us.

— On the 22nd February Étienne arranged a dinner at the Élysée, including Poincaré, Joffre, Bourgeois, and Freycinet. The object was to reconcile the two latter, who direct the Army Committee of the Senate, and who, under the influence of Clemenceau, had been displaying little sympathy towards Joffre. Especially Freycinet. But he has been quite vanquished and dominated by Joffre. And I have had a description of this frail and almost transparent old man, usually white as a bleached bone, blushing violently, not so much from the stimulus of lunch as with the schoolboy delight of meeting the generalissimo on an equal footing. Peace has been concluded—at least, *that* peace.

— I overheard someone picturing the years after the war. The soldiers from the trenches, he suggested, will have contracted habits of indolence and violence which they will retain in time of peace. The need to work once more will be intolerable. As for the women, the separation allowances have given them an independence which they will not all enjoy again.

— Ribot, speaking of his colleagues in the Cabinet, admits that Millerand has the quality of industry. Then he added, with a hypocritical gesture : " Still, a lawyer . . ."

— At Hospital No. 52, Madame Poincaré has been distributing booklets of cigarette papers decorated with the portrait of her husband.

— The 25th. Dinner with Bouttieaux and Tristan Bernard.

The latter remarks that the diplomats resemble old-fashioned coachmen in powdered wigs trying to drive a 200-h.p. car. He also suggests a drawing representing Diogenes with the following inscription: "I look for a man and find nothing but heroes."

— The 27th. I went to Villers-Cotterets to accompany Madame Thomson, who was arranging a meeting between Second-Lieutenant Jacques M—— and his mother. (It is a favour she has secured from Joffre.) Our car passed through villages like Betz, where one sees nothing but burnt-down houses. At Villers itself, many soldiers and Military Police. At the Hôtel de la Chasse, mother and son met after an absence of seven months. Lunch. The young subaltern was looking well. He described the retreat from Charleroi, thirty miles a day, leaning on his rifle and a stick. They all broke down sobbing when they stopped to rest. They were too worn out to feel pain. And yet they recovered enough energy to push the Germans back. He described his luck in having escaped, in the engagement at Crouy, with bullets spitting all round his feet. "They had me taped," as he expressed it. Then the order to retire, which reached him when only a hundred yards short of Hill 132, where they all knew they would meet their death. He is quite free from boastfulness, but insists on remaining at the front, even if it has to be in some other capacity. He admits the looting, when everyone picked up from private houses such necessaries as linen and books. But some soldiers go beyond the strictly necessary. He explains this by the fact that the Military Police had been temporarily reverted to regimental duty. A regular market was established, where the troops sold back to the civilians their own possessions. And, besides, the soldiers held both human life and goods rather cheap. Everything is worth less now.

The atmosphere of this little town, ten miles from the trenches, is quiet. I had occasion to pass in front of the H.Q. No bustle. No glittering uniforms. Just unassuming officers and well-behaved soldiers. We crossed an aerodrome without being disturbed. It was less military than a town in the south. Only the detectives, easily recognisable, and the Military Police planted like lamp-posts at the corner of the pavements, disturb this calm. We did not hear any gun-fire. One of our friends thought he heard some. But no, it was merely a banging door.

— They mention business-men, in towns like Villers-Cotterets, who are making their fortunes—booksellers and druggists. A whole army is spending its pay there.

— Among the belliculturists, one must mention the manufacturers of surgical and orthopædic instruments. A chemist has devised a method of packing preserves in collapsible tubes. It is a positive gold-mine.

— After the Battle of the Marne, many sightseers went to visit the village of Varedes. The authorities were annoyed. They commandeered them as gravediggers, paid at piece rates. When the corpse was not properly buried, they were forced to do the job over again. Those who had to bury horses were overwhelmed with work. It is said that some employees of the Metropolitan who were thus commandeered did not return to their post for three days.

— One is still conscious of the stubborn determination to keep the army in complete isolation, thus protecting it against sentimental weakness. Military orders have placed a stern embargo on wives and mothers. At Dijon a notice has been posted that army lorry-drivers who see their wives will be reduced to the ranks and sent to the trenches.

— The 28th. Joffre has other worries besides that of victory. He has written to the Cabinet to protest against the suppression of a Swiss paper hostile to Caillaux. This paper declared that the remoulding of the Ministry which removed Messimy was intended to eliminate Ministers favourable to peace, who were all creatures of Caillaux. The Ministers thus removed are indignant.

— One remembers that Doumer was sternly turned back from the front area. Some people wanted to raise a storm against this brutal eviction. One Minister, at a Cabinet meeting, protested : "After all, we must not forget that Doumer was the chosen candidate of the whole Right Wing for the Presidency of the Republic." The rest took care to avoid looking at Poincaré, since it was really he and not Doumer. There was an awkward silence.

— Title of a newspaper serial : *The War Baby*.

— Lecture by Wetterlé on the people of Alsace and Lorraine gathered in the concentration camps. There are 1,500 of them. He called for an improvement of their treatment, and ended up with the hope that they would not some day have to exclaim : "We were happier beneath the German yoke."

— More belliculturists : the military publishers and book-sellers who are reaping a rich harvest on the *Army Bulletin*, the despatches containing "mentions," the volumes of diplomatic correspondence. Still more belliculturists : the cloth-merchants.

What a tremendous contract for "horizon blue"! The brother-in-law of my neighbour Madame B—— had meant to tender for the supply at six francs a yard. But he was told that the price offered was ten francs. So he offered nine francs fifty centimes and secured the contract.

## MARCH 1915

— THE KING OF SPAIN regrets that his country is against France. "Only the masses and myself take her side," he observes.

— The Germans, it is said, are strenuously endeavouring to secure the support of the Pope. Raising the wind, so to speak, on the Holy See.

— There is a pattern of parquet flooring called "Hungarian point." The fanatical patriots refuse to walk on it any longer.

— The Army Pay Department and Postal Service refuse to open a branch at Berck-Plage, because this centre has less than three thousand residents in normal times. Though there has been an enormous influx of wounded, that does not count. In his annoyance, the Minister shouted down the telephone to the chief of the particular department: "If you can't drive back the Germans, at least don't make a damn' nuisance of yourself to the French!"

— Briand recalled the evenings in Bordeaux, when he went round to pick up the *communiqué*. He walked in to Millerand, who was calling Joffre on the telephone: "Is that you, general? Ah, no!" Then, with a quizzical glance over the top of his spectacles, he revealed to Briand: "He has gone to bed!"

— A nurse remarks that the territorials are growing very much afraid of impotence, owing to long months of chastity.

— The 3rd. At Madame Guillaumet's met the L——s, a young working-class family from Mulhouse, who witnessed the first French occupation (August 7th and 8th). They received nothing but false news from the very start. One morning the cry went round: "The French have come!" They would not believe it. They thought they were dreaming. Wild cheering. Flowers tied on bayonets. The women put on their loveliest clothes. The working-class districts were the most enthusiastic. The troops were urged to camp just outside the town. The next day our aeroplanes scattered the proclamation of Joffre: "The French are now in Mulhouse for all time!"

The young woman added whimsically: "One hour later not a single Frenchman was left."

— Tristan Bernard observes that after the war all the Jews will be sent back to Jerusalem, where they will establish the first *anti-Semite* newspaper.

— On the Paris street-lamps they have fixed cowls, which throw down the light and shed a vast bright circle on the ground, a perfect mark for enemy aeroplanes. It is a trifle, but worrying all the same, as a symptom of the imbecility of those who guide our fates.

— A skirmish in the Chamber. Paul-Menier protested against the retention of Paris under military law : “ In a state of military law, any lunatic you please can govern ! ” . . . To which Viviani wearily retorted : “ Well, in that case you’d better take my place ! ”

— I often notice officers of the reserve or of the territorials pull up a soldier who does not salute, or who has not got all his buttons properly fastened. They are more jealous of their wretched little privileges than the regular officer.

— A concert in a hospital for men wounded in the eyes. One blind man, with head bandaged, was led up on to the platform by a comrade, and sang a song containing this refrain :

*“ Cursèd be war that makes us deal  
Such dastard blows at human weal ! ”*

That same curse appeared again in another song. It is only the lips of the wounded which dare utter such phrases.

— For two hours the Cabinet has discussed the question of precedence at the Dardanelles. Would the British vessels arrive before the French ? That point, it appears, has an important bearing on the prestige and material gains which may arise from the operation.

— Paléologue, Ambassador of France in Russia, telegraphs to the Government that they must not buy wheat from Russia, on account of the notorious corruption among their officials. It is a very delicate matter when one knows that the cipher codes of Embassies are always liable to leakage.

— The foreign Ambassadors confidently anticipated that Paris would be invaded at the beginning of the war. They had already prepared their notices of diplomatic immunity.

— Lucien G——, one of my cousins, just back from the trenches and convalescing at Serbonnes, was looking at the recent issues of *Illustration*, chockful of depictions of heroism. Whereupon, after his five months in the trenches in the Argonne, he naively



remarked : "I never imagined the war was like that. . . ."

— Someone has mentioned to me the following remark by a man who has had both feet amputated : "What an infernal nuisance ! My wife has only just sent me a pair of slippers. . . ."

— Another belliculturist : The photographer who offers the portrait of "your dear one who died a glorious death." For twelve francs fifty centimes they will convert a portrait in mufti into one in uniform.

— Another belliculturist : The smart shop which urges you in lyrical language to "send to our heroes a new uniform to wear for the victory."

— The heart of the world does not go out warmly enough to those who for six months have endured the nameless hardships of the trenches. How poorly they supported the fund for New Year's Day presents, so that there was only one candle between twenty-five men !

— At lunch with Briand, Sembat, and Tristan Bernard. Sembat related that a man wounded on the 8th February crawled to the ambulance, reached hospital, and there was indignant when he read in the paper the *communiqué* of the 8th February : "Nothing of interest to report on the front."

On the subject of the Dardanelles, it was remarked that Delcassé, who at first opposed it, is now trying to secure credit for our intervention. Briand recalls that he himself had suggested to Churchill our intervention in Serbia, but that it was England which developed that idea into the operations now proceeding.

Sembat has received a letter from a colonel, who paints in gloomy colours our offensive at Mesnil, our losses, the trivial results, and the loss of morale indicated by the desertions of two companies of colonial infantry. He declares that the telephone and the motor-car have isolated the General Staff. For these means of communication have created an artificial bond between the General Staff and the armies which, fundamentally, encourages their divorce. "G.H.Q. is no more aware of it than we are," declares the Minister Sembat.

— Briand wanted to dissuade the Senate from cancelling naturalisations taken out during the last few years. He appealed to justice and reason. He was defeated. The patriotic passion of the Senators is very ardent, either because they remember 1870, or because they are seizing this supreme occasion for giving rein to their passions. But Briand had his revenge. A delegation of Senators came to see him about a moratorium of rents. They also

appealed to justice and reason. But he replied that, having himself achieved such little success in defending those same principles of justice in their assembly, he was afraid that he could not give them any satisfaction.

— The historic evening when Foch prevailed upon French to hold firm has been celebrated in a series of typewritten letters, all in identical phraseology, distributed broadcast through the post. It looks as if there is a kind of "snowball" movement to prepare public opinion for the glorification of this general.

— Discussing whether the violated women ought to undergo abortion, someone has pedantically essayed the opinion: "No; we must respect human life." So they respect human life in poor little fetuses whose existence will be nothing more than one long hardship. But they do not respect human life in the form of youths of twenty.

— It seems there are officers' wives who have followed their husbands since the beginning of the campaign, forcing themselves to remain shut up all day long in some farm and not emerging until the dead of night.

— Came home this evening on foot. Between the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and the Military School I hardly met two pedestrians. It was not yet eleven p.m. The deep darkness here and there made it impossible to read the names of streets and the numbers of houses. The shops, including the little wine bars, were all closed. The trams had stopped. There were no motor-buses, while private cars were infrequent. The fact is, people are going out very little for walks or visits. And all that produces a desert of shadows.

— Briand describes the Cabinet as being the last drawing-room in which people do not chatter.

— At Revigny, an old lady who owns a large country house had billeted upon her a group of German staff officers, who killed her poultry, drained the pond, and butchered the deer. She complained to an officer: "I have already had the misfortune of having your people billeted on me in 1870, but they did not behave as you do." To which the officer retorted, with a sardonic smile: "Well, it is not the same war!"

Indeed, people attribute to the Germans, at the beginning of the campaign, the intention of exterminating France, not only as a dreadful warning, but even to the point of wiping out the whole race.

— I hear people remark how much they miss those products of  
EF

Austria and Germany which they cannot now procure : Thermogene and Kümmele Eckau.

— I am assured that some generals have vetoed the wearing of corduroy breeches and even of certain warm woollies, because they are not "regulation." Others forbid clean shaving. One of them fell down in a mock faint before one unfortunate devotee of the razor, with the exclamation : " Oh ! here comes a clown ! "

— Mid-Lent (March 11th) has passed by as unnoticed as did Shrove Tuesday.

— The ex-Minister Baudin has been sent on a mission to the Argentine. He took umbrage at the presence there of Caillaux, former Premier, who enjoys official precedence over him. Afterwards Baudin, owing to the number of vessels sunk by the Germans, requested a return passage on a neutral vessel, convoyed by a warship.

— Looking back, I notice that the Christmas presents sent to the troops in the Argonne did not arrive on that date, because an offensive fixed for the 15th December, 1914, made the transport of parcels a very minor consideration.

— Dr. C—— describes some nervous cases. There is the man who went dumb from shock when the brains of his comrade were spilled over his bread. Then there is the man who has remained doubled up ever since his brother fell dead beside him in an attack, when he could not help him, since the R.S.M. was urging them on. He observes that in the army the officers have agreed among themselves to ban mention of the end of the war. Any such reference involves payment of a fine to the mess. He admits our looting of wine, provisions, and useful articles.

— The brothers Isola, formerly conjurers, who then graduated to the music-hall, and later to the State-aided theatres, are now co-directors of the Opéra-Comique, despite the hostility of Gheusi, who is now serving on Galliéni's staff. So Tristan Bernard remarks : " Joffre is going to deliver a heavy blow to Galliéni ; he is going to appoint the brothers Isola to his staff."

— Tristan asked the Deputy Tardieu, who is all-powerful at Chantilly, for some sort of secretarial post. Tardieu refused. So Tristan replied : " I imagined that you occupied a position in military life as influential as the one you had in civil life. Pardon me. I don't want to involve you in rebukes from your superior officers."

— Speaking of Italy, Rumania, and Greece, a newspaper has dubbed this group the *Triple Dalliance*.

— Madame Poincaré went to Sampigny for her husband's manuscripts left behind in their house, which had been bombarded. They were safe and sound. What else could one expect?

— The French military have no love to spare for the English. It is a *Cordial Misunderstanding*. Bouttieaux, observing an English success at Neuve-Chapelle, drew the ironical conclusion that there could not have been any more Germans left at that point. As the English took 1,720 prisoners, I replied that at least there must have been 1,720 Germans. "That's all there must have been," retorted Bouttieaux.

— The newspapers are beginning a campaign for the annexation of the country as far as the Rhine. And so we are being treated to a display of inaccurate knowledge, proofs that the land on this side of the Rhine belonged to Gaul two or three thousand years ago—in a word, the same sort of odious casuistry adopted by Germany, forty-five years ago, to justify the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine.

— A man of middle years has witnessed events without parallel in recorded history: the first motor-car, the first aeroplane, the first submarine, the various forms of telegraphy, the moral crisis of the Dreyfus affair, the floods of 1910, and a war which is plunging half the world in blood.

— The Cabinet meeting on the 18th March. The question under discussion was that of forming a Council of Generals. Millerand declared that they will all merely support the opinions of the C.-in-C. He quoted the example of a Council of Admirals, presided over by Admiral Boué de Lapeyrère. They all echoed their chairman. Millerand went on to say: "Ah, I was forgetting! There *was* just a single one who took the opposite view. He was cashiered." That shaft was aimed at Augagneur, Minister of Marine, a supporter of the proposed Council of Generals. The suggestion has arisen from the necessity of "getting something done." But no conclusion was reached. In the end, they decided that Joffre should go and lunch at the Élysée on the following Sunday.

— The exaltation of patriotism is growing stronger among its faithful followers. A lady was describing to me someone whose son, a hospital orderly, came back to Paris owing to a sudden loss of nerve. "His father has no alternative but to commit suicide," she remarked to me.

— Callous indifference towards death increases also. The 2,700 victims of the engagements at Perthes no longer count. There is

only one chance that similar butchery will not be repeated : namely, that altruism and sensibility will survive even during war. If they do, they will make such massacres unbearable. But the change of heart has been so complete since the first gun was fired that one hardly dare hope for the survival of any sensitive altruism.

— The publisher X has remarked to me : “ So I, for one, shall not purchase a new suit until after the war.” He gives this example as a proof that, when peace returns, there will be a tremendous revival of industry, of which the purchase of that new suit will be the sign and symbol.

— As soon as you try to depict the situation as it actually is, people reply : “ We must not weaken the public will.” But, in that case, how are mistakes going to be rectified ?

— The Germans call Joffre “ The Savings Bank,” because he enjoys the reputation among them of sparing the lives of his troops.

— A doctor tells me that they have a delousing station behind the lines. The soldier infested with vermin is sent out of the line, since the insect spreads disease. So the louse is treasured. A dozen lice in a match-box command a ready sale—the larger the louse the higher the price.

— The 20th. A gala presided over by Yvette Guilbert and Pierre Loti. Nothing but songs and religious poems. Homage was paid to Jesus in scores of different formulas. How far we are from the black-gloved Yvette of 1890 ! She was dressed like a bishop, purple and fat, holding in front of her a bright steel crucifix large enough to nail thereon a life-size Christ.

— A word about the lunch to Joffre at the Élysée (March 24th). All the Ministers except Sembat. When someone spoke of the operations for next winter, Joffre turned round indignantly to exclaim : “ But, my good sir, the war will be finished by next October.”

He wants an offensive on our front. In his view, Perthes counts as a success. He decries the English. He wants to refuse them the use of Dunkirk and Calais, even at the risk of seeing their future contributions of men reduced. At the same time, he favours the idea of the single command, with himself as C.-in-C. For him that is of paramount importance.

He foresees two important offensives before the end. Ribot would like something else besides these offensives. But the other Ministers desire an “ entirely French ” victory. Ribot, annoyed,

remarked : " In a word, we have no need either of the Russians or of the English ? " Joffre protested. There are moments when he declares that he will shoot himself, or else hand in his resignation.

Viviani put several questions and then fell silent. Briand spoke. The final conclusion is that they will not attempt anything beyond these offensives.

Joffre asserted that the morale of the troops was excellent, while the Germans are losing heart, and their officers surrendering.

The Balkan question does not interest him. " It is a theatre of minor importance."

— On the 25th March I heard of important negotiations on foot with Italy. As to the Cabinet meeting of the 25th, a Minister has told me that it gave him the liveliest satisfaction that he has had since the war began. Then things began to hang fire. The Ministers quibbled, instead of accepting the Italian offer as it stands.

— The 28th. It has been decided not to resume operations at the Dardanelles until April 10th.

— A verdict has been given in the case of —, who pilfered parcels in the care of the Pay Department and Postal Services. " Mere public gossip," remarked someone. Tristan commented : " That's why they entrusted his defence to public counsel."

— The war is costing France 50,000,000 francs a day. What could one not do, in time of peace, with that amount spent every day, but devoted to public works, scientific research, industrial development, road-making, building, etc. ?

— Colonel Bouttieaux gives me a few details about the bombs recently launched on Paris by the Zeppelins. He was coming out of the city analyst's, where they had been conducting a post-mortem on one of the incendiary bombs. " Make water on them and they go out," he assured me. Sixty bombs were thrown—that is, one and a half tons.

— Lecture by the Abbé Wetterlé at *La Vie Féminine* on the Alsatian woman. He told us that he receives requests from all quarters to write articles : " I have never worked so hard before." Arrival of Madame Poincaré. Conversation while waiting for the singers. " I hope," she declared, discussing the Germans, " that we're going to destroy all their factories ! " She also remarked about Poincaré, who is now at the front : " His presence is such a comfort to our brave troops." Mention was made of a German who has indignantly denounced at Berne a chemical which can blind our soldiers in ten minutes. Wetterlé claims that this

indignant gentleman is a wholesale dealer in dark spectacles, which he wants to unload on to the French market.

— Paul-Boncour reports that the Deputy T——, on the battle-fields in Champagne, after the attacks at Perthes, walked over German corpses, choosing the stomach because it was soft. He stumbled over one of them, and found himself kissing its lips.

— Rumour has it that Paul-Boncour cherishes revolutionary opinions because he resembles Robespierre. Clemenceau comments : “ Yes, but then Robespierre himself did not know that he resembled Robespierre.”

— The newspapers declare that our airmen who gave chase to the Zeppelins were hampered by the mist. Someone has commented : “ Rather, by their mistresses.” And, in fact, the next day a number of people came forward to testify that our airmen had passed the night in such and such a house, in the arms of such and such a girl. Bouttieaux protests. He declares that five planes took the air as soon as orders were issued. However, in future a full crew will sleep in huts at Le Bourget.

— What stories there will be about the holders of army contracts when once the lips of the Q.M.G. are unsealed ! Society people turning themselves into touts, just to secure a commission. Others approving supplies without worrying about the quality of the article so long as they get their percentage. Thus, the nephew of an Ambassador approved a contract for several hundred thousand pairs of boots which proved to be unserviceable.

— In the army areas, all the picture-postcards specially turned out for soldiers, with due regard to their tastes, announce victory in the spring. What a disappointment if it does not happen !

— In these closing days of March, Bouttieaux declares that our officers intend to pin their faith to Joffre for another three months.

— On the 29th, the *Temps* publishes an article by a Dutch writer who declares that the Germans have still got plenty of food. So our patriotic Frenchmen have expressed vehement indignation—they accuse this newspaper of having been sold to the enemy. Thus it is the duty of the Press to lie, and to say only that which flatters.

— On the 30th Delcassé read to the Cabinet a moving despatch intended for Russia, to persuade her to accept the conditions on which Italy will come in. It is a question of Dalmatia. Even those who do not like Delcassé admire the despatch. “ France,” he says, “ has mobilised 4,000,000 and lost 300,000 ; she has been invaded. She has done her utmost. Meanwhile, Russia, which

could have mobilised 18,000,000, has not yet exerted her full strength."

— Above the flat of the T——s there is a woman who sings incessantly and out of tune. Monsieur T—— remarks that his only consolation is that the Zeppelin bombs will destroy her before they destroy him.

— The Fire Brigade sounded the "Cease fire!" to announce that the danger from Zeppelins was over. But they gave out instead the air of the "Dismiss!" A newspaper has held a competition for words to sing to this tune.

— It is impossible to describe the pity and pain one feels in this war. People would retort: "Neither you yourself nor your kith and kin are in it." Thus they deny one any right to feel pain for the community at large.

— Painlevé remarks that when he takes a broad view of events, the length of the war does not seem excessive in view of its consequences—that is to say, the remoulding of the map of Europe.

— Loti, on a deputation to General d'Urbal in the North, requested an audience with the King and Queen of Belgium. He saw the King at his H.Q. in a convent attached to a small village. The King is surprised that the world has made a hero of him. Loti declares that he must avoid indiscreet revelations of the conversation of a Queen, but he added whimsically: "And besides, you will read all about it in next Saturday's *Illustration*!"



## APRIL 1915

— THE 1ST. The English desire to resume their attack in the Dardanelles without awaiting the co-operation of land forces. They are afraid of a set-back which would disturb the negotiations with Italy.

— The 2nd. Letters from the front give a false idea of the war. Their writer knows that they may be opened. And so his main object is to dazzle his future readers. The newspapers especially will give a false idea of public opinion during the war. The fear of the Censorship, the necessity for flattering the lowest instincts, impels them to give utterance to nothing but hatred and insults ; at the foot of every article they must excrete some ribaldry against the Germans. This incessant inculcation of hatred will remain one of the outstanding phenomena of our national life during the war. The Press will prove to have been, before and especially *during* the war, one of its chief instigators.

— Neither in Paris, nor in the country, nor even several miles behind the trenches, would you believe that we are at war. And yet on the fighting fronts as a whole there are already three million dead !

— At Serbonnes we had J—— and his son to dinner—both farmers. It was a farewell dinner to his son, who belongs to the 1916 class of recruits. The father favours hand-to-hand fighting without arms. His son is all for the bayonet charge. Such, apparently, is their ingenuous attitude. Deep down, however, it is a profound sorrow for the parents to see their only son leaving them.

— I recall the following phrase of a picture-dealer at Trouville on the 29th July, 1914 : " This can't go on long ; the financial Press is running at a loss."

— People claim to know how the conflict broke out. And yet they do not even know the origin of storms.

— How those who are fond of war are revelling in it ! At Auxerre everyone buys the reactionary *Echo de Paris*. Crumbling old generals in their tinsel finery step down from staff cars amid cringing subordinates.

— And people are growing resigned to deaths. Two brothers were killed. And, as their mother died just before the war, people have made the complacent comment : " She sent for them."

— An English photograph. It shows the landing of troops on leave, according to the English practice. One is with his wife, the other with his father. They seem full of ecstatic delight. It is rather more civilised than in our Army, which has tied up our soldiers for the last nine months without any leave at all.

— Titles of newspaper serials : *The Blood of France* ; *Boche Head*.

— Tristan Bernard imagines the reflections of Joan of Arc : " They have already reconciled me with the bishops. Now they are going to reconcile me with the English." I must add that Barrès is stubbornly determined on his proposal for an annual Joan of Arc Day—which seems rather tactless while we are allied with the English.

— The superstitious veneration for Joffre is revealed by the thanksgiving postcards addressed to him, by the mascot badges stamped with his bust, etc.

— Men's principles are being turned upside down. Dr. R——, a pacifist, now sees the necessity for Italy going to war. He can no longer imagine the joy of peace. To extend her frontiers, trade, and power, Italy is bound to fight.

— The 18th. A Minister has been expounding in my presence the necessity of our seizing the coalfields of Westphalia, since coal is the foundation of industrial prosperity and the only means by which Germany can make amends. Naturally, once in possession of the wealth underground, we shall be compelled to protect the surface. I happen to know that he is the mouthpiece of one of our steel magnates.

— Oh ! what delighted pleasure it gives that lieutenant—arm in sling and Legion of Honour ribbon on his tunic—to flit about, as if on wings, among the ladies and in the Métro !

— At a private lunch, in the middle of April 1915, Joffre declared, I gather, that there will not be a German left in France by May.

— People are calling the old Emperor Francis Joseph " the Unbreakable."

— On the 10th April, Poincaré was at Nieuport. A German aeroplane dropped an empty shell with the inscription : " An Easter Egg offered by the Germans to M. Poincaré." There you see the efficiency of the German Intelligence Service.

— It is said that the indecision of Ferdinand of Bulgaria arises from his having invested his savings in Austria, those of the King

of Italy from his having money in Krupp's. The comment of Augagneur on this is : " Still, you wouldn't expect them to invest their money in their own countries, would you ? "

— The brother of the King of Greece declares : " I am fed up with Venizelos." Ribot asks how it runs in the original Greek.

— In regard to the stern embargo on feminine visits to the armies, it has been observed that the campaign is conducted by old men who no longer realise the needs of sex. Attention is drawn to nervous troubles, psychological derangements, after nine months of chastity.

— A collector in the postal service who has lived at Lille and Roubaix has just returned to Paris. He speaks of the depression of the Germans—men breaking down at night into tears, and refusing to enter the trenches—the shootings and hangings. He observes that the officers live in high style and that the military occupation observes the correct formalities. French soldiers in mufti, it appears, are numerous and very little disturbed.

— The stubborn determination to suppress anything which might reflect credit on the Germans has carefully concealed the fact that women who fled from the invaded departments are now returning.

— The more reactionary the newspaper, the more virulent is the hatred it expresses towards Germany.

— Postcards are appearing printed with lay prayers. Thus : *The Ten Commandments of the Soldier* : " Thou shalt always kill. . . " *The Greeting to the Bayonet* : " Hail to thee, Rosalie, thou fount of charms."<sup>1</sup>

— The owner of the Château de Bellevue, at Soissons, was suspected of being a German spy. They found some German documents in her house. They were the pedigree certificates of her sheep-dogs ! Rumour also alleged that the Germans were sparing the château. In the end the *salon* was wrecked by a shell. " Fortunately," writes the gardener.

— A young woman whose lover was mobilised set up as a fortune-teller without knowing anything about it. She earned 250 francs on the evening of Friday the 13th.

— A servant here has just exclaimed in terror on noticing that spiders have woven their webs between those little flags on the war map, so stationary are they.

— Where is Wagner played ? In the trenches.

— On the morning after the Zeppelin raid on Paris, General

<sup>1</sup> In trench slang, the bayonet became personified as " Rosalie."

Hirschauer remarked to me that they cannot call upon a pilot to crash his plane through the envelope of an airship. (Bouttieaux had claimed that they could.) But are they not calling for a precisely analogous sacrifice from soldiers when they order them over the top?

— Called on Victor Margueritte, where I met Lieutenant-General D——, aged fifty-nine, promoted to that rank in the field. He was on the General Staff. He it was who began the offensive at Perthes in January 1915. He has just been transferred to the half-pay list without any reasons being assigned. He expresses angry indignation at the issue of orders, from the disdainful distance of H.Q., for the delivery of attacks on fixed days and hours, even if the artillery preparation has been inadequate, all “to secure three lines in the daily *communiqué*.” They insist on a success at all costs. His own removal from command seems to be due to his having refused to execute until the morning an order, received at midnight, which would have cost him, in the absence of artillery preparation, five to six thousand men.

He denounces the squandering of human lives, asserting that an advance can be made only behind a *cascade of steel*—three rows of guns destroying any and every visible and imaginable obstacle.

He depicts the horror of a captured trench, the frightful smell, the hurried erection of a parapet of earth mingled with human remains—heads and arms. And there stand our men, with water up to their knees, yet cheerfully exclaiming: “We’re all right, sir.” He observes that after a time the men stop trying to dodge the shells from the 77’s. Those heavy guns catch a man only with a direct hit. The rest can escape by lying flat on the ground.

But the machine-guns are terrible, owing to their number and the enemy’s skill in using them for enfilading fire.

The general discovered German machine-gunners chained to their guns. When he had taken 400 prisoners he praised them with the words: “You were brave fellows to advance in close formation.” But they declared that they were threatened by machine-guns in their own rear. It was, in fact, a running away in the wrong direction.

— Brioux, on his return from America, describes how, at a lunch given him there, he was advised to be discreet and reserved in his speech. A superfluous precaution amid such enthusiasm. “I myself was the coolest neutral there,” he remarked. He gave a lecture before the Duke of Connaught, uncle of the King of

England, and the Duchess, who is a German. After the lecture, she approached Brioux and remarked, in tears : " Ah, Monsieur Brioux, I suffered a terrible misfortune when I was a baby ; I was born in Germany."

— Relations between Poincaré and Ribot are somewhat strained. Ribot sees in Poincaré a usurper, while Poincaré sees in Ribot his destined successor, even before his own seven-year term is over.

— The 19th. Still harping on the co-operation of Italy. At the Cabinet meeting they discussed for a whole hour the question whether the Duke of Turin, admiral in command of the Italian Navy, should control the combined Mediterranean Fleet. It seems that such a position is indispensable because he belongs to the Royal Family. . . .

## MAY 1915

— MAY 1ST. A few notes collected for me during my absence. The agreement signed in London between Italy and the Entente was solemnly announced at the Cabinet meeting of April 27th. Ministers were begged to keep it to themselves. Then Malvy brought forward a report from the R.T.O. at Modane reporting that Tittoni had mentioned the event in a loud voice on the station platform the night before.

— Briand, at a lunch on April 30th, remarked that we are undergoing a revolution. Someone put in : " What a reactionary he must be to regard the present tranquillity as a revolution ! "

— On May 1st, Étienne saw Joffre. The general was full of confidence. He is going to launch four offensives, etc. (his usual attitude).

— Photographs of Delcassé are being handed round, complete with statement of services rendered to the country. His partisans consider that the pact with Italy is his work, and is bound to raise him to the Presidential chair.

— The 3rd. The Italians have signed three separate agreements. To the third, concerning military co-operation, they insist on postponing their signature to a date to be fixed by them, in anticipation of some German provocation which would enable them to assume the rôle of having been forced into it.

— Dinner on the 3rd with Bouttieaux and Tristan Bernard. The latter remarked that he knows why Von Kluck refrained from marching on Paris. Someone had warned him : " Be careful ! There are 300,000 shirkers in Paris ! And they are the handsomest boys in all France. "

— The 5th. C—— tells me that Gouraud has taken the place of d'Amade at the Dardanelles. He predicts a Franco-German reconciliation within ten or fifteen years.

— Bouttieaux quotes to me the opinion of Major D——, who asserts that we shall never leave the trenches. And yet Joffre, on the 1st May, once more promised that it will be over in September ! Bouttieaux's comment on Joffre is that he has let himself be led by circumstances. Bouttieaux does not think his prestige will last long.

— The grandson of my concierge remained at Ham. After nine months they have at last heard that all is well with him. German occupation not too severe. They have shot only one civilian, a grocer, who had kept pigeons, contrary to the order for their removal. (Owing to fear of carrier-pigeons.) He hid them in his cellar. They cooed. He was executed.

— May 6th. Visit from Tristan Bernard. We discussed the asphyxiating gases, which explain our withdrawal to Ypres. He compared them with the anæsthetic gases used by dentists ; they soothe to sleep the pain of a defeat. He would like the Censorship to be not merely negative but positive, leading the public along a clear-cut road midway between pessimism and unreal optimism.

— In Paris, people are contemplating without distress the prospect of a second winter. It gives them an easy sense of heroism. It is madness.

— This optimism is bolstered up by the stubborn desire to listen only to the agreeable and remain in ignorance of the disagreeable. A fairly general attitude, to which the Press panders.

— The fact is, Paris is remote from the war. The restaurants are crammed. What a contrast with those tortured towns of eastern France, that endless stream of wounded down from Éperges into Verdun ! . . . That is one of the great tragedies of the time—the enormous gulf between Paris and the front.

— A new kind of waffle has been introduced, called "Joffrinettes."

— The San Francisco Committee, presided over by Hanotaux, has been requested to restrict its expenses a little. They did not succeed, in their estimates of expenditure, in eliminating the item for a lead coffin intended for Saint-Saëns, who is not expected to live long.

— When Poincaré returned from Russia, at the end of July 1914, he used such bellicose expressions in the presence of the Mayor of Dunkirk that the Mayor remarked to his wife : " High time I greased my field boots ! This means war ! "

The efforts made to secure peace, then, were not so enthusiastic as people have declared.

— May 8th. The torpedoing of the *Lusitania* is rousing a storm of emotion. People are asking what will be the attitude of America.

— With the Russians coveting Constantinople, and Italy coveting Dalmatia, our patriots feel themselves justified in coveting Westphalia.

— These same patriots declare with satisfaction that spring is having an effect on the men in the trenches and putting them into the highest spirits.

— In the Avenue du Bois. All the women were talking clothes and hats.

— At the Opéra-Comique, May 8th, during the ballet scene in *Marouf*. There were wounded men among the audience. One of them had lost his nose. And all the time that dreadful carbolic smell.

— I have before me the request of a general for permission to postpone an attack from 6.45 to 7.30, because his artillery was out of order after continual firing the night before. It needed fresh adjustment. The reply was given across the bottom of the chit : " Peremptory orders to attack at 6.45."

— In my view, complacent optimism remains one of the roots of the trouble. Then, again, all the staff officers, being Catholics, have a sub-conscious faith in miracles. Moreover, ever since 1911 this spirit of Jesuitry has been dominant at the Staff College. They intended to *impose* their plans on the enemy. Thus, G.H.Q. was *planned* to be at Vitry, where they were having a Staff Office constructed inside the post office.

— The 11th. Since the 8th an attack has been proceeding between Arras and Lille. Its progress is being followed with painful anxiety. If it fails, it will not be for want of trying.

— There is a lady who gives out words of comfort to the wounded in the streets. She met an Englishman, his face all swathed in bandages : " You have come from the front, no doubt ? " And he, instead of replying : " So it would seem," preferred the dry English humour of : " No, I'm a shirker. . . ."

— Near the Military School, I saw an old lady in mourning stopping soldiers and slipping a badge into their hands. They accepted the gift, but seemed embarrassed.

— The humorist, P——, who was mobilised as a motor-driver, relates that one night, when the Zeppelins came, the anti-aircraft squad at Chantilly were not all on duty. So a scratch team managed to start one searchlight. Unfortunately, it was played exactly on the château of the great Condé occupied by G.H.Q. They strove in vain to move the searchlight and to switch it off. However, the Zeppelin passed over this magnificent and brilliantly illuminated target without dropping anything.

— The 12th. Count Primoli, who was in Paris, made an enquiry about the date to which he could defer his return to Rome without



being involved in the mobilisation. The reply was : " Friday, the 14th May." That indicates the imminence of Italian mobilisation. Meanwhile, on the 13th we heard of the fall of the Salandra ministry, which favoured intervention. On the morning of the 14th, civil war in Italy was anticipated ; but on the afternoon of the 14th, oddly enough, news arrived at the Ministry of Posts that the Salandra ministry had been reconstituted ; a telegraphist in Genoa had interpolated, after some private telegram or other, the message : " Salandra has returned. Long live the war ! "

— From various quarters I hear that the French also have used petrol flame-throwers in the engagement at Arras.

— Bouttieaux tells me that, on the fall of Salandra, orders were received to hold up the manufacture of spare parts of aeroplanes for Italy (a million). They are continuing the manufacture for Rumania.

— At Satory they are experimenting with chlorine and sulphuric acid. The only chemist they could find to supervise the experiments was a German.

— Efforts have been made to undermine the French sympathies of radical opinion in Italy by representing France as " the eldest daughter of the Church," now in the very midst of a religious revival and ready to defend the temporal power of the Pope.

— Belliculturists : Mourning outfitters, dyers, lacemakers.

— A little boy was told that his father would return when the war ended. His father has been killed. The little boy has been told that his father will never return. The little boy : " Well, then, so the war will never end ? "

— The war will have uncovered the depths of human stupidity. When a *taube* flies over a town, everyone rushes out. The cattle raise their brow towards the pole-axe. And yet this sheep-like stupidity is given the name of heroism. The soldier has at least his rifle and his dug-out.

— The *Trench Echo*, edited by Reboux, publishes an article by Poincaré. *Le Matin* declares that it is a parody. The other papers reproduce it as being authentic. It is so hackneyed that one cannot be quite sure. . . .

— The actor, D——, has a friend who owns a country mansion where he had some Germans billeted on him for a week. Perfect courtesy. Afterwards he had twenty French airmen, who called for champagne—otherwise they threatened to commandeer it. He now wishes he had the Germans back again. Near the estate

of D—— himself there was an aerodrome over which German aeroplanes, last September, used to fly every day at the *same time*. D—— asked why they were not pursued. The airmen replied : “ We have orders to fly only every other day.”

— The Socialist, Albert Thomas, has been appointed Under-Secretary at the War Office, in charge of the supply of munitions.

— One of the two drivers who took us on our tours is very rich. He made a will in favour of his mistress. An anonymous letter was received by the authorities denouncing him as a “ shirker.” He bought the letter. The handwriting was that of his mistress.

— At Vichy, wounded men are being treated like convicts. A doctor who was wounded once in the colonies remarked to the patients : “ Why, I had to wait seven months before being treated ! ”

— Raphael Duflos, back from London, describes life there as quite normal. Hardly any shaded lights. Young men, with a leg or an arm missing, have taken up again the dress and pursuits of the man-about-town. Over there Joffre is more popular than Kitchener or French.

— Some titles of newspaper serials : *The Lovers of the Frontier ; In the Track of the Guns*.

— News has arrived of the credits and powers voted by Italy for war purposes. We find it difficult to believe. We are awaiting confirmation. No flags at the windows.

— May 21st. At Serbonnes a telephone call informed me of the posting of mobilisation notices in Italy. “ Poor fellows ! ” we exclaimed. I reported the event to the gardener. He was sceptical. He is waiting for the full force of the blow.

— The war encourages the tyranny of public authorities, which have always weighed heavily on the masses. The railway companies are profiting by this dictatorship. Trains are few and inconvenient. The public has lost all those small privileges which it had won.

— Signs of retrogression : women are leading fast lives from one end of the social scale to the other. “ Must have a man about the house,” is the popular phrase. Small boys play at nothing but soldiers. So do even little girls. There has been a fresh outbreak of syphilis.

— It is only fair to note that the war has not driven to the shambles only the nameless crowd. Now, for the first time in history, many young men of the middle classes have been killed.

— It is said that 200,000 English soldiers are needed to resume

the attack at Arras. If they are not supplied, the English will be held responsible for the set-back. Cries are being raised also about the shortage of munitions.

— A sub-editor on the *Auto*, aged forty-seven, has been sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment for having met his wife. He is stationed at Cormeilles-en-Parisis, half an hour away from Paris.

— Visitors to the army zones bring back the impression that a number of people unconsciously desire that the war should go on and on. Everyone who comes back from the front tells me the same thing.

— The Pope seemed to look with favour on the Imperial Cause. It is said that he has mistaken a *taube* (the German for *pigeon*) for the Holy Ghost.

— At Nieuport, Poincaré was holding a review of troops in one of those informal costumes—short lounge coat and cap—which are his peculiar patent. A child in its mother's arms behind him cried out : " Oh, mama, I can't see for that chauffeur."

— My friend F—, on the staff of the 2nd Army Corps, is back from Lorraine. He tells me that orders were given for a general offensive for the 5th April, 1915, but were not carried out. He mentions also the impossibility of supporting life in the trenches throughout the summer owing to putrefaction. On the roof of a dug-out there were some German corpses which they could not remove since an enemy machine-gun was trained on the point. When it rained, a foul liquid filtered through the roof. They collected it in basins.

— Dr. H. de Rothschild, on his return from Dunkirk, declares that the long-range shells rose five miles into the air and came down on to the town in silence. They weighed 15 cwt. and stood a yard and a half high. One of them killed forty-seven people in a café. Its emplacement near Dixmude has been spotted ; our artillery is plastering the surrounding area to prevent them bringing up shells to the giant gun.

— Met Normand, chief editor of *Illustration*. He tells me that the main supply of photographs of Joffre comes from the general's chauffeur, who is making a small fortune out of it. The other drivers on the front, drawn by his example, are sending countless photographs to *Illustration*.

## JUNE 1915

— JUNE 1ST. Officers at the front are being given *indulgence* leave, to be spent in some specified town—such as Troyes or Épernay—with their wives.

— Poincaré has no love for Joffre. They are rivals. Poincaré, a lawyer, is the supreme head of the armies. And it is he who expounds the military situation at Cabinet meetings.

— The Prime Minister of Greece, Venizelos, fell because he failed to force his opinion on the King. The common joke is : "There's a Greek who didn't know how to play his King."<sup>1</sup>

— Humbert reports to the Senate that a gun similar to that which bombarded Dunkirk was built for Italy by the Creusot factory. It is now at Harfleur after passing its tests. The Creusot factory, I gather, has notified this fact to the War Office three times without receiving any reply.

— In Spain, "Society ladies" are praying for the triumph of Germany.

— The Serbian Minister has written to M. Thomson to deplore the fact that no Serbian flag was displayed by the Ministry in honour of the entry of Italy. It is worthy of note that only the public monuments were beflagged. No flags were displayed by private citizens.

— The 3rd. Bouttieaux has come back from G.H.Q. They are full of optimism there, but do not like to discuss the war ! They are anticipating the possibilities of American co-operation. They are afraid that Italy may be led into a trap. It has been observed that the Germans have been supplied with munitions by America and Switzerland. Lastly, they are going to extend the British line towards the sea.

— The 3rd. The boxer, Carpentier, now a Flying officer, is applying to be sent to Italy, because his position in the Paris garrison makes people think him a shirker. A shirker, six thousand feet up in the air, engaged on dangerous night patrols—there we have a wonderful discovery, which strikingly illustrates the general stupidity !

<sup>1</sup> In French slang "Greek" has the secondary meaning of "card-sharper."

— The 3rd. They are beginning to prepare the minds of the soldiers for a second winter in the field. Will they consent to spend it in the trenches? Even now, according to the report of D——, just back from Châlons, not all our officers have been killed by German bullets.

— Ribot calculates that the war has already cost France twenty-four thousand million francs. Most of it has been borrowed. Treasury bonds, loans from the Bank of France, etc.

— The Ephemerides. I observe that on the 3rd June, 1849, the French were beginning the siege of Rome. And yet people talk to us of eternal verities, when we are no more than poor puppets.

— Brieux was introducing to the audience Madame Vandervelde, wife of the Belgian Minister, when she was giving a lecture at the Réjane Theatre. In his address, he remarked that the victory of the Marne was not a miracle; it was a result due to our generals, our soldiers, etc. The audience was shocked. One is not allowed to declare that it was not a miracle.

— Although the operations at Arras have been brought to a standstill, Joffre remains full of certainty. He has sent an invitation to Étienne for lunch on the 9th June, to explain to him the forthcoming and final offensives. And the officer who brought the invitation, it appears, was himself entirely convincing.

— There is hostility between Kitchener, who would like to use the English forces in some theatre of war other than France—where a general attack is held up by the trench warfare—and French, who strongly supports an attack in the West. Asquith visited France for twenty-four hours. He had a private interview with Joffre.

— Joffre has inspired admiration in a Spanish woman. As he was born near the Pyrenees, she has exclaimed: "If only he had been born a little further south, he would be one of us and would have been a famous toreador."

— Machine-guns are being purchased in Denmark. The manufacturers were to deliver them in Portugal and we were to capture the vessel in French waters. But the Germans captured it first.

— The 8th. Poincaré has sent birthday greetings to the King of England. People have noticed the personal tone of his letter, in which he does not give first place to the Government of the Republic, while the King, in his reply, greets the armies of the Republic. It was just the same with his letter to the King of Italy, when that country entered the war.

— The 9th. There is some talk of an "enlargement" of the

Government. Rumour mentions Ribot, Briand, Doumer, as future Premiers.

A story is going round in regard to a sitting of the Army Committee of the Senate, at which Humbert flew at the throat of Millerand, shouting : " You are a scoundrel ! " Then he turned towards Viviani : " While as for you, sir, you are nothing at all ! " Viviani fainted. These incidents have been denied by Ministers present.

— Are there hidden forces which thrust nations into war ? There we have Greece, who has waged two wars in two years. She has extended her frontiers. She sees that almost on her very doorstep the Dardanelles campaign has been dragging on for four months. She sees Russia beaten in Galicia. She has held an election. And it was the war party which won, with a majority of two to one. To which one hears the solemn reply : " It is the national feeling."

— The 17th. A visit with Brieux to the Voisin factory. Many small employers who have closed their businesses have become artisans here. They work with enthusiasm. You can see aeroplanes literally burst from their shells and fly away at the rate of four a day. Why must it be that all this superb activity is roused only by war ?

— The 17th. The Ministry of Commerce has got Poincaré to sign the rent moratorium. A long interview. The Minister insisted on the necessity of giving leave to the troops and of arranging short spell in the trenches between rest periods. He suggested that the President should exercise his authority over the Minister for War, to secure satisfaction on both these questions.

— The 18th. Left with Pasquet on an official tour in the region of the Oise.

— As a very minor effect of the war, someone has mentioned to me the case of the florists who give their clients rare orchids as presents. They no longer receive any orders for them, but since the flowers keep on blossoming all the same . . .

— Pasquet was telling me that if the sorrow of the bereaved seems less poignant than it was, it is because they know nothing of the circumstances of the deaths. Their dead seem to have merely disappeared, as if they have taken wings unto themselves.

— A lady remarked that she had lost her husband in the war but that she was strong enough to endure the ordeal ; besides, he had enjoyed the full burial rights of the Church. A playwright declares that he will not shake hands with those who left Paris in September 1914.

— At the examination for the school-teaching certificate, they gave as dictation a letter of Poincaré addressed to the troops. As a written question the candidates had to explain the phrase : " You will return to your hearths gleaming with glory." Three-quarters of the candidates replied that the soldiers will be alight with the joy of finding themselves safe at home again.

— June 21st. In the train, I heard the wife of a Flying officer make the pious remark : " When God is your shield, He guards you wherever you are." There you have faith in the Church supporting faith in the army. They are twin sisters. This lady also remarked : " The raid on Karlsruhe is only a beginning." A fat, comfortable gentleman put in : " I sincerely hope so."

— The 22nd. In the Rue de Grenelle,<sup>1</sup> met Briand, Wetterlé, and Tristan Bernard. Briand was describing his impression of the trenches, forty yards away from the Germans. The trench was dry and clean. The men were overflowing with health. He escaped death by an arm's length. He criticised the staff officer who had a perfect theoretical knowledge of the capacity of a railway for transport of men and materials, but who, in Champagne, sent a reinforcement division into a communication trench where its advance was severely hindered by the evacuation of wounded. This division reached its objective two days late. He remarked further that Castelnau admits he was entirely wrong about the heavy artillery—although that admission redounds to the credit of Briand, who was pressing for more heavy artillery during the very debate at which their Three Year Service Law was passed.

He told three stories. A wounded German officer was tended by a French soldier who leaned him up against a tree and gave him a drink. The German put his hand into his pocket. The French soldier thought that the wounded man was reaching for his revolver. So he shot him. In the dead man's pocket there was a photograph of his wife and children which the German wanted to show him in gratitude.

Another wounded German, who had been spared and given first aid, drew his revolver and aimed two shots at his rescuer, but missed. His deliverer killed him. I made the comment : " It would have been far nobler to spare that German despite his action." The features of the other three suddenly assumed a fierce expression, while their eyes filled with hatred. I was crushed under the general disapproval.

<sup>1</sup> This street contains several Government Departments, including that to which the author was attached.

Speaking of the confiscation of German firms, Briand also relates that the contracts for heating the Ministry of War and for drying gunpowder were entrusted to German firms.

— After this lunch on the 22nd, Briand told me, as man to man, that the whole business would end up in four or five years with a Franco-German reconciliation.

— The 22nd. Raynaud, former Minister, now back from Russia, asserts that over there everyone accuses the French of taking it easy. Many high officials, he said, are Germanophiles, notably the Chief of Police, who has a hold over the Tsar by revealing to him all the current intrigues. He appears to enjoy such revelations as keenly as did Louis XV, though he has not that monarch's passion for women—quite the contrary. The Minister for War himself is alleged to be Germanophile, and remarks after every defeat : “ Suppose we began to discuss peace ? ”

— Someone remarks : “ Two nations will come out of this war stronger than they entered it, France and Germany.”

— Tristan Bernard recalls that two attacks were delivered, one at Tout-Vent, the other at Moulin-sous-Touvent. Those two places are one hundred miles apart. He makes the humorous assertion that one of the two attacks was undertaken by mistake, owing to a confusion between the names, and that was the attack which succeeded.

— F—— tells me that in every soldier in the trenches there are two men—the daytime man who swaggers and the midnight man who weeps.

— Certainly one of the great tragedies of the time is that one is not allowed to express one's horror of war in itself. One is supposed to be proud of it and consider it noble.

— The 22nd. Bouttiaux is back from London. He has requested Kitchener to send the promised machine-guns. The Minister did not yield to anything short of the threat to withhold delivery of the aeroplanes promised in return. Bouttiaux gives his impression that London is very quiet, quite unperturbed by Zeppelins.

— The 24th. The Army Committee of the Senate has passed a resolution censuring the administration of the War Office. Wild excitement in the Cabinet. Ought they to ban publication of this censure ? Then Viviani complained that the Cabinet could make no impression on the higher staff of the War Office. Was not Bacquet given a higher rank in the Legion of Honour—Bacquet who delayed the manufacture of guns ? Poincaré interrupted : He would not receive the decoration until Poincaré had signed the



order, and he would never sign it as long as he lived. (Millerand took no notice. The Ministry forms part of the military administration, in which the President's signature is not necessary for that particular purpose.) Millerand, who ought to have been affected by these remarks, tried to look important, and busily turned over the minutes on the files before him. At last, like the good lawyer he is, he executed a right-about-turn, and declared himself ready to defend the actions of his Ministry before Parliament. He would justify this General Bacquet, who thought it essential to suspend the manufacture of guns in favour of shell production. Bacquet had given his time and his energy to his task : at this moment of his retirement, why not make a generous acknowledgment of his services ? . . . Then Millerand went out. Most of the Ministers raised loud protests. Then Ribot, with subtle tact, went on : " Come, come, gentlemen, we have to approve the agenda for the Committee of the Senate."

— The 24th. A meeting of the Cabinet was held, including Poincaré, Joffre, Viviani, and the three generals of the Army Groups, Foch, Castelnau, and Dubail. They decided, first and foremost, to wait until the English had accumulated a supply of shells. That would take two months.

— The novelist Wells is strongly urging an intensive aerial warfare.

— June 25th. Tristan Bernard remarks to me : " At the rate we are going the war won't last four months ; and we shall never fight the Germans again, now that we know our strength." He poked fun at the Russians, " who always retreat in good order, while the Germans advance victoriously, but in disorder."

— Loti—who was once anxious to be a stretcher-bearer—having heard praises showered on the humble heroism of the front-line postman, now wants to be an army postman himself. To which Madame Thomson retorts : " Loti, you would do far better to write letters than to deliver them."

— June 28th. German discipline orders the residents of Karlsruhe to open their doors when warning is given of the approach of our aeroplanes, so that everyone may take refuge indoors. And this is enforced under penalty of fine or imprisonment. With us, all the deaths from air-raids have taken place in the street, while people are gazing into the air. A strange form of heroism. What good has it done ?

— Another instance in the same category. I see that a general has been killed because he was sitting on the parapet of a trench.

The title of the article is : " Heroic death of a general." But, if so, why impress on the soldiers that a shelter is intended to afford shelter ? And if the life of a leader is useful, why expose it without cause ? In the same way, people pour scorn on soldiers who crouch down in the trenches, although those very trenches have been dug for the express purpose of escaping observation. The everlasting conflict of human instincts ! It is all utterly absurd, even amid the grim absurdity of the war.

— The *European Economist* declares that during the winter of 1914-15 the English manufactured cotton stuffs, to displace the Germans in all the markets of the world, while we were making shells. The British exports were increasing while our own were falling away. To-day we have to wait while the English manufacture enough munitions. Madame Thomson sums up the position thus : " They were making cotton while we were making gun-cotton."

— June 30th. Bouttieaux is back from G.H.Q. There, nothing but genial smiles, with the assurance : " Splendid !—everything is going fine ! " They express the rather dubious hope that we shall be on the Meuse this winter. Joffre, who is rather tired, told Bouttieaux that he wants more raids on the Karlsruhe model just to make the Germans realise that " there is a war on." They have ambitious plans for aerial warfare : prussic acid bombs, firing the standing crops—even in the North—with white phosphorus shells, and the bombs invented by André Lefèvre (the man with the scheme of sudden attacks).

— June 30th. Richtenberger declares, according to Freystatter, that the war was planned by the Jesuits to restore the temporal power of the Pope. That is the explanation of the attitude of Spain, the interview with the Pope, etc.

— A Colonel undertakes to prove, with actual lists of names before him, that the officers who came from Catholic schools and from the Staff College have been grossly favoured.

— An Englishman who refuses to enlist is mobbed. But supposing that he objects to war on principle ?

## JULY 1915

— ON THE 1st, at the Cabinet meeting, Millerand was informed that the time had come to nominate two Under-Secretaries in the Ministry for War—for the departments of Commissariat and Medical Services. He refused, but Poincaré insisted : “ This is a case where dignity is merely a mask for pride.” They begged him to agree. Indeed, Sarraut, with touching humility, offered to become Under-Secretary himself. Millerand requested permission to think the matter over until two o’clock. Whereupon Viviani, bored but contentious, retorted : “ Very well. M. Millerand will inform us at two o’clock of the decision which he has already taken to leave things as they are.” As a matter of fact, Millerand agreed. Rumour has it that Briand will try to get the War Office himself.

— The 1st. The newspapers propound a solemn question : the soldier in the trenches sacrifices his life for five centimes a day. The mobilised soldier recalled to the safe shelter of the munition factories earns from five to ten francs a day. Nobody can see any solution to this problem.

— The 2nd. Hirschauer and Bouttieaux to dinner. Millerand took the chair at a meeting designed to stimulate aeroplane output. According to the scheme of G.H.Q., we must increase our force of bombing planes from one hundred to five hundred. But there is a shortage of steel. Creusot’s representative was anxious to sell a very expensive steel made in Germany but now in the hands of Italy. There you have what I may call “ armament patriotism ”—such a contrast with the patriotism of the nameless little soldier driven to the shambles with lofty phrases.

— The 3rd. At the Condé Château, the home of G.H.Q., we observe the triumph of bureaucracy—the row of typewriters may be translated into a striking succession of sergeant-majors’ profiles. The only room which is bare is that in which Joffre sits—a table, a map, but no files.

— The 5th. Someone remarked, in the hearing of a general, that hardly *six* officers at G.H.Q. have been in the trenches. He retorted : “ So many as that ? ”

— Madame L——, wife of a Deputy, is wearing as a bracelet

the copper driving-band of a shell—her husband manufactures shells. She asserts that the civilians ought to keep quiet. That is far too ingenuous an attitude. There are thirty-four million men who have not been “called to the colours,” but who have a right to be heard. Their attitude and their future must be taken into account. Besides, apart from the thirty-six thousand regulars, what exactly are the four million men who have been called up? Civilians in uniform. That is too often forgotten.

— The 9th. The Cabinet discussed the question of Rouget de Lisle. The Government wants to transfer his remains to the Panthéon on the 14th July. The Military Governor refuses this responsibility, in fear of *taubes*. Poincaré protests. The Government has already been accused of cowardice—when it left for Bordeaux. Are they going to begin this campaign again? The Air Service was consulted, and gave a favourable opinion. The ceremony was decided on. They adopted the formula which I whispered to Bouttieaux: “As we cannot display flags in the city, we will display them in the sky.” One hundred aeroplanes are going to keep guard.

— At nine o'clock in the evening, a captain in the Military Police, with two of his myrmidons, made a raid on the chief cafés, ascertained the military position of everybody in the restaurant, and distributed so many days C.B. to those who ought to have been back in their depot by nine o'clock (the Flying officers).

— This war will demonstrate the idiocy of war. For it will prove to have entailed death and destruction without result.

— July 14th. Viviani is disheartened and wants to resign. He is tired of being thwarted by the Army Committee of the Senate. Was it not there that they brought out a letter from Joffre, dated October 1914, calling for heavy artillery? And they had kept him in ignorance of it.

— July 14th. Cloudy, but with bright intervals. Silent crowd. Wounded men, some with limbs amputated, faded overcoats of soldiers on leave. As many collectors as sightseers, begging for some charity or other. Regiments march by with their bands; to think that all these men are going to the slaughter. . . . At the Étoile, a lady sings the Marseillaise. You have to take off your hat. The remains of Rouget de Lisle come down the Champs-Élysées, followed by the Government, all in frock-coats. Aeroplanes soar over the procession. No German aeroplanes. Delcassé came to the Étoile, alone, in an open car. He was hoping for cheers, but the crowd remained silent. It was unconsciously

voicing the unpopularity of this war, and its own fears. But what wild cheering there would have been for the head of a victorious nation !

Poincaré brought out again his famous "to the bitter end," in his aggressive and emotional style. He means to "remove the nightmare of German megalomania." He forecasts the sinister results of a one-sided peace. In that case, he condemns our country to a struggle so long as to prove almost fatal.

— J—— asserts that the German airmen have made an offer to our own airmen to refrain from bombarding towns on condition that ours do the same. These efforts at an understanding will, no doubt, be frequent. He also observes, since the gunners have stopped the truces between the trenches, "But for the gunners, the war would be over."

— July 15th. Letter from a soldier in Bois-le-Prêtre. He declares that they have lost in a single afternoon all that they won throughout the winter. It is driving him mad. But how can one form a precise idea of the attitude of "the majority" of the army? The evidence is so conflicting. Some soldiers assert that they have no longer any desire to go over the top. And yet, they do go. I have read also a letter from a captain severely criticising his colonel, who is ridiculously strict. It proceeds: "Though I supported the Royalist Party, I shall come back an anti-militarist."

— At last the front-line troops are securing four days' leave ! How I have striven for this concession with the departmental chiefs, from the time when they angrily retorted: "All right, then we had better make peace at once !" right onwards to the day when I pressed this reform before Poincaré himself.

— Dr. R—— writes from Doullens: "That feeling of horror which you mention, that desire to see an early end to all this butchery, not once have I heard it expressed by any officer. Never would I have believed that men could have become so accustomed to it—not to say resigned." When I quoted this passage before some ardent patriots, I provoked an outburst: "Why ! it would be the last straw if our officers had any other attitude ! They would deserve to be shot !"

— Viviani treats Millerand with contempt. They were discussing in the Cabinet the advisability of having second-line trenches dug by territorials, and third-line trenches by civilians. And Viviani exclaimed: "What's the use of discussing it? Nothing will be done !" Millerand went on busily turning over his files.

— The question is being asked whether it would not have been

opportune to dissolve the Chambers after the last five months' sitting, even at the risk of having to explain it away before the country. Spiteful tongues pretend that one of the reasons for the busy activity of Deputies is that they thereby justify their absence from the armies.

— Lunch with Albert Thomas, Bouttieaux, and Painlevé. Bouttieaux referred to the S.P.A.D. aeroplanes (Blériot-Deperdussin) which can do ninety miles per hour ; Nieuports, eighty-eight per hour ; Moranes, a hundred. All biplanes. He sang the praises of the Caproni, which can carry seven passengers and a load of just over a ton besides. They are driven by 300-h.p. motors. Two French officers tested one at Milan. They were wildly cheered. He also inveighed against the blind faith in the aeroplane, in its supposed power to finish off the war quickly, and also against the innumerable suggestions which he receives on the subject. The fact is, we are short of steel. Having to make shells, guns, and motors, we have had to make a choice between them and sacrifice the motors.

Painlevé demanded the use at the front of the coast-defence guns of heavy calibre. He was making a similar demand as long ago as the Bordeaux days ! He wants, also, guns of high-angle fire for use against aeroplanes. We have eight of them ! But on the German side, our planes have to pass through a positive wall of fire to get across the lines. He admits that we have very little poison gas. He brought up again that theory of the partisans of Gallieni : that Joffre wanted to mass our forces on the line of the Seine. But one of the party recalled the enterprise of Millerand, who remained behind in Paris when the Government left for Bordeaux, and took the responsibility of ordering Joffre to attack when Joffre "left the initiative to the Government."

Albert Thomas arrived at two o'clock. He had just come from the Army Committee of the Senate, where he had a rough time. He confirms the existence of that letter from Joffre, calling for heavy howitzers as far back as October last. At the end of the session, bad news was brought in from the Argonne and he was requested to leave.

There is some hesitation about the proposed use of incendiary shells to burn up the harvests. They are sending some André Lefèvre shells to Serbia. As for those filled with white phosphorus, their use on the Northern front and in Belgium would perhaps produce an unfortunate moral effect, and, moreover, reveal to the Germans the secret of their manufacture. We have very little

prussic acid. Germany was our chief source of supply. We have to improvise everything.

— July 16th. (From the Cabinet.) Three German officers have been sentenced by court martial for having stolen a cart during the battle of the Marne. . . . One of them went mad. Germany has lodged a protest against this verdict. By way of reprisal, Germany has imprisoned five French officers, one of them the son of Delcassé. There is much perplexity as to the next step to be taken. Must the verdict be cancelled? Very humiliating. Or should they stick to it? In that case, what a magnificent stimulus to the personal enemy of the Kaiser.

— Viviani is very run down and complains that every evening they send him an officer from G.H.Q. to deliver the message: "All is well—very well indeed. No need for anxiety, sir. . . ." Viviani exclaims: "Enough! Don't tell me that again; I've had enough, enough!"

— The 16th. General Lyautey, our Resident in Morocco, came to visit some Algerian friends. He criticises the mania for red tape, the passion for drawing up attacks on paper, minute by minute, in the safe retreat of some office or other. In a word, the very method adopted by G.H.Q. and the lesser H.Q.—their curious tendency to arrange operations from a distance, with excessive detail and no elasticity.

— Sickness contracted in the trenches commands less honour than a wound. While disorders produced by shell-shock (deafness, dumbness, nervous troubles) are held in less honour than the good old-fashioned bleeding wound.

— I have just received a visit from a friend of Anatole France, who sent him to me—the Englishman Deel. He tells me that they have put into the Foreign Legion those foreigners who, with two-fold gallantry, were anxious to fight for France. But they have retained in this unit the brutal discipline of peacetime, when they thought it essential to keep a firm hand on the down-and-outs who enlisted in the Legion. Recently they shot nine Russians. The Russian Embassy has lodged a protest.

He mentions the resentment in the country districts, and the desire for an early peace which he has observed in the regions of Sarthe, Lorraine, and Touraine.

— July 17th. Left for Doullens with M. Thomson and Pasquet. Stayed the night at Amiens, the most pleasant, lively, and genial of the towns near the line. Smart uniforms, the streets full of life and colour. Reached Doullens at seven o'clock. Dined at the house

of the Sub-Prefect, with the Mayor, the Chief Medical Officer, the Town Major, etc. Everybody was praising the stoicism of the troops. Soldiers coming back from leave are so full of spirits that you would think they were just starting off for leave. All the same, in the private conversations after dinner, surprise was expressed that Poincaré, in his speech on the 14th July, made no mention of the Republic. R—— referred to Foch as full of pride, preening himself like a C. in C., forbidding motor-cars to drive through the park of his château, letting his visitors stand while he remained seated, and never moving an inch without great pomp and ceremony. He also criticised the dreadful readiness with which the higher staff orders our own men to be shot.

On the 18th we left for Arras, stopping at Gouy-Servin, three miles behind Ablain-Saint-Nazaire. The ruined tower of Saint-Éloi dominates the place. You enter Arras by a road bordered on one side by a military cemetery crowded with crosses and on the other side by batteries of field guns. The Military Police warned us that the last German shell fell only six minutes before.

Arras is like the desert of Soissons and the ruin of Rheims added together and magnified. The shell-holes are as wide as the streets. They point out to you various monuments by name—but they are nothing but heaps of rubbish. Here and there a shop was open—a butcher's or a hatter's. There was a woman selling fruit from a basket in the open air. We met, in all, one woman with a prayer-book (it was Sunday) and another with her dog. A dead town, whose ruins are its wounds. The postal officials were installed in the theatre. They had left the Bishop's Palace of Saint-Vaast, which was burnt down and collapsed. M. Thomson delivered a speech and congratulated them on their work.

We lunched at Doullens, and returned to Paris, after numerous punctures, at ten p.m.

I must add that the guests at dinner the night before all drew a gloomy picture of the battles of 1914. No arms, no uniforms, no orders.

Finally, I must note that the bombardment of Arras was explained thus : " It is a stronghold, just as might be a wood or a fortified position. There were guns in the gardens. And the cellars were so many dug-outs."

— July 20th. At the Cabinet meeting, there was some talk of cashiering Sarraïl, as being responsible for the setback in the Argonne. Someone stressed the unfortunate effect which would be produced by one more removal of a Republican general. " There



are no Republican generals," Poincaré remarked ironically, "there are only generals." This called forth the instant retort that, anyhow, there certainly are anti-Republican officers. One Minister brought forward the example of the young officer who, on the 14th July, at the field hospital in Paris-Plage, drank the health of Philippe VII, King of France, and showered abuse on the Republic.

— Clemenceau, whose articles still continue to exhale so barren and unrelieved a pessimism, has been nicknamed "The Holy Dispirit."

— Tristan has just met an O.C. who was in the Perthes engagement and has added one more to the severe criticisms launched against the General Staff. The mechanical rigidity of its orders, which they draw up in their remote solitudes, arranging for attacks which the officers on the spot consider quite useless, and, moreover, costly in lives. This O.C. lost four hundred men in his own battalion. The next day he made vain attempts to obey his orders by getting his men out of the trenches. But the only men who would obey were the N.C.O.s, about thirty. And they were all killed.

— The 22nd. A miners' strike in Cardiff. It did not last long, thanks to the emotional appeals of Lloyd George. If it had lasted, it would have ruined the Allies—no more coal, no more factories, no more munitions.

— A twofold enquiry into the conduct of Sarraill. First—the setback in the Argonne. Secondly—the partisan attitude he has shown in promoting only officers of one particular way of thinking. A mild enough verdict, but quite enough to dispose of Sarraill. They are beginning, however, to mention him for the Dardanelles.

— The 24th. It is said that Sarraill will accept the Dardanelles post, carrying with it the direction of operations in Asia Minor.

— Gouraud wrote to the effect that we had failed at the Dardanelles owing to the presence of Jewish elements among the colonial troops. When he was wounded, a Jewish doctor exclaimed: "It is the finger of Jehovah!"

— An echo from the Artois. Foch and Joffre were lunching at Doullens. News was brought to them of the capture of Carency. They exclaimed: "But that is impossible!" Its capture had been arranged on paper for the following day.

— Speaking of the notes to Germany sent *via* America on the *Lusitania*, Garrett, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, remarked to me it is a very delicate business altogether owing to

the number of eminent cotton dealers who want to continue their sales to Germany.

— Sarraïl, I hear, has refused Millerand's offer of the Dardanelles post. It is said that Millerand replied : " I haven't heard you, general." Later, Sarraïl accepted.

— The Tsar remarked to our Ambassador that he will pursue the struggle to the bitter end, despite the Germanophil group which wants a separate peace. He contemplates the fall of Warsaw as soon as Russia has secured adequate munitions.

— Tales are going round about the cruel effects of poison gas—pneumonia lasting four days, filling the lungs with pus, and involving death.

— The stability of the Ministry is threatened by the Sarraïl affair and by the question of Parliament's control of the armies.

— This idea of civilian control is very annoying to the regular officer who can form no conception of the nation in arms, and wants to run *his own* war in *his own* way. Bouttieaux loudly protests because Poincaré has sent him two pages, in his own handwriting, enquiring about the aeroplane position. He remarks : " We are done for ! "

— Two echoes from the newspaper *Liberté*. One article bluntly demands the shooting of pacifists. The other finds a proof of German war-guilt in the fact that even in peacetime they devoted much thought to the problem of adapting motor-car chassis to warlike purposes.

— Lyautey to dinner. He has visited the Moroccan troops on the whole front. He had a private interview with Foch for two hours. " What clear vision, what good sense ! He is like a piece of radium." Did Foch bungle an offensive ? Very well. But it has been a lesson to him, merely an opportunity for succeeding the next time. Foch has quite made up his mind not to put himself forward as a rival to Joffre. Every man to his place. He would not adapt himself very well to the position of buffer-state between the General Staff and Parliament. " I'm a hothead, while Joffre is as cool as a cucumber." In a word, it was a fulsome eulogy of Foch.

— The 28th. Sembat brings back echoes from the National Socialist Congress. Vaillant, despite his seventy-six years, drew attention to the danger of being vassals to the powers that be, exclaiming : " Oh ! if only I can outlive the war by six months—just six months—so that I can tell the people : Very well, there you are, you have seen into what a terrible ordeal they have led you—your capitalist society of financiers and armament-makers ! "

— Bouttieaux to dinner. The question of Parliamentary control is still eagerly discussed. He remarked that the army strongly objects, while public opinion will never understand. . . . Then we discussed Millerand. Everybody is tired of him. Bouttieaux reproaches him with standing before Joffre "like a wretched private,"—before Joffre, of all people, who is "the very reverse of intimidating, with his kindly and heavy features, his sleepy appearance, and his quiet voice."

— July 29th. Joffre strongly opposes the visit of the Army Committee to Verdun. It is true that one of the members is Doumer, whom he loathes.

— The 29th. General B——, in the presence of other generals, is said to have "depreciated" his superiors over the dinner-table. Someone reported him, and he was severely reprimanded; and so have two other generals because "they raised no protest." It recalls the horrible atmosphere of the Revolutionary Terror at its worst.

— One patriotic gentleman is terribly afraid lest some syndicate of bankers should buy up newspapers and start a peace campaign. On the other hand, he is delighted to see that the *Journal* has been purchased by Humbert, the protagonist of an intensified steel production. In this connection, he remarked that Poincaré would have liked Humbert's articles in the *Journal* to be entitled: "Still more guns! Still more munitions!" instead of merely: "Guns! Munitions!"—which conveyed the unfortunate insinuation that we had neither guns nor munitions before Humbert began this campaign. Poincaré has received no satisfaction in the matter.

— Rappoport, a Slav who has become a thorough Parisian, remarks: "The Germans set fire to the wood-pile. But we certainly contributed our own log."

## AUGUST 1915

— A SOLDIER from the camp at Mailly tells me that they are suffering from hunger, but that they dare not complain to the officers, though they would be prepared to reveal the shortage to Deputies. That certainly supports the doctrine of control by Parliament. This soldier added that some officers are so severe that they are marked down in advance to be shot by their own troops in the next engagement.

— A soldier in Lyons married a German woman. . . . Quarrels. He killed her. The court martial acquitted him.

— Our patriots are angry because the Censor allowed the following headline to appear in the papers over the Pope's message : "Eloquent plea in favour of peace." In their eyes, any suggestion of peace is made in Germany.

— Bienvenu-Martin remarked to one of his colleagues : "We deserve to be shot, because we haven't got enough energy."

— Some more newspaper serials : *The King of the Army Cooks*, by a Soldier ; *The Lady of Potsdam* ; *The Kaiser's Secret*.

— Joffre lunched at the Élysée on the 31st July. He gave way about the expedition to the Dardanelles, the appointment of Sarraïl, and the Senators' visit to Verdun.

— When Pelletan's widow explained to the President's principal private secretary her annoyance at Poincaré's failure to attend her husband's funeral, though he did attend that of De Mun, the secretary replied : "Ah, yes, madame, but the President was so much indebted to M. De Mun's party."

— I spent several days at Serbonnes, up to the 15th August. On my return, I have heard several details of recent events. Viviani is ill and has been ordered to take an immediate rest. The fall of Warsaw has thrown public opinion into gloom. On the 13th there was a noisy sitting in the Chamber on the question of the Medical Services. Finally, the Cabinet meeting on Saturday, the 14th, was in an uproar. Groups of Radical-Socialists had invited the Government to get rid of Millerand. The Ministers felt that they could not yield to this pressure. The Ministry must present a united front to the nation. "Otherwise," remarked

Doumer, "let us all hand in our resignations, undertaking not to accept any position in the new Cabinet."

Millerand accepted the attitude which the Cabinet proposed to take up, but on two conditions :

Firstly, Viviani must defend him more effectively than he did on the question put down by Favre.

Secondly, his colleagues must not criticise him adversely in their private groups.

Viviani replied with some bitterness. He recalled the instance in which the Cabinet was outwitted by the War Office, as in the affair of Bacquet, who was given a step upwards in the Legion of Honour after having been sacked. The Cabinet, in fact, is not obeyed.

Then they discussed the method of debate. There must be no secret committee, where resolutions adverse to the Cabinet can be passed. But debates in camera might be held in the main committees, in which all the Deputies can take part. They will decide everything. And votes will be taken in public session.

— The 17th. The Radical-Socialists are only partially favourable to this form of debate. They point to the material hindrances. They notice a falling-off in the various cabals. However, Sembat declares that he will resign if Millerand remains. But his attention has been drawn to the danger : with the Socialists out of the way, it would mean the complete triumph of Millerand.

— The 17th. Le B——, a colonel in a Zouave regiment, and Dr. Noel M—— have been passing through Paris. They tell me that all promotion is in the hands of men brought up by the Jesuits and that nothing can be done to stop it. The number of chaplains increases. Formerly there was one to every Division. They mention an extraordinary Jesuit who runs about everywhere and pokes his head through the door of the colonel's office, with the remark : " Anyone wanting a little spot of oblivion ? " That is to say, an offer of confession. These priests call many of the officers by their Christian names, as in so many cases they have known them since childhood.

— Ah ! there's no doubt that fancy dress is all the rage. These uniforms which have ceased to be uniforms in the strict sense of the word—so much private and fancy embellishment do they display—this taste for super-elegant military apparel, affecting the regular officers just as much as the temporaries ! And what strange visions . . . ! At Armenonville a subaltern of dragoons

was sitting at a table next to ours, his arm entwined round the waist of his loud-voiced lady, displaying on his wrist a genuine plebeian tatoo. . . .

— With Tristan, we were counting up all the prayers for peace which we have heard. In the street, towards 10 p.m., I heard two women just leaving their house : “ Oh ! This darkness ! Positively stifling ! When shall we have light again—light ? ” Another instance : Tristan’s housemaid burst into a sneeze while dusting some books. Tristan greeted this with the usual salutation, “ Best wishes ! ” She replied, “ There’s only one thing I wish, and that’s peace.” Again, in the country districts, anywhere and everywhere, they have only one question : “ When will it end ? ” But all these desires drift about helplessly. The Censor gags the papers. And the Deputies don’t hear and don’t want to hear those whom they represent.

— If you mention peace, they say you are in the pay of Germany. It is a clever formula.

— Pasquet has been lunching with some reactionaries who were throwing mud at the Republic and Parliament. But they showered praise on Joffre and Millerand. They drank to our past victories—for they regard our efforts to break through as victories—and to our future ones.

— At the Cabinet meeting of the 20th, there was some talk of the German peace offers. They referred to certain documents with contempt, as if they were holding them with a pair of tongs. First, the “ snowball ” letter signed “ A French Mother.” Secondly, a letter signed by a distinguished German name, promising a glittering peace to the nation which will make the first offer, and expressing Germany’s admiration for France as the war has revealed her. Thirdly, the campaign by the *Eclair*, possibly inspired by the Pope (?). So, all that sort of thing is distrusted. It is all made in Germany !

— On the night of the 18th August, three Zeppelins flew over London. One of them dropped  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tons of bombs. The news was discovered only by someone here who knows the code of their wireless and tapped their messages.

It is believed that Millerand will be replaced either by Sarraill (in which case Joffre will resign) or else by Galliéni, who would get on well with Joffre.

— Joffre, mentioning Sarraill, remarked : “ I don’t want a disloyal general.”

— Tristan Bernard has just met Sarraill and asked him when he

would be leaving. "I can't go off all by myself." He is waiting for four Divisions.

— The Germans, it is said, are deliberately refraining from aerial attacks on Chantilly, where they are fully aware that Joffre and G.H.Q. have been stationed for the last nine months. And yet Chantilly is only twenty-five miles from their lines. Reprisals, however, are suggested against ourselves, since we despatched thirty aeroplanes to Stenay, one day when we thought the Crown Prince was there. A parliamentarian—no friend of Joffre, whom he thinks a mediocrity (a view he believes the Germans share)—could not resist the pleasure of a little jibe on the point. When I expressed my astonishment that the Germans should spare Chantilly, he retorted : "But just look at it from their point of view !"

— On the Avenue de la Grande-Armée, a bar has put up the sign "All goes well." Another, a stone's throw further on, has retorted with "All goes better."

— At the meeting of the Chamber on the 20th August, Millerand delivered a speech in a challenging voice. Three points in his speech are especially surprising.

Firstly, his defence of Troussaint, who has just been dismissed from his post as Director of the Medical Services.

Secondly, the reference to Sarraill who, declared Millerand, was removed from command for military and not political reasons ; such a verdict is astonishing, on the very eve of appointing him to the command of our Army of the East.

Thirdly, the enthusiastic praise of Joffre, in which Millerand cleverly identifies his own future with that of the general.

People are saying that this speech torpedoed the Cabinet below the water-line.

— At the Cabinet meeting of the 21st, Augagneur violently attacked Millerand. M. Thomson appealed to the memory of 1870, urged them to remember the sacred truce between army and nation, and strongly criticised Millerand on the foregoing points of his yesterday evening's speech.

— Despite his dismissal, Troussaint has been nominated to an important official post. Poincaré refuses to confirm it. So Millerand is dispensing with his signature, by a Ministerial Order. It is one slight indication of the rebellion of the military chiefs.

— At Notre-Dame de Lorette the lieutenant under whom Sergeant D—— was serving bombed a squad of surrendering Germans. D—— shouted : "Stop, sir ! Else they'll do the same to

our men ! And they won't surrender any more ! " When I mentioned this incident to some patriots, I intuitively felt they objected to it. They actually desire the murder of prisoners. It is vital that posterity should know the truth about the war mind.

— But how inconsistent is humanity ! The very same person who desired to see those prisoners murdered pointed with approval to the humanity of the German commandant at a French prisoners' camp. For he displayed the most delicate sympathy when he had to inform the son of Ferdinand Dreyfus of his father's death, and thereafter allowed him, despite the regulations, to write to his mother every day.

— August 26th. C——, shocked by the Russian defeats, has given up his desire for peace. " Too late for that now ! " he declares. " Now we must choose between victory or death ! "

— It is said that some soldiers loathe using the bayonet, because it involves " ripping up " their opponent. In such cases, they are provided with a knife.

— Cruppi, now back from Russia, publishes in the *Matin* an interview with the Tsar, who refers to the " resolute language which Poincaré used to him on the 22nd July, 1914." Well now, the Serbian ultimatum was on the 25th July. . . .

— The courts martial are making a dead set against pessimists. They inflict penalties for such crimes as declaring that the Germans are strong, that the winter will be severe, that we shall be short of absorbent wadding. Publicity is given to these punishments in the reactionary Press, to which inquisitive minds may refer for details of these astounding verdicts.

— G.H.Q. wanted to publish a statement that 1,200 spies have been arrested, and several hundred of them condemned to death, including thirty women. But their zeal has been repressed.

— August 29th. Viviani had a triumph at the Cabinet meeting yesterday. On the 27th he scored a marked success in the Chamber, calming those troubled waters for a time. (I must explain that, in an account of the Battle of the Marne, I had discovered the phrase of Joffre that " the Republic can be proud of the armies she *prepared*." I had drawn the attention of one of Viviani's colleagues to this ; and Viviani won a cheer by quoting it.)

— Bouttieaux has related to me a dialogue between Foch and Castelnau, which he has received from an actual witness :

**FOCH :** It is said that you are going to attack ?

**CASTELNAU :** If I am ordered to fight, I shall fight.



**FOCH :** You are a soldier, not a child. If you are not sure of succeeding, say so. In my view, unless you want to be faced by a trench bristling with machine-guns, enough to rout a whole regiment, if you want to smash everything to smithereens, you must have 1,000 heavy guns firing 100 rounds a day for ten days. Call it 1,000,000 shells. Have you got them? No. In that case, it's too great a risk. Now, I have 700,000 men, not counting the English. You, Castelnau, have 1,200,000. As far as troops go, we have the upper hand. But we must not move an inch until we have enough shells.

— Other staff officers observe : “ Yes, something will happen at the end of September.” In a word, one has the impression of drifting and lack of direction.

## SEPTEMBER 1915

— FEYDEAU describes the ridiculous demands of the theatre Censorship. For instance, they made him substitute a civilian in one of his plays for a Peruvian general.

— The 3rd. The extraordinary picture of the Balkan States will remain one of the most astonishing phenomena of this monstrous upheaval. These petty States are wrangling over odds and ends of frontiers. Serbia—for whose sake the world war was let loose—boggles at the concessions demanded from her. And yet the union and co-operation of these States would have shortened the abominable butchery.

— For months past Russia has been abandoning to the enemy one town a week, even one a day. Lieutenant-Colonel Rousset, a military critic, who used to call it the steam roller, now calls it the suction pump.

— The Charaire Press is drawing up, for the use of officers, maps of the country between the Meuse and the Rhine and between the Rhine and Berlin.

— The Tsar has become C.-in-C. of the Russian forces. The object is to squeeze out the Grand Duke Nicholas, who has Liberal tendencies and supports the Duma. One wonders whether there will be any need to form a Regency, which would fall to the Tsarina. But she is completely dominated by the influence of a visionary priest, Rasputin, a proved Germanophil.

— The 7th. Painlevé has seen Castelnau, who adopted the same tone of fatalism he displayed to Foch. Painlevé expressed the gravest concern about it to Poincaré. Absurd to take the risk of an offensive under the orders of a general who has no faith in it. Poincaré went to see Castelnau, who declared that he was not obliged to tell the truth to Deputies.

— The 9th. The smug, blind, and prejudiced optimism of the middle classes will never cease to astound me. I overhear people in my train who have just bought their morning papers. "Anything fresh?" the ladies ask. And the reply comes: "A Russian victory." Remember now that the Russians have been in full retreat for four months. And that is the only remark about the

war which they exchange from Fontainebleau to Paris. On another occasion, a lady who had just bought a paper in the station read the *communiqué* and declared with satisfaction : " We have advanced four hundred yards ! " Then she changed the conversation. That is enough for them. It leaves them quite happy.

— When Tristan Bernard is telephoning to me, realising that conversations can be overheard, he uses a special simile in mentioning the date of the offensive. As we were proposing to collaborate in writing a play, he asked me how many pages there are in my manuscript. I said : " Fifteen." That means : " It is fixed for the 15th September." It is becoming a sort of password. He asks me whether the manuscript has been lengthened or shortened. Once, when there was a rumour that we had given up the idea of an offensive, he asked : " Is it true that the manuscript has been thrown on the fire ? "

— The Minister of Education has issued a circular on the re-opening of schools for the autumn session. He calls upon teachers, in the most emphatic terms, to introduce the war into all their class-work, to draw special attention to the heroic examples and noble lessons which it displays. Not a single word to draw attention also to its horrors, stupidity, sorrow, and hardship. How will future generations ever cure themselves of this evil folly if we train them to love it ?

— There is still bitter feeling against alarmists. One young man in an almost empty restaurant dropped the remark that some regiments had crumpled up. He has been heavily fined. Another little incident taken from the papers. A certain workman was indulging in " alarmist " conversation. He was insulted by a woman. He called her " an old hag," and ran off. A few days later she happened to meet him, and at once had him arrested by the police. She makes no secret of the fact that she was out for revenge. Thus, without the least concealment, one is allowed to turn public informer to satisfy private malice.

— An order has been issued forbidding the serving of drinks to soldiers before eleven o'clock in the morning and before five o'clock in the afternoon. Soldiers travelling on leave who have spent two nights in the train, or men just recovering from fever, must wait.

In this connection, a Minister has told me that, in a well-known tea-room, he wanted to offer drinks to a lady who was with her daughter and the latter's *fiancé*, a soldier on leave. It was a quarter

past four. The manager politely refused. "Very well, then. Bring the ladies some tea." Further refusal. Why, the soldier might drink out of one of their cups ! And, in fact, the manager was able to show them a case in point—an officer just leaving the restaurant to enable his two friends to secure something to drink !

— The 14th. The newspaper *La Liberté*, in one and the same issue, displays savage satisfaction over our aerial raid on Trier, expressing the hope that ancient monuments have been destroyed and plenty of civilian residents killed—and yet, over an article about a raid of German aeroplanes on the coast of Kent, it has the headline of "The Pirates."

— In regard to the proposed immediate offensive, I hear people say that every soldier in the army, from Joffre downwards, is full of confidence. A complete illusion. The majority of soldiers believe that we cannot break through.

— *Le Temps* for the 15th announces that the residents of Nancy will in future be warned of the approach of *taubes* by bugle calls. This elementary precaution is being taken after fourteen months of war and frequent bombardments ! Such is the result of that attitude of foolish bravado, of that stupid readiness of the people to expose themselves to bombs ! It has needed fourteen months for them to throw it off !

— Walked along the boulevards between ten and eleven p.m. The darkness, in contrast with the remembered brilliance of peace, was oppressive. Great crowds of people, but only the out-sides of cinemas were brightly lit. The café terraces were dark, but thronged with people who crouched in the shadows as if they were waiting, waiting for something. . . . Wherever there was a row of chairs, the crowd was taking the air and making a real holiday of it.

— The 20th. I took another glance round, up in Montmartre. There, also, the same darkness. The famous cabarets and night-clubs were closed. But there are still cinemas and small music-halls. A profound silence, in which the murmur of passing taxis sounds like a deafening roar.

— Tristan still employs the simile of the manuscript in speaking of our offensive. So, when it seemed that the Germans had attacked, he asked me whether the manuscript had not been translated into German.

— Some German troops set up the following placard in front of their trenches : "Soldiers of the North, you are all cuckolds. We are sleeping with your wives." Reply from the French

trenches : " We don't care a damn ; we all come from the South."

— Cruppi, former Minister for Foreign Affairs, has just been on a tour of Europe.

What specially struck him in Bulgaria was the enormous flood of money poured out by the Germans. King Ferdinand wants to possess Constantinople. But England, without consulting France, has promised Constantinople to Russia.

As to Russia, he depicts the Emperor and his consort as a temperamental couple with middle-class ideas. They cherish a lively trust in God. Cruppi remarked to the Tsar that he alone could influence Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The Tsar replied : " I have paid off his debts three times over. What more do you expect me to do ? "

— Our patriots welcome the fact that German aeroplanes are dropping poisoned sweets on our towns.

— The 22nd. The concentrated gun-fire in the North, together with a triumphant telephone message from Joffre to Graziani, give ground for belief that the offensive has begun.

— The 23rd. Étienne and Cruppi had lunch with Joffre. They confirm the impression that the offensive began two days ago. They thought Joffre in good form, his eyes clear and his complexion fresh. He has visited every sector, calling on all the army corps commanders. He came back with the impression of unbroken confidence (I can hardly picture him venturing to reveal lack of confidence). Plenty of shells, troops who had to be positively held back. Joffre declared that " if he did not succeed this time, he simply would not understand it."

— Newspaper serial : *The Kaiser's Spider*.

— The 24th. The repulse of former offensives was explained by the unfavourable nature of the ground, sodden as it was with rain. This morning, noticing the shower, Tristan telephoned to me : " It is simply pouring with excuses."

— In the last year, the attitude of the middle classes has not changed. They bring out fabulous figures : *four* Germans killed for *one* Frenchman. They still assert that the Germans run away before our attacks. . . .

— Someone has mentioned to me the surprising changes brought about by the war—the poacher who came back an N.C.O., quite refined, calmly discussing men who formerly were his social superiors. There is also the case of the valet who came back with the Legion of Honour.

— Several serious crises have arisen at the same time. Forces

have to be despatched urgently to Greece to keep the Germans out of Constantinople. Greece agrees to our landing at Salonica. But Joffre will not provide the troops. While the Serbians, so they declare, are anxious to attack Bulgaria before she can complete her mobilisation. In two days, if we are to believe them, they would be in Sofia. The English still oppose the definite evacuation of the Dardanelles. Finally, the Italians will not land forces in Salonica because they are not on good terms with the Greeks !

— I hear that our men have not been able to push through the gap made by our attack (not more than five hundred yards). Anxiety is even felt about the detachments which did get across. Poincaré, who is very much on edge, complains that the General Staff does not give him any precise details. But, as our experts have made a practice of listening in to the wireless German *communiqué* about three p.m., he concluded sourly : “ Oh, well, we shall know the truth at three. . . . ”

— Evening of the 30th. Bouttieaux, in despair, 'phoned me at 6.30. Despite the excellent weather, they had achieved nothing. The Germans are constructing a third line of defence towards the Py. He can't understand it at all.

— The same evening I went with Tristan to the War Office. They had the German radio announcing that one brigade had burst through the gap and been slaughtered. Eight hundred prisoners.

## OCTOBER 1915

— FATHERS with six children are put into the territorial reserves. So when a husband bitterly reproached his wife with having had her sixth child during the war without his co-operation, she retorted : “ But I only had it to make sure that you would be put back into the territorial reserve ! ”

— Belgian refugees at Serbonnes have never seen grapes being gathered. They were put to work on the vineyards, and remarked : “ Why ! it is exactly like what you see in pictures ! ”

— As an instance of that oblivion of self which arises from the war, C—— tells me that he thought he was a year younger than he really is. His birthday on the 1st October, 1914, slipped by without his noticing it.

Tristan observed to me : “ I have decided to remain a sceptic . . . until the first good news.” His father, who is seventy-seven and very ill, tells his doctor : “ I shall get better on the day when they advance.”

— I have been travelling with a Belgian doctor who might easily be taken for an Englishman, judging by his khaki uniform. But he protested : “ I would just as soon be German as English ! ”

— Cabinet meetings were held both on Saturday the 2nd and Sunday the 3rd. One of the Ministers declared that King Constantine, drawn by the lure of war, will set his army in motion. “ He is a perfect ass, the very type of the military mind.” Millerand sourly exclaimed : “ Thank you.” He was nettled by the remark, as he is Minister for War.

— Bienvenu-Martin, whose son has just been killed at the front, is filled with a passionate concern about our offensive. He declares : “ That’s the only news which can comfort me now.”

— Dr. P——, who has also lost a son, is extremely patriotic. Someone remarked to him that Castelnau had just lost his third son. Dr. P——, blaming the general for having failed in the offensive, commented : “ Ah ! if his own sons were the only ones he had lost ! ”

— The 5th. Mention is also made of the clever play on words indulged in by G.H.Q. in its recent order awarding the Military

Medal to Galliéni : " For having executed the orders of Joffre."

— On hearing of the death of his third son, Castelnau said : " I give him to God and our country." That is a gloomy frame of mind for the pursuit of an offensive. Indeed, Castelnau himself declared that he was counting on a miracle.

— Pasquet was travelling with a wounded man sent back from Germany. In the concentration camps, the French prisoners exert a curious kind of subtle charm on their guards, so much so that these guards are changed every two days to save them from falling completely under the prisoners' spell, and even helping them to escape.

— I mentioned this in the presence of some ardent patriots. Their features froze stiff. Their hatred is so extreme that it does not want any reconciliation, however flattering it may be to us.

They are also most reluctant to admit the fact, attested from all quarters, that the French prisoners are better treated than the Russians or the English. They cannot bear to think that the Germans prefer the French. They insist on enjoying a stupendous hatred.

— Madame X., forming her opinion of the non-combatant auxiliaries from the specimens allotted to her as orderlies in her hospital, asserts that they are the scum and refuse of the human race. She turned for confirmation of this opinion to the famous writer, Ernest-Charles, who has been posted to the Medical Corps, and begged him to give her some other orderlies instead of these odious auxiliaries. He replied, with some annoyance and embarrassment : " But, madame, I myself am an auxiliary."

— I remember the remark made at Gabriel Voisin's by a naval officer just before the war. He was glorifying war, declaring it essential to industry : " Without war, what would they make, sir ? Lifts ! " The scorn with which he shot out those words at me would have to be seen to be believed.

— The 5th. The retirement of Venizelos has roused public opinion to considerable heat.

— The 9th. Delcassé has announced his resignation, under the plea of illness, at to-day's Cabinet meeting. To avoid the bad effect which such a step would produce in the present crisis, Ribot and Millerand have been appointed to deputise for him. Poincaré remarked to Ribot : " You will represent authority " ; while to Millerand he said : " And you, friendship." Delcassé has now agreed to postpone his decision.



One of the Ministers, discussing this resignation, observed : " It is a stab in the back."

— Delcassé, on the 6th, sent a despatch to Athens, affirming that an earlier telegram had not been authorised by him.

— On the 13th, a question was put down to the Ministry on the official resignation of Delcassé. A vote of confidence was passed by 372 votes to 9, but 200 abstained from voting at all, including 150 Republicans. It is the first time since the war.

— The Prime Minister of Luxemburg, Eyschen, who has just died, saw our Minister, M. Beau, at Berne, towards the end of 1914, to discuss with him the possibility of a separate peace between France and Germany. I do not know whether it was discussed in the Cabinet.

— Rumour asserts that the King of Greece has been stabbed by his consort, the Kaiser's sister, of whom he is exceedingly fond.

— The 14th. Colonel Driant, son-in-law of General Boulanger, has informed the Army Committee that one of the generals engaged in the Champagne offensive failed to capture the second line owing to lack of shells. A Deputy called for the name of this general as being " either a fool or a knave." Driant refused.

— The figure of Delcassé is bound to loom up as that of one of the chief agents in causing this war. It appears that he has been haunted throughout his life by hatred for Germany—a hatred which has reached the stage of monomania and megalomania. It was a quarrel between him and the Kaiser. The world itself was nothing but the arena for this contest. " It's between us two." This mania of his has won him frequent applause. And he has long practised his traditional method—presenting his colleagues with the accomplished fact, with documents he has signed without their knowledge. I believe that this diabolical duel of his, cutting athwart the very life of France, began with Fashoda. Its next stage was marked by the Morocco negotiations, and his year as Ambassador to St. Petersburg, early in the Presidency of Poincaré. The war is its crowning achievement.

— The 15th. Dinner with Colonel R——, of the munitions service. Last May the armies indented for 400,000 knives. R—— went for his patterns to police headquarters, where they keep a museum of murderers' weapons.

— In *La Liberté* for the 14th appears the headline : " Piracy ; German submarines have sunk three French transports in the Mediterranean." And just below : "*British Submarines in the*

*Baltic* : Out of twenty German ships expected at Lulea only nine have arrived."

— Confronted by the results of the last offensive—ten men killed for every yard of ground—I remarked that perhaps we ought to find some other solution. . . . My friends retorted : " It is war ! We must make the best of it." I am beginning to believe that we must invent some new words to describe that state of mind which thus ordains thousands of deaths and refuses even to consider other solutions.

— The 15th. Étienne, former Minister for War—in which capacity he secured the passing of the Three Years' Law, and thus may be considered more military than the military themselves—describes how he has taken a special interest in a consumptive soldier, but cannot manage to get him out of the army, where the poor fellow does nothing but spit up his lungs.

— It appears that three months are necessary to restore the morale of the troops and to reorganise the formations for a fresh attack.

— Shootings are frequent. Have I remarked that they had to set up a kind of appeal board, including a doctor, to check the extreme facility with which the courts martial were handing out death sentences ?

— The 19th. It has been decided that Viviani shall read out to the Army Committee the letter from Delcassé and the reply made to it. Only Viviani opposed this decision.

— Ribot foresees Freycinet (on the 20th) for Foreign Affairs. Freycinet, who is eighty-seven, is reluctant. The Cabinet would have to be modified by removing at least one of its members. Ribot tactfully explained all this to the Cabinet. Everyone saw that the person referred to was Millerand, who was present. He wore the mechanical smile of a condemned criminal on hearing that his appeal had been rejected ; he folded up his files and threw them into his portfolio.

— There has been a close season in the coverts since the war. By field and roadside partridges have become as tame and common as chickens. Madame R—, on seeing some partridges soar up ahead when she was driving in her car, declared that they must be saying to each other : " What a lovely peaceful year ! "

— It was she, too, who at the sight of Indians in their native uniform among English troops—Indians so remote from our European quarrels—put the question : " Do you believe that they hate the Boches very bitterly ? "

— Dr. R—— passed through the offensive in the Artois behind the scenes, as a Medical Officer. It appears that it failed completely in the South. An O.C. of colonial troops was quite distracted as he told him that his brigade had been ordered to advance across barbed wire which was still quite intact, and that he had not a man left. . . .

They never captured Vimy Ridge. They reached the flank only. Moreover, Foch is unwell, and, in his speech to officers before the attack, gave an impression of anxiety.

— From the newspapers. Near Lieusaint, some children were playing at war. They burnt themselves with flaming paper, which was supposed to be poison gas, and were bruised by stones, which were meant to represent hand-grenades. That is how the world is preparing for the future—for the “lasting peace.”

— Regimental officers assert that the General Staff failed badly on two occasions : first, in open warfare (Charleroi) ; secondly, in the attempt to break through at a particular point (Champagne and Artois).

— Quiet preparations are being made for the winter ; two thousand Adrian huts, ten thousand stoves, forty thousand braziers.

— A note about Gosset, the leading surgeon of his time, who has performed positively miraculous operations. He was sent on a tour of inspection in Tunisia. There he operated on three civilians and examined two wounded. He toured the country. The military authorities wanted to keep him there. They would have succeeded but for the intervention of Clemenceau, who is still grateful for an operation which Gosset once performed on him. It was certainly an act of spite on the part of his rivals, taking advantage of war conditions.

— A hospital nurse was reading out to a wounded soldier a letter from his wife informing him that she had been raped seven times. The nurse hesitated for a moment, but then read it out. But the wounded man's only comment was : “ Blimey, she's hot stuff, she is ! ”

— The 22nd. Dinner with Painlevé and Victor Margueritte. Everybody talks about guillotining the politicians. Painlevé still grumbles about the delay of the military departments. He mentioned the case of a machine for cutting barbed wire which he has been trying in vain to get them to take up for months and months.

— The 23rd. Greece refuses the British offer of Cyprus. The

following remark by King Constantine has been reported to the French Cabinet : " If the Allies annoy me, I shall throw them into the sea."

— The three chief editors of the *Journal*, *Matin*, and *Petit Journal* have informed Viviani that they do not want Jean Dupuy (of the *Petit Parisien*) to join an "enlarged" Ministry. They declare : " Let us all four be in the Ministry, or none at all."

— The ministerial crisis is drawing to a close. The Cabinet met to-day for the last time. Viviani explained why the Cabinet is resigning. He tried to enlarge it. But he met difficulties, personal opposition. On the occasion of the last public question, his majority simply melted away. Among those who voted for him, some made it quite clear that in future they would vote against him. He is anxious to avoid a Ministerial landslide in the present crisis. So he is throwing in his hand.

## NOVEMBER 1915

— DURING the last few years a prominent manufacturer in the Rue d'Avron has been loudly complaining of German competition declaring that it could not last, that we must have a war without delay. He had four sons. The war broke out. Three sons were killed, the fourth was carefully posted ten miles behind the line. But even there a shell reached him and killed him. His father and mother have committed suicide.

— An echo of the attack of the 25th September. A colonel received the order to attack. He noticed that the artillery had not made adequate preparations, that his regiment would be simply massacred. He telephoned to H.Q., which replied : " It is not your business to argue about your orders, but to carry them out." The colonel went over the top alone and was killed.

— The 2nd. The King of Greece has shown to our Minister in Athens a despatch which he is sending to the Kaiser, who has reproached him for his consent to the Allies' landing : " He would certainly have strongly objected if only there had been a German fleet to counterbalance the Anglo-French fleet now in Greek waters."

— The former Minister Klotz was saying to Tristan Bernard that crime had increased fourfold since the small wine-shops have been allowed to stay open an hour longer. Tristan replied : " But what exactly do you mean by crime in time of war ? Do you mean merely not killing people ? "

— In the Chamber, the Socialist Renaudel repudiates the policy of conquest. The Right and Centre violently protested. So they do want conquests !

— The 3rd. Visit to Villacoublay with Bouttieaux. There they were holding an official competition for the new type of bombing-planes. No designer has managed to embody all the qualities and specifications demanded by G.H.Q. One may see, by this instance, the difficulty of creating fresh armaments despite the possession of inexhaustible resources. I saw Michelin there, the tyre manufacturer, whose clever advertising brought him fame.

He wants to build a hundred planes at his own expense. But Bouttieaux cannot supply him with a complete model.

— An agent for Pommery-Greno champagne declares that their sales are increasing at the front, where enormous quantities are consumed. The officers' good pay, with little chance to spend it, accounts for this generous absorption. It was Captain B—— who made the ingenuous remark to me : " I, for one, would like the war to last. For I'm saving money."

— Barthou has asked one of his colleagues whether he really said that the formation of the Briand Ministry was " an act of Briandage."

— The 6th. At Victor Margueritte's there was a Swedish lady journalist. During a visit to the front, she saw the positions captured between Massiges and Souain. Her country favours Germany. In August 1914, she wanted to buy a French book in Sweden, but the bookseller replied : " Wait three weeks, when the Germans will be in Paris ! " What specially strikes her in Paris is the darkness. According to her, the Germans dread a second winter campaign in Russia. She says that before the war she was dining with some Germans, when two fathers of families were praising the beauties of Versailles. The son of one of them, aged fourteen, said that he would like to go and burn it down. They boxed his ears, and made him leave the room.

— Echoes from the front. Some infantry threaten to shoot gunners who are on the point of firing, since it attracts unwelcome retaliation from the German guns. The G.O.C. of an Army Corps is billeted in a château, and has removed all his troops' quarters, over a considerable radius, to a healthy distance. For he does not like army noise.

The occupation of châteaux, the enjoyment of luxurious cars, the high pay, are bound to influence the military chiefs, unconsciously, to feel no desire for the end of the war. They will never have such a good time again. " We let these civilian swine have forty years of peace. Surely they can allow us ten years of war ! "

— A story from Voisin. A German aeroplane volplaned down behind our lines and made a landing. The pilot jumped down to the ground, and shouted out from a distance to our men, who ran up : " Hello, boys ! I've brought you one of them and no mistake ! Been waiting for the chance long enough ! " He was a German by birth, but had worked in France since boyhood, though the mobilisation found him in Germany. For six months he had been waiting for a favourable chance to capture his observer officer.

As the observer, sitting behind the pilot, saw his intention while they were in full flight, he began striking him. But the pilot retorted by nose-diving. And the observer preferred capture to a crash.

— *Illustration* published the photograph of a "Mass of Absolution" before the attack. It is dreadful that, just to ensure the triumph of the Church, they should give *all* these poor fellows the feeling that they are going to their death.

— I have again been assured that Delcassé, while Ambassador in St. Petersburg, promised Constantinople to the Russians, in full agreement with the English. A double crime, which was bound to unsettle the Balkans, and incite them to war.

— "Caution ! Silence ! The ears of the enemy are listening !" So runs a notice which has been posted up everywhere. It is the last act of Millerand, October 28th, 1915. It gives the astounding impression that, despite all the Germans we have deported or interned, France is still full of them. In the same way, some shops have put up a notice : "No admittance to Germans." Are there still, then, plenty of them left in Paris ?

— A tax on war profits has been suggested. A Socialist Minister has made a violent effort to secure the rejection of the proposal, asserting that it would discourage the enterprise of manufacturers.

— Merely to tune up our air material in readiness for the spring of 1916, to the standards insisted on by G.H.Q., five thousand skilled mechanics are necessary. Now, G.H.Q. itself allots only five hundred for this purpose.

— Here is a pungent story told me by Tristan. A certain journalist founded a paper abroad for French propaganda, supported by subsidies. More especially, there was a solid contribution from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. When it was exhausted, the journalist called upon Delcassé to renew it. He refused. The journalist pointed out that Delcassé himself might possibly have need for influence with the Press. So Delcassé yielded. And the journalist, when describing this incident, commented : "And just to think that the destiny of our country lies in the hands of men like that !"

— Dr. R—— is giving electrical treatment for men who have suffered nervous shock from the explosion of shells. He has accomplished, I understand, genuine scientific "miracles." When a D.M.S. paid a visit of inspection to his Neurological Centre, R—— waited with some anxiety for his opinion. But the only remark of this distinguished officer occurred while he was

visiting the storeroom. . . . And it was to request that in future they should wax their bootlaces. . . .

— Ah ! how painful it was to listen to Dr. R—— explaining that it needs three months to “ restore the morale ” of our troops—that is to say, to make a careful selection and discover those who are ready once more to attack the enemy, then to rouse their enthusiasm and screw them up to the point of slaughter.

— More belliculturists : the station restaurant managers. I have in mind the station restaurant at Montereau, which formerly simply slept under a blanket of dust and flies. But the flood of English soldiers roared past, endlessly. . . . The soldiers held out a silver coin, framed the words “ Bread, wine,” took whatever was given them without checking the change, and went their way . . . to be instantly replaced by others. . . . What a stroke of luck for the buffets !

— Albert J—— is here on leave. He is the epitome of the humble soldier from the countryside. You find that curious spirit of resignation in him : “ After all, one simply had to join up. . . . ” Then there came the excitement of war with all its mechanical aids—the military band, the trumpet calling for a bayonet charge. He realised all that. And he remarks that even on ordinary manœuvres they were all seized with the fighting lust, which destroyed all their former goodfellowship.

— I have just recalled the following story, which is no doubt apocryphal, but none the less suggestive. Poincaré remarked to Joffre : “ Why am I so often attacked, while you are so popular ? It is very unjust. For, after all, it was you who advised me to go off to Bordeaux.” Joffre’s reply was : “ I told you to leave Paris, but not to throw up the sponge.” They say that Joffre wanted Poincaré and Viviani to visit the front, while the rest of the Ministers went off to Bordeaux.

— Rumour asserts that Delcassé is suffering from general paralysis. Someone has remarked : “ We already have plenty of paralytic generals ! ”

— Many jokes have been made about the age of some Ministers, such as Freycinet, Combes, and Méline, who are now eighty or over. Indeed, I have heard the ironical comment : “ Make way for the young ! ” People have applied to them the historic phrase : “ Stand up, ye dead ! ” They also call them “ the nursery.”

— Hopes are expressed that General Galliéni, now Minister for War, is going to alter the whole aspect of the situation. So far, he has distinguished himself only by issuing an army instruction



to restrict mentions in despatches, which penalises the soldier who secures two such mentions, and by a revival of the comb-out of shirkers.

— Antagonism between Galliéni and the Army Committee of the Chamber. Galliéni wants to call up the 1917 class on December 15th. The committee has passed a resolution to make it February 1st.

— The 17th. Étienne, father of the Three Years' Law, met Professor Widal at a dinner. There was a touching duel between them. The point at issue was the fate of these youths of seventeen to eighteen, the 1917 class. Widal begged the ex-Minister to make the date February 1st : " Every extra fortnight's postponement in winter saves *thousands* of lives." Étienne replied that he must obey the Minister. " Then what is the use of the Army Committees ? " retorted Widal. Étienne concluded : " Barrack life is perfectly good for their health."

They also raised again that old question as to who won the Battle of the Marne ; Joffre, Galliéni, Maunoury, Foch, or Sarraill ? I suggested : " Perhaps it was the troops." My suggestion did not carry conviction.

Étienne related that he advised Galliéni not to allow the legend that he was the victor to spread about. " Galliéni was executing the orders of Joffre. His own contribution was limited to the idea of sending a few thousand troops out of Paris by taxi." As for Sarraill, it is not true that he refused to leave Verdun in August 1914. (According to Étienne, he simply pointed out to Joffre that, as he was at the pivotal point of the whole line, it was better that he should not join in the retreat. Joffre allowed him full liberty of action.)

— The 18th. *La Liberté* declares that many months ago, at a Cabinet meeting, Briand proposed intervention in Serbia, but that his suggestion was not followed.

— Overheard in a restaurant : " How funny it all is ! We shall see our office messenger, Crochard, coming back with the Croix de Guerre, the Military Medal and the Legion of Honour."

Another remark overheard : " D'you know that Jojo has killed a Boche ? He was on sentry duty. There were sixteen Germans. He fired into the crowd. One of them fell. The others ran away. How pleased it must make you when you see that you have hit what you aimed at ! "

— The 19th. Painlevé is Minister for Education and for Inventions. He draws a witty sketch of the Cabinet meetings. Sitting

next to Léon Bourgeois, he makes use of him as a mouthpiece for expounding his own opinions with authority. Freycinet, very hale and hearty at eighty-seven years of age, is cautious. In his clear, small voice he remarked : " It would be convenient to know, before we undertake the responsibility, whether General Joffre really did promise three Army Corps to General Sarrail." Freycinet is still strongly opposed to distant expeditions.

The despatch of troops to Salonica still causes some awkward moments in the Cabinet. It is a solemn occasion when Galliéni, reporting the despatch of a single battalion of infantry, utters the words : " I have sent the necessary order to General Joffre."

— I have been shown the type-written note addressed to the armies on the 29th September, 1915. " G.H.Q. telephones that the German line has been broken through. Three divisions have advanced. General Castelnau adds : '*Non nobis, sed tibi gloria, domine.*' "

Some hours later the order was received : " Delete the Latin phrase." It was Captain R—— of G.H.Q. who had sent the telephone message to the armies, in his enthusiasm.

— As an instance of our diplomatic clumsiness, someone mentions the following remark by a recent French Minister in Athens, on his return to France : " Anyhow, I didn't hand out a single sou. When the journalists asked for subsidies, I told them to address themselves to the house opposite." It was the German Consulate.

— Étienne has paid a visit to Foch. He found him on the terrace of that famous avenue which no car is allowed to drive along. The general was in full dress, all his plumes waving. Étienne fancied he had stumbled on some official ceremony, and cursed his luck. But no. Foch, who is all for pomp, merely wanted to receive his former Minister with full ceremonial.

— The 22nd. In the Rue de Grenelle met a Turkish officer. He mentions the indignation they expressed as soon as they discovered that, by agreement with England, Constantinople had been promised to Russia.

— The 27th. The Opéra baritone, Renaud, has enlisted, at the age of fifty-four. At the sight of his grey hairs, the captain of his company said : " Well, well, what am I going to make of you ? Can you do a little cooking ? "

— I have read a gloomy letter from a doctor who has been at the Dardanelles. He reveals a dismal story of waste and muddle, an unsuspected number of casualties, the most foolhardy undertaking carried out with the utmost confusion and irresponsibility

on the part of the Higher Command, taking advantage of its remoteness from all control.

— A horrible pun ! Madame X remarks that the Serbian soup is short of Greece.

— At the station of Pont-sur-Yonne, they have posted up that famous notice, " Caution ! Silence ! The ears of the enemy are listening ! " on the door of the w.c.s. The imperative must be sometimes rather irksome there.

— The town of Douai, I hear, now in German occupation, tried in vain for ten years to set up an electric light supply. It has now been installed, since the Germans occupied the place. . . .

— Dr. R—— has written to his wife that General Castelnau has had an attack of bronchitis. And Madame R—— comments : " It is the first attack in which he has succeeded."

— The 29th. The so-called *Victory Loan* (I cannot discover who invented this impudent title, Ribot, Barthou, or Berthoulat ?) has been launched with a tremendous splash, with lavish advertisement on a scale never before reached. Newspaper articles, for which top prices have been paid (but the *Humanité* and the *Œuvre*, while inserting the articles, have refused to accept the money offered), posters by well-known artists, etc. Public opinion has been fanned to white heat. One of the posters has been prepared under the auspices of the Society for Military Preparation, one of those societies which, in effect, are building up Chauvinist and war-worshipping generations for the future.

— A tremendous hit has been made by the phrase : " Peace now means war in three years ! " Who could have invented that ? And who can be so sure of the future ? A mystery. But the formula has sunk well down into the public mind. For all these reasons one is not allowed to mention peace, not even to examine the more or less official peace offers.

## DECEMBER 1915

— THE 1ST. Parliamentary sanction has been given for the drafting to their units of the 1917 class on the 5th January, 1916, on the insistence of Galliéni. Two hundred thousand youths—not one of them over eighteen—are being sent into the armies. The report of the sitting of the Chamber at which the measure was approved makes dismal reading, with all its loud-sounding phrases—"destiny of the race . . . National Defence . . . resist to the last ditch . . . decisive efforts. . . ."

— Rehearsal of a revue by Rip. One character makes some very sensible remarks : "The young man rejected for unfitness is in just as honourable a position as the man over military age. . . . The war is an organised catastrophe. . . . Our women will have shed so many tears that our men will never again dare to make war." There was a brief silence of astonishment ; then applause broke out.

— There is also in this revue a song condemning anonymous letters. In this connection, Tristan assures me that in the Ministry for War they have an actual "Department of Private Information," where they open anonymous letters denouncing "shirkers," and make use of the details thus received.

— Our police maintain a remarkable supervision on cars. Thus, they reported that in the Bois de Vincennes a lady had been seen in a car with Albert Thomas. Report. Enquiry. And yet those are the people who are complaining of shortage of men !

— Some Belgians were catching a train at the P.L.M. Station. I overheard two Flemings remark : "I won't get into the same carriage with those dirty Walloons." Yet Flemings and Walloons are both equally Belgians. How lofty is this sentiment of nationality !

— At first blush, everybody thinks of an immediate peace as a calamity. It is a reflex action. Bouttieaux adds one more reason to account for this hatred of peace : "A victorious peace would entail disarmament ; but a spurious peace would involve increased armaments." That remains to be seen. In any case, nobody gives a thought to the 2,000 deaths every day along the French front.

(Yes, it is true enough ; divide by 365 the official figure of 700,000 deaths recorded up to the 16th September, 1915.)

— The 3rd. An order by the Minister for War has appointed Joffre to be C.-in-C. A decision not foreseen by the public.

Many people recollect with a cynical smile that Millerand was dismissed because he allowed too much power to Joffre. His successors are allowing him even more. Further, before a recent Parliamentary Commission, Galliéni, the Minister for War, declared that he was not prepared to issue instructions to Joffre.

— The 4th. I must emphasise my stupefaction—a feeling that the whole world is topsy-turvy—when I see people regard peace as “ the greatest calamity of all.” I must add one more to the reasons given for this hostility : “ It would not be worth while after making such sacrifices.” We have had so many deaths that we must multiply them by two !

— Loti, now on the staff of Castelnau, has written to some friends a letter in which he sighs for “ the releasing shell ” which will enable him to escape this vast tragedy. Despite all that, he cannot escape from the universal necessity for heroics ; so he describes again and again the wood where shrapnel falls around him like rain, the Germans aiming at him, but missing him, etc.

— Sergeant D—— declares that, in the trenches, just to show their contempt for the loud bluster of the newspapers, one soldier will shout : “ We shall get them ! ” whereupon the rest shout back the reply : “ Yes, frozen feet ! ” or else : “ Yes, lice ! ” . . .

— When the Belgian refugees passed through the outskirts of Sens in August 1914, the good citizens sold them glasses of water at two sous a glass. Admirable spirit, etc. . . .

— Some people are afraid that the soldiers will bring back from the trenches habits of violence. What do they expect ! . . . The following is quoted as an example. A certain land-owner, invalided out of the army, noticed a soldier on leave shooting game in a field adjoining his estate. He rebuked him, referring to himself as an example, since he had not touched a gun for sixteen months. The soldier retorted : “ Very well, then ! Come back with me to the trenches ! You’ll touch one soon enough there ! ” Being rather proud of this outburst, he went on : “ Ah ! you mustn’t think that after the war you’re going to keep us under your thumb ! ”

— Some newspaper serials : *The Boys of the Navy*. After *Everlasting Hatred*, the *Petit Parisien* is now publishing the *Memoirs of a Heroine of Loos*. This is a young girl of eighteen, who saved the

lives of some wounded English, and killed five Germans with her own hands. Her portrait has been pasted over all the walls. She has been awarded the Croix de Guerre, with a pompous ceremonial. A curious blend of Press publicity and military honours. I must also mention *Love in the Ruins*.

— A lady, who was passing Chantilly in her car, remarked : " So that's where the dotard lives ! " Then, remembering his recent appointment : " Pardon me, I meant the Dotard-in-Chief ! "

— On the 4th. Albert Thomas followed Barrès with a speech at the unveiling of a monument at Champigny. So inevitably does the attainment of power distort the mind, that this erstwhile leader of the United Socialists adopted the very accents of the Chauvinists, with such phrases as " fight to the bitter end," " the crushing of Prussian militarism and imperialism," etc., until one fancied he must have picked up Barrès' notes by mistake.

— I remarked to a lady : " There was a terrible catastrophe yesterday ; 1,500 dead and 1,500 injured." She was appalled : " Where was that ? " I replied : " On the French front." She subsided.

— One notices cartoons like the following. A little boy, frightened at the sight of a Turco, asked the question : " Mama, is that the wolf which ate little Red Riding Hood ? " The mother's reply was : " No dear, that's the *nice* wolf which killed the Boche." If murder is thus glorified from days of childhood onward, how are we ever going to inculcate a horror of war ?

— The horror people affect to feel at the idea of peace prevents them from even examining its possible conditions. I recall a certain lady's phrase : " And with France invaded, too ! " So, clearly she has not read that the evacuation of the invaded territories figures in all the peace offers so far made. In three separate quarters these proposals are being busily explored ; in the American Congress, in the Reichstag, and at the Vatican.

— The 7th. Opening of the School of Hotel Management. Madame S—— called up a vision of the France of the future—happy and hospitable, the perfect hostess. But she forgot to mention the millions of families in mourning. The fact is, the stoical courage on which the population so prides itself is nothing but lack of sensibility. They cannot feel the griefs of the masses. Mothers, wives, sweethearts, keep their sorrows hidden. The rest do not care in the least.

— A doctor was telling me that, in the hellish chaos of the battle-ground, soldiers have often no idea which direction to

take once their officers have fallen. For in that terrific upheaval you can hardly find your way even with a compass. But the ardent patriots who were listening, and who could not form any imaginative conception of what a battle is really like, expressed indignation : " Which direction to take ? Why, forward, of course ! Always forward ! "

— The 11th. Bethmann-Hollweg's speech is a surprise to those who really believed that the German peace proposals were genuine. He was violent in tone and supported a policy of annexation. On the other hand, here in France, the dread of peace is still strong. Ridicule and insults have been heaped upon the efforts of the American manufacturer Ford, who is coming to Europe on a pacifist crusade. One wonders how these countries which so angrily turn their backs on Peace will ever manage to look her in the face.

A certain small shopkeeper was bemoaning his paternal anxieties—his son in the trenches, the severe economies he has had to practise in the last few years owing to a fall in his income. But do you mention the word peace to him, then he at once makes the violent reply : " Oh ! we can't make peace just yet ! " Who suggests this reply to him ? In the first place, his newspaper ; secondly, his pride.

— At Callot's, the costumier's, there are some jewelled gowns at 2,700 to 3,500 francs, intended for the gala at the Opéra on the 29th December. And our men are standing in the trenches up to their waists in frozen mud. . . .

I gather also that, at the re-opening matinée at the Opéra on the 8th, a tea-party was held in the great *foyer*, and provided a dazzling scene of animation and gaiety.

— The Prefect of the Gironde has been warned to prepare hospital accommodation for eight hundred insane and consumptive cases returned from Germany, where they were civil prisoners. What a dreadful deterioration that fact suggests !

— The 14th. Dinner with Ferrero, the Italian historian, son-in-law of Lombroso. He helped to bring Italy into the war, and is surprised at his success.

He presented some original opinions. This war marks the failure of armies. We used to expect of armies a maximum of effect in a minimum of time. It was their special function to win a victory which should decide the campaign *in a single day*. But they no longer fulfil this function. They bring their enormous masses face to face, with slight fluctuations on either side, but

remaining equally balanced for years and years. That is their final condemnation.

— Clemenceau, in a newspaper article, applies to Poincaré the verses from Hugo's *Les Châtiments*, beginning: "I brandish the red-hot iron and smell thy burning flesh. . . ."

— The kindly and charming Maurice Leblanc, creator of Arsène Lupin, has written a story in which a mother makes her small boy shoot her husband—son murdering father—because the father displayed suspicious signals. . . .

— Séverine relates that the playwright Henry Bataille had his country mansion invaded by the Germans. They paid him every respect. Afterwards, the French installed a field-hospital there and broke up a piece of Louis XVI furniture to light a fire with. Bataille put in a claim for damages. An N.C.O. accused him of trying to secure compensation for furniture which did not exist.

— Séverine declares that a certain Deputy was booked to address a Socialist gathering in Paris on the cost of living. But the audience of three thousand shouted to him that he must talk about peace.

— Guist'hau describes that the City Council in Lyons wanted to pass a resolution in favour of peace. The Mayor opposed it. Most of the guests present, hearing Guist'hau's story, loudly agreed that "we must put those chaps in gaol." That is to say, supporters of peace.

— Many people want General Lyautey at the Ministry for War.

— A little story illustrating exceptional intelligence. Two Breton territorials were leading down the line a squad of German prisoners. A colonel asked the two soldiers where they were taking their prisoners. No reply. The colonel repeated his question without result. Then one of the prisoners came forward and explained in the most perfect French: "You must excuse them, sir. They are Bretons. They don't speak French."

— *La Liberté* announces that Austria will not publish any more casualty lists. The paper draws the deduction that they must have an enormous number of killed. But what deduction must be drawn about France, which has never published any casualty lists at all?

— To underline the success of the Victory Loan, which has yielded fourteen thousand millions, the newspapers observe that no more than one thousand million minutes have elapsed since the time of Jesus Christ.

— Painlevé remarks that the war is a competition in suffering



and that victory will go to the side which endures that suffering the longest.

— Soldiers on leave positively storm the trams, crowd on to them when they are already full, exclaiming : “ The troops have all the rights now.” It is a phrase that is also heard in hospitals. Possibly we may hear it after the war.

— I am told that in the trenches the mud is so deep that men are swallowed up and drowned in it. The horror of such a fate—powerless, manacled, and gagged !

— The 25th. The pacifist Ford is being subjected to merciless and unlimited sarcasm by the English cartoonists. Oh ! the English will be the last opponents of peace, the last supporters of the war.

— Several leagues have been founded to ferret out the “ shirkers.” They quite openly set before themselves the aim of exposing any they can discover. One of these leagues is called “ The Long Broom.” Another has been founded by that reactionary paper, *La Liberté*.

— Before the war, Gustave Hervé was chiefly distinguished as a pacifist and a revolutionary, who had declared that the flag of Napoleon ought to be planted in a dung-heap. Now he has become the most ardent of patriots, with the gratifying vision of all the middle-class readers swallowing his screeds in his paper, the *Guerre Sociale*. He announces that as from January 1st he will call his paper *La Victoire*. Dr. R—— writes that he ought to have called it *The Flag*.

— Séverine declares that a Socialist group in Lyons has voted with almost complete unanimity for re-opening relations with the German Socialist minority which stands for peace.

— The 28th. The Socialist Congress met in Paris. Three members of the Government took part in it. It is only by degrees that I have discovered what happened. The Deputy Longuet collected a certain number of supporters for the proposal to renew relations with the German minorities. The Government Socialists opposed the proposal. “ Force of arms must decide the issue,” declared Sembat. And another exclaimed : “ Since we have now got enough munitions, we must make use of them.” Hervé raised the flag of *La Victoire*.

— Madame X—— declares that she has had to keep a firm hand on herself in order to bear up against her work, and that in the hospital, whenever she has managed to remove an amputated leg without flinching, it was only patriotism which kept her together.

— The 28th. Galliéni addressed the Senate on the drafting of the 1917 class. He declared that anyone who uttered the very word peace was a bad citizen and that to-day France wanted the war.

— The editor of the *Matin* is taking up again one of his favourite myths—that Jaurès received millions from Germany. Really, the fellow is half mad and this is one of the forms it takes. The contrast is really painful between those attacks delivered from the sumptuous editorial room and the actual facts, namely that Jaurès' daughter is sending five francs a month to her soldier brother out of the hundred and fifty francs she receives from a charitable society.

— I must lay stress on the point that a dramatic tension is arising between the middle classes, who want to prolong the war to satisfy their vanity and postpone that after-war day of reckoning which they fear, and the Socialist minority, who want this butchery to stop.

— A firm of tailors is making advertising capital out of the hostility roused against the Ford mission, declaring that his pacifist meetings have had such a chilly reception that we all need extra warm clothing.

— The 31st. Discussing a possible referendum in Alsace-Lorraine, the manufacturer L—— remarked to me that seventy per cent of the votes would be given in favour of union with France, as the Germans have been excluded from voting. He added that there is an association in the French Vosges strongly opposed to re-union with France, because the textile industry of Alsace would severely undercut that of the departments which form our present frontier.

## JANUARY 1916

— THE 1ST. The historian Lavissee, in the *Petit Parisien*, is giving gentle hints to the minority which wants peace. For he himself wants war, still more deaths, plenty of deaths ! For he is contemplating the future, he is ! He loves his country, he does ! In fact, the reasons he gives are an indication of the general dementia. Here they are :

1. We cannot allow all those Frenchmen to have died in vain. (So let us make just as many more die !)

2. Our sorrows demand the solace of vengeance. (A sentiment which, in any period of sanity, would be considered barbarous and neolithic.)

3. The war " which was thrust upon us " must provide revenge for 1870. (Ho ! Ho ! So he is by no means sorry to be compelled to take his revenge !)

4. No Frenchman can live without honour and glory. It is his duty to free the world from tyranny, etc. (Ah ! if only we tore off those veils of verbiage, what a foul body would be seen beneath !)

— The Socialist Congress is finishing its meetings. Its manifesto demands the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, but contemplates as a condition a free vote by its population on the question. This opinion is repellent to our right-thinking patriots.

The Abbé Wetterlé—though an old supporter of autonomy—has written a newspaper article inveighing against this possibility of a referendum. In 1870, he points out, Germany did not consult the peoples of Alsace-Lorraine. But is that any reason for being as unjust as Germany was ?

— The very old and the very young are the greatest enemies of peace. For the former have no more desire for life, while the latter have not yet acquired it. The old remember the defeat of 1870. The young have a sporting interest in fighting, and are a prey to the infectious vain-glory tainting the very air they breathe.

— The scientists who surround Painlevé on the Board of Inventions scarcely ever go out without their uniform as reserve officers. Physicists, distinguished mathematicians—it is their erudition which makes them useful. But they seem to be especially

proud both of the periods they spend with the forces and of their uniform.

— Tristan Bernard remarked long ago that the peace efforts ought to be undertaken by a committee of authors, which would prove to every nation that it had won. It seemed just one of his witty sallies, but it becomes more and more reasonable as time goes on.

— Sarraill (so his brother tells me), noticing the number of guns which burst, had some apparatus made at his own expense (it cost him five thousand francs) to examine the breakages. He observed that the shells were not the correct calibre, notified G.H.Q., and shortly afterwards received a letter of rebuke signed by Joffre, telling him not to meddle with things which did not concern him.

— Madame Poincaré's first husband, Quiloran, is now an ordinary chauffeur running a taxi. That led Clemenceau to remark : " This fellow Poincaré dresses like a chauffeur when he visits the front. No doubt it is to remind his wife of her first husband."

— I have before me a photograph of a group of soldiers who had just captured a German gun—on the 25th September, 1915. There one sees Dr. Noel X, very military, wearing the Red Cross armlet. At his feet lie three German corpses, just as they might appear in a hunting picture. I wonder what reflections this photograph will suggest when the world has recovered its sanity.

— Many people refuse to read the German *communiqué* in the Swiss papers. They read the French *communiqué*. Truth lies between the two. But how can such people possibly be impartial? Still, many patriots follow the same principle. They reject all the unfavourable news.

— The 8th. At Victor Margueritte's, met a captain in the Hussars, Fabien M—, who writes in his spare time. He was describing his war experiences. He mentioned his first impression of the war in August 1914. A hundred and fifty French soldiers, dead and already turning black, in a single trench. " I went in. I smelt them. And since I did not flinch, I told myself that the war might last a long time." He also complained that the Germans had an intolerable smell. When he was lunching in a château at the very table which Von Kluck had to leave hurriedly on his retreat from the Marne, he was forced to finish his meal outside.

— Little children are being dressed up as soldiers, just as they used to be in carnivals. Little girls wear policemen's caps and

cloaks of "horizon blue." And yet the Socialists imagine that this is the war to end war ! And yet generations are being brought up to love uniform—one of the causes of the present war !

— Newspaper serials : *Men who Sold their Country* ; *The Girl who went to War*.

— The income tax is to come into force from the 1st March, 1916. It is comic. For so many people preferred to have this war rather than this tax ! Now they have got them both.

— In the Motor Unit at Boulogne-sur-Seine they have to cross a road to get water. Then they use pure drinking water to wash their wheels.

— The Paris restaurants are turning people away. Astounding. The probable causes are : the increased circulation of money, the fat profits of the war contractors, and the high wages of workmen. . . .

— My neighbour B—— declares that humanity has made no progress since prehistoric days, and that a Parisian of 1916 is just as savage as a negro in Central Africa.

— How painful is the position of an officer on the reserve list, who does not share the thoughts of the herd in officers' messes behind the lines, where he may have been forced to live a communal life for the last year and a half ! At the table where R—— messed—all medical officers, one must remember—one of the officers declared that our unpreparedness for the war was due to the Jews and the supporters of Dreyfus.

— It is reported that French and German soldiers, especially on the Northern front, flooded out of their trenches, camped on the parapets by tacit agreement, without firing on each other. They even exchanged food. Stories like this make our patriots feel really ill, even though the armistice was mutual. They are anxious that we shall not cease in our ferocity. They are afraid that the war might stop.

— In order to see their husbands in the trenches, some women have managed to get hold of tickets for licensed women from the police. One of them who wanted to stay a little longer was rebuked with the words : " No ! This section has had quite enough now."

— Jean T——, who has just come back from Germany by way of Switzerland, was a hospital orderly when taken prisoner. On the platform at Lyons, he and his companions were faced with written *questionnaires*, beginning with the query : " Have you been badly treated ?" Jean T—— candidly replied : " No." One of his friends, however, made the reply : " Yes." T——

expressed his surprise. His friend made the excuse : " I didn't dare to tell the truth ! "

— The heroine of Loos, whose *Memoirs* are being published in the *Petit Parisien*, was heavily censored yesterday. She was describing exactly how, from the shelter of a doorway, she killed the Germans. The Censor did not allow her to describe the circumstances in which these murders took place—which have brought her so much honour. . . .

— A servant of ours has returned from the districts invaded by Germany. She declares that in Germany and Switzerland there were hot meals at the stopping-places, every possible attention, visits by hospital orderlies and doctors. But in France, once they left Annemasse, they were treated like convicts : not allowed to move an inch, to leave the train, even to satisfy natural necessities. Then they were sent on perfectly idiotic roundabout routes, which compelled them to go through Montauban to reach Paris.

— The case of Clemenceau will seem very strange when time takes its revenge. That prodigious industry in a man over seventy, that daily article ! His fanatical hatred of Germany, his burning patriotism ! Finally, his bitter criticism ! Quite apart from the pleasure he finds in expressing his thoughts, supporting his party, and lashing his opponents, he seems to be still anxious to secure the applause of a few friends, whom he wishes to impress with his strength and vigour : " Ah ! my dear fellow, you gave them something to think about in your article this morning ! "

The newspaper published by the Germans for the invaded territories of France carefully reprints his articles.

— On the question of the high cost of living, one especially odious creature is the big wholesaler who calmly takes his fat profits out of the war. For instance, the wholesale butcher who *does not want* the city or the State to put a tax on meat. Against him we have to wage a half-hearted and indirect war by putting on the market frozen meat to provide some competition and perhaps reduce prices. . . . Oh ! this terrible and greedy selfishness, contrasted with the demands they make of the humble soldier, of the mothers. . . .

— The association of motor manufacturers in Lyons has declared a boycott against the pacifist Ford. This detestation of peace has the secondary advantage of serving their interests, since Ford is flooding all the markets of the world with his cars.

— A terrible and distressing cruelty still reigns, in the name of patriotism, over the hearts of those who ever express their views—

even the women. An actress, who has taken up hospital nursing, declares with satisfaction that this winter there have been no trench truces (that is not correct, by the way), and expresses delight that the French are shooting Germans who try to fraternise. What a strange perversion of decent feeling that is ! Thus, again, Captain N—— considered the following trick positively heroic and laudable : at one point in the line trench truces had given rise to regular contact between the two lines, but one day, when a German N.C.O. was coming across in perfect confidence, the French shot him.

— A question was put to a German prisoner, a professor in civil life, as to who would win the war. "The conquered will be those who died ; the conquerors those who survive."

— An officer in G.H.Q., invited to dine at an officers' mess in Doullens, gave fresh support to the idea I once got from Bouttieaux when he naïvely remarked : "Oh ! but we in G.H.Q. never discuss the war !"

— Dr. L——, just returned from the front, observes that in December 1914 there was a terrible epidemic of typhoid in the district of Bar-le-Duc : forty thousand cases. It was only later that they inoculated them.

— The 18th. The surrender of Montenegro has been severely criticised. People recall the mercenary character of King Nikita, who is said to have purchased shares on bear account before taking part in the first Balkan war. On that occasion, d'Estournelles de Constant remarked : "He is setting fire to Europe just to boil his own egg."

— Over the last eighteen months the war has cost Europe 3,000 human lives every day, and an average of 350,000,000 francs. Nobody worries any longer about these astounding figures.

— Despite the savage expectations of our patriotic madmen, soldiers still exchange friendly conversation between the trenches. Thus, one night, a German outpost asked a French sentry : "Tell me, now, how does one go about it to establish a republic ?"

— At Victor Marguerite's, Gabriel Voisin remarked that the disease from which aviation is suffering is its capture by officers who have insisted on bullying this new industry. He regards these regular officers as incompetent rotters, the very scum of society.

— The creed of Country, exalted to the level of an idol, has become a new religion—and the most terrible of all, since it calls on men to die for it.

— There is a small group of leaders of opinion who insist on

hatred, and still more hatred. Did I not read yesterday an allegation that the pacifists, before the war, were leading us headlong towards a renunciation of all our glories ?

— There is some mention of a development of the war in the direction of economy—using up less men, less money, to make it last longer. “A war on the instalment plan,” remarks Charles Henry Hirsch. I very much doubt whether it will be put into practice.

— There is only one nation in which forty-three members of Parliament, out of three hundred and sixty, have refused to vote war credits, and in which poor women have expressed their indignation by wrecking luxurious restaurants—and that is Germany.

— Dr. L—— mentions the severity displayed towards the soldiers by the civilian population of the Meuse region, and the arrogance of the Mayor of Sampigny—the village where Poincaré was born. He has become all swollen with importance since Poincaré remarked to him : “Come now, old chap, call me Raymond.”

— The following has been mentioned to me as a symptom of Teutonic conceit. A German officer, as he lay dying, whispered : “Isn't it true that Goethe . . . is the greatest poet in the world ? ”

— I went with Bouttieaux to catch a train for Châlons, where he is proceeding as Colonel Commandant of Engineers to an army corps. In the Métro which took us to the Gare de l'Est, an infantryman on his way back to the front remarked to a friend : “I would give my left arm not to go back there.” He went on to say that he had tried in vain to secure a gunshot wound by exposing his hand for a whole hour in the aperture through which his machine-gun was trained.

It was ten o'clock in the morning. All round the station countless soldiers on leave were waiting for the restaurants to open. For no soldier or officer is allowed refreshments before eleven o'clock. Hundreds of soldiers were sitting on the luggage trolleys and on the stone ledges under the railings. Some of them had been travelling two nights. . . . Just one more foolish muddle to add to all the rest.

On the platform, soldiers going back after their leave. Women holding up their little children to kiss for the last time. I noticed on the face of one of these men such a mask of grief that I went away quickly without turning back. Ah ! let me think ; it is precisely that sort of thing, once it is fully grasped, which will prevent another war !



— The 20th. Despite his hatred of Socialism, Clemenceau writes that he is ready to hold out his hand to the Socialist Renaudel, inviting him to serve on a Committee of Public Safety.

— Joffre, apparently, would look askance at any success on the part of Sarraill. True, he sent out Castelnau to help him at Salonica, but that was only to prevent Castelnau from usurping his own position on the French front, to get rid of him for the time being and keep him in a secondary position.

Briand urged Castelnau to deal gently with his former friend Sarraill and not create friction. Castelnau, while regretting that Sarraill did not believe in God, admitted that it had nothing to do with military success. The two generals had not exchanged a word for twenty-five years. But, I gather, Castelnau displayed perfect cordiality.

As for the Greek officers, they twirl up their moustaches like the Kaiser when the Allies give way, but let them droop when the Allies make progress.

— The 21st. Visited the Renault factory. Thousands of women are working there on the testing and manufacture of shells and fuses. It is a painful spectacle to see women, in long rows before their lathes, making tiny machines for killing. Copper fuse rings, shrapnel bullets like pearls of steel—jewels of death.

— Anyone who comes back from the front has to face the bland enquiry of comfortable middle-class women : " Are the men still keen ? " That means, of course : " Are the troops still perfectly resigned to their duty of killing and being killed ? "

— A newspaper declared that M. Clementel, Minister of Commerce, meant to put a tax on freights. What, a tax on freights ? Restrict the profits of the large wholesaler ? There was a perfect uproar. So the Minister quickly issued a denial.

— A new act in the drama. That is, the struggle between the two opposite schools of thought about the spring offensive. Everybody returning from the front declares that we shall not break through. But in favour of an offensive we have the General Staff officers, together with all those people who have been promised, for the last two years, victory in the spring. . . .

— A newspaper declares that the Censor has informed them on the telephone that peace discussions are forbidden.

— Formerly, the *Journal* and the *Matin* vied with each other in competitions, lotteries, etc. Now the *Journal* is organising an exhibition of German vandalism. . . . So the *Matin* at once resolved to raise a monument near the wall of the Tuileries to Miss

Cavell, the Englishwoman shot by the Germans in Belgium. How ghoulish is this blend of advertisement and patriotism !

— The 25th. I asked Richard, head of the *Sûreté Générale*, how Poincaré was received at the front. He replied that he was not received at all. He was simply not noticed.

At a dinner attended by Kitchener and Joffre during the Battle of the Yser, Poincaré asked how long the war would last. Joffre declared that it would be finished during the summer of 1915. But Kitchener replied that it would last for years.<sup>1</sup>

One tragic evening was that of the 1st November, 1914, at Dunkirk. There were hours of grave anxiety, though the *communiqués* did not betray the least trace of the crisis. Vast masses of troops were moving day and night towards the North. It was at this moment there occurred the incident of Foch begging French not to retreat. The letter which recorded this scene was opened in transit. It was written by an officer of the reserve in Franchet d'Esperey's army. It was considered that it gave a false impression. So its writer, when identified, was cashiered.

Among agitators for peace, Richard mentioned the Russian revolutionaries in Paris. He observed that they issue plenty of leaflets, but make few efforts to hold public meetings. The syndicalist group is working under the direction of Merrheim.

— The 26th. Painlevé explained to me how he defended Sarraïl and one of his generals, Leblois, before the Defence Committee. It lasted for two whole sessions—from nine in the morning to six in the evening.

Some members wanted to appoint Lyautey or Franchet d'Esperey over Sarraïl and refuse him a higher step in the Legion of Honour. Painlevé stuck to his guns. Poincaré looked very bored. Finally, Painlevé won the day. Joffre and Castelnau did not go back to Chantilly that evening. Were they afraid of the criticism of their colleagues? Painlevé overheard them, as they were getting into their car, pronounce this flattering opinion of their own efforts : " Well, after all, we fought it out to the bitter end."

— The 26th. Two incidents illustrating the omnipotence of G.H.Q. Poincaré wanted to go and visit certain generals before the September attack. G.H.Q. headed him off. To overcome their opposition he would have had to secure the over-riding authority of the Ministry for War. But Millerand quietly kept out of the way.

<sup>1</sup> According to the author, Lord Kitchener pronounced the French word with a superfluous aitch—"des (h)ans."

On another occasion, Poincaré went to see Sarraïl, who showed him an order brought in only an hour before by a captain from G.H.Q.: "Strict orders are given to General Sarraïl not to discuss with the President any questions of strategy or foreign policy. A report of the conversation must be submitted."

— One definite fact emerges about the Sarraïl incident; after the twofold enquiry by Dubail, the Cabinet decided not to retire him but to appoint him to command in the East. At the next Cabinet meeting Sarraïl was censured before his new appointment was confirmed. So Millerand pretended that he had forgotten to inform G.H.Q. of the Cabinet's former decision.

— Irony. The extremely religious Castelnau, on the occasion of his voyage to Salonica to report on the situation, embarked on the armoured cruiser named the *Ernest-Renan*.

— Five Prefects under forty-five have been called up. Substitutes have been appointed in their places. But they are continuing to draw their civil pay. So these five soldiers are costing the State a hundred thousand francs a year.

— Dr. L—— declares that the army chaplains are having portable chapels distributed to the forces. From another quarter I have received the full list of appurtenances required for religious services, which armies in the field are bound to take with them. And yet the Church is supposed to have been disestablished!

— A story of Tristan. Certain troops in the trenches are blessed with a peppery old colonel. So when they hear that he is due to come round on an inspection they fire off several rounds. The Germans know what that means. They at once set up an artillery barrage which discourages the colonel. Our own artillery at that point renders the same service to keep the corresponding German colonel out of the trenches.

— The 28th. At a certain hairdresser's they could not arrange an appointment for a lady any time in the ensuing week, owing to a fancy dress ball for which they had to undertake twenty coiffures.

— The theatres are crammed. Duberry, General Secretary of the Comédie-Française, declares that the theatre is fuller than it was in peacetime.

— It has been noticed that there are some little confectioners' shops in Montmartre where you can drink alcoholic liquors after the wine-shops are closed.

— On the evening of the 29th there was a Zeppelin raid over

Paris. A high bank of haze against which the beams of the search-lights played in vain.

— The morning papers were full of last night's raid, which accounted for twenty-six victims. They all denounce the "abominable crime" . . . "shame of humanity" . . . "odious barbarism. . . ." But they all, except two, end up with the cry : "Let us do the same !"

— The Censor has forbidden any mention of the districts where the bombs fell, claiming their twenty-six victims. The suppression of these details is bound to cause cruel and needless anxiety to soldiers and provincials who have friends in Paris.

— Tristan remarks to me that a man reading out aloud the articles in which they censored the names of the ruined streets and of the hospitals to which the victims were taken sounds as if he is suffering from hiccups.

— My nephew, Claude, six years old, brought up on the idea that inventors always go bankrupt and ruin their families, wept bitterly on learning that I am now serving with the Inventions Commission. (I joined it as Honorary General Secretary of the Inter-allied Committee.)

— His sister, Solange, only two years old, noticing a soldier at Saint-Nazaire, pointed him out to her mother, with the remark : "Oh, look, mama, there's a soldier who isn't dead !"

— Dr. R—— describes how the clergy have invaded the hospitals—priests wait for the last moments of the dying, and insist on stealing up to the bedside to administer the last Sacrament, even when the doctor has given the poor fellows the merciful illusion of a possible recovery.

— He remarks also that Joffre always has two trains standing by with full steam up, since he does not like long journeys by car. These trains are provided with sleepers, a restaurant car. . . .

— The last Zeppelin raid has naturally brought to light a fresh crop of heroes. There is, for instance, the lady who made use of the weary waiting in order to catch up with her correspondence, and the gentleman who generally suffers from insomnia, but who on that particular evening fell asleep at nine-twenty, as soon as the first warning went. There is also the lady who was going away on a journey, but boldly decided to stay and see it through.

— Mentioning the attitude of France, with her stoical endurance of sorrow and sacrifice, Painlevé coined this phrase : "France is under morphia."

## FEBRUARY 1916

— **THE 1ST.** I have been shown an official circular discussing the need for rousing the admiration of the masses towards the army by stories of deeds of heroism. The novelist Henry Bordeaux, now serving as a staff officer, has been deputed to undertake this special function in an army on the French front.

— I was asking Painlevé what he would think of a peace which restored Lorraine to France, but gave self-government to Alsace. A patriotic friend at once burst out : " The Government which accepted that would be dishonoured ! " And I noticed glances of reproof and looks of hatred shot at me from every side.

— Henry Béranger writes : " If the Zeppelins had visited Chantilly instead of killing civilians, what a military disaster it would have been for France ! " Is that exclamation sincere or ironic ? As a matter of fact, the German raids seem to spare Chantilly, just as raids carried out by our own 'planes are said to spare Mezières, where the German G.H.Q. is understood to be.

— Extracts from a letter from Bouttieaux, delivered to me by a soldier who has come home on leave :

" By dint of vast activity the temporary trench works are being transformed into semi-permanent structures. The barrier is becoming impassable. The Germans are doing just as much, if not more.

" The spirit of the troops is remarkable. Food very good and wholesome. No complaints.

" What will be the ultimate result of this strengthening of the lines, which are being made insuperable on both sides ? Nothing at all ! To break through them would necessitate so many favourable conditions that they will never all actually occur at the right time.

" The Germans do not seem either depressed, exhausted, or less numerous. On the contrary, they are attacking.

" My opinion is that we shall have to find some other way and not delude ourselves with the fond hope of breaking through the line and taking advantage of any disorganisation of the enemy.

" The omnipotent artillery destroys everything within reach.

But, at the same time, it cannot destroy the enemy's successive entrenchments. It is compelled to advance, but, in the meantime, the enemy constructs a fresh line.

"The machine-guns in concrete shelters are becoming more and more formidable since they cannot all be destroyed, while those which remain mow down even the most skilfully conducted attacks.

"War is undoubtedly the most fascinating of professions—the only annoying part about it is that one has to kill people."

— I have been told that, in 1912, Joffre remarked : "On the first day of mobilisation, my airships will blow up all the bridges across the Rhine !"

— A newspaper serial : *The Soldiers' Mascot*. This is the third serial by Arnold Galopin about the war.

— I have received further confirmation that at the Élysée lunch of March 21st, 1915, Joffre exclaimed : "In October ? But the war will be finished by the end of June !"

— The 2nd. Lunch at Victor Margueritte's with Accambray. The question was debated whether the origin and conduct of the war does not reveal some obscure Catholic suggestion, conveyed to Castelnau by his father-confessor.

Victor related that Joffre is fond of a sleep after lunch, and that, at once to conceal and facilitate this august siesta, he retreats to his limousine, which proceeds gently through the forest of Chantilly until the general wakes up and taps on the window, whereupon the car returns at full speed.

Accambray and I mentioned that story of Fontainebleau—at the time when we were both there as officer cadets—that Joffre, who was then Instructor of the Course in Permanent Fortification, was discovered lying unconscious in the forest. According to other officers on the staff of the school, he had struck the branch of a tree while riding on horseback. The version of the cadets, however, was that he intended to commit suicide in desperation over a girl who served behind a bookstall, young Mlle. Berlinger, who restricted her favours to the cadets, especially our friend Mailloux ; so Joffre was quite beside himself. One of our luncheon-party accordingly commented : "No doubt about it at all ; he always muddles his offensives."

— Every sitting of the Inventions Commission brings to light a discovery not yet made public—for instance, the grenade-rifle and the caterpillar (an armoured car which can cross trenches).

— When Clemenceau visited the front recently, General Z

refused to allow him to enter the trenches. So Clemenceau, in the general's presence, called up G.H.Q. on the telephone. He found a colonel at the other end of the line, and went on thus : " I am M. Clemenceau. Will you kindly inform General Joffre that, just because General Z never visits the trenches, that is no reason why I should not visit them." Z at once allowed him every facility.

— On Sunday, the 30th January, the audience at the Athenée heard the warning of the approach of Zeppelins, during an interval. They were all aware that, the night before, twenty-six people had been killed. Nevertheless, they all went back to their seats. Fear of public opinion ? Ignorance of the real danger ? Lofty scorn for death ? No theatre dome would have offered any resistance to an eighty-pound bomb dropping from twelve thousand feet. And yet they only cleared the Nouveau Cirque because the dome of that is made of glass.

— One of the young ladies of the Athenée has been given notice by her landlord ; during the night of the 29th January she entertained some Flying officers from Le Bourget ; and there were such goings and comings of cars that the other tenants complained.

— The 4th. Mr. Garrett, Minister Plenipotentiary for the United States, has remarked that America will inevitably break with Germany—which will hasten the end.

— Here is a story which my informant swears to be true, though what specially strikes me is its sly humour. Humbert the Senator, in his paper, the *Journal*, has been carrying on ever since May 1915 a campaign with the slogan : " More guns ! More shells ! " One evening, by an oversight, a compositor made a deplorable mistake. Efforts were made to recall the copies already sent out, but ten thousand of them were already on sale. They contained this slogan : " More guns ! More committees ! "

— The 5th. Accambray is growing quite important. Clemenceau has just consecrated two articles to him, literally made up of portions of Accambray's speech on civil control of the armies. This morning, Capus is comparing him to Robespierre.

— While on the subject of a man's rapid rise to power, I will mention how I met Briand. In 1897, my friend Olivier (injured in the following year by Madame Paulmier, who later became Marquise de Dion) asked me my advice about the purchase of a newspaper. I was in the country at the time. He invited me to lunch, and came to meet me at the Gare de Lyon. On our way, he apologised for having another guest, an obscure sub-editor on *La Lanterne*, whom he felt himself bound to invite since the hare

for our lunch was a present from him and had fallen to his own gun. That was Briand. When we left after lunch, we each took a cab and wished each other good luck.

— An odd result of the Zeppelin raids. The raid took place on a Saturday. On Sunday, truffles had fallen to half their usual price in the markets. The buyers for the leading restaurants calculated they would not be likely to have their ordinary truffle clientèle that evening.

— The 8th. The *Petit Parisien* had not yet copied the *Journal* and the *Matin* in their self-advertising patriotism (the exhibition of atrocities and the monument to Miss Cavell). But now the *Petit Parisien* has just offered to erect a monument to the Zeppelin victims.

— A myth is slowly growing up that we were degenerate before the war. France did nothing but dance the tango. There we have the same old hoary fallacy. A few *thousands* used to dance, but *millions* worked.

— I often hear people say : " We must send a hundred thousand men here ; we must sacrifice two hundred thousand men there. . . ." Such phrases convey no meaning to them ; just figures on paper. To bring them to a precise realisation of their meaning, I would like to compel them to substitute their own name for that word " men." Suppose it is one Martin. I would like to make him say, " a hundred thousand Martins," or " two hundred thousand Martins." Then he would be brought to realise that every one of those men is equivalent to a Martin, places just as much value on his life as Martin does on his. That would make Martin think.

— For the last six hundred days every newspaper has been inculcating hatred of the Germans. It simply oozes out of every line. Yesterday, for instance, the barrister Chenu was denouncing those posters in the Métro, because they suggested to him a " Boche " style. According to him, any man who refuses to offer his seat in the Métro to a lady or a wounded man is of " Boche " origin. Everywhere we have the same campaign. I cannot refrain from setting off against it the narrative published by that Frenchwoman in Germany (August to September 1914). She spoke French in Berlin without the least interference. Can you imagine a woman daring to speak German in Paris ?

— The 9th. The Comédie-Française is going to give performances at the front. What if the Germans flee in headlong panic before this supreme engine of war !

— The Restaurant Henry was taking three thousand francs a



day and serving sixty guests. That figure fell to eight hundred francs after the Zeppelin raids. But that won't last !

— Two ladies at the theatre. The first : " Oh, I must have given a bad impression to your friend, the wife of Colonel X. Discussing the war, I remarked to her that it was lasting a long time. And she overwhelmed me with abuse." The other : " Oh, don't you worry ; it's only because they are ardent patriots. At the beginning of the war they lost their son, killed in action. But, you know, they bore up remarkably well, declaring that you expected such things in time of war. . . ."

— Cadenat, the Deputy, asserts in the Chamber that soldiers are forced to drink rum before an attack. It is quite true ; everyone agrees about that. " Impious allegation ! " angrily exclaims a sub-editor on the *Excelsior*.

— For the anniversary of her wedding, Madame R—— has received a letter from her mother-in-law, a Swiss lady, wishing her " peace and the return of happiness." That phrase, when read out aloud, turned the audience to ice.

— The following parody of a couplet from Victor Hugo has been going the rounds :

*Two years of Spartan war forced Paris' heart,  
Beholding Joffre, to sigh for Bonaparte.*

— The 10th. Visit to the Sûreté Générale. They gave me general information about the pacifist movements. I ran through the file summarising these efforts. They are chiefly in syndicalist meetings where the speakers, who clamour for peace as part of their stock-in-trade, declare that it is not a war of aggression on the part of Germany, that workers in town and country are sacrificing their lives for a mere handful of people, etc. The anarchists especially make violent speeches on this point.

The General Confederation of Labour has split. The majority, led by Jouhaux, support the war. Opposed to it there is a minority led by Merrheim, an interesting man, of whom we shall hear more.

I was shown a letter calling for peace and signed on behalf of a group of workers. It was addressed to Poincaré, who made a marginal note in a nervous handwriting : " See if the signature is genuine."

To sum up, there is considerable feeling which is kept within bounds only by use of the Secret Service funds. One agitation, based on the high cost of living, petered out. But it would only

need some incident, such as a Zeppelin raid involving many victims, to unloose disorder. Especially as, at the other end of the scale, the *Action Française* is trying hard to stir up public opinion with the bogey of German spies. Those two influences might easily meet under one flag : " Treachery."

My attention has been drawn to a considerable number of death sentences for spying. A Greek was denounced by his mistress, who was inspired by pure patriotism. At the same time, after first refusing, she finally consented to receive a reward. In Paris it is especially the neutrals who are prone to spying.

In regard to the people who fled from the invaded territories : they have been very disappointed, since they fancied they were going to be idolised in France and live in luxury on the strength of it. Among the repatriates there are some suspicious cases—for instance, many women who have been in contact with Germans, and have to be watched. Moreover, all these people are ever ready to denounce each other.

— I am reading *Les Amitiés Françaises*, by Barrès, in an attempt to grasp the meaning of nationalism. We see Barrès going walks with his small boy, aged four. He is fond of the little fellow, cuddles him, protects him against draughts, trembles for fear he may catch cold on the train, carefully selects for him favourable climates, such as Lake Lemane or Lake Maggiore. While in Alsace he remarks to him : " You know, don't you, that one day you will have to fight against the Prussians ? " (p. 88). " The one object of your life is Revenge " (p. 92).

I must add that this child was brought up to feel a contemptuous hatred for Germany. The father taught his son that only French dogs had a soul, while German dogs hadn't one—and no more had Germans !

— In May 1915, Edmond Rostand was " Soldiers' Secretary " at Larçor in the Pyrenees. He used to write their letters once a week. He wore a uniform, with the cross of a Commander of the Legion of Honour round his neck, its shield embroidered with a caduceus crossed by a quill.

— A story by the artist C——. An Italian officer was trying to induce his men to advance out of the trenches by sheer eloquence. In fiery language he reminded them of their hereditary foe, of their king hovering over the battlefield in an aeroplane. Then he charged forward, but turned round again to observe that his men were still firmly planted in the trench, applauding his speech with cries of " Bravo, bravo ! "

— On the 17th, in the Chamber, Abel Ferry moved a resolution in favour of an effective control over the Forces. There were about two hundred votes against the Government, which opposed the discussion. In the morning, G.H.Q. had published an ultimatum and declared that it would resign in a body in case the discussion took place.

Painlevé, mentioning these two hundred votes against the Ministry, quaintly remarked : " The fact is, those two hundred votes are exactly the same I had to support me when I was in Opposition."

— A little quarrel in which Accambray involved me. On Sunday the 13th, I was at Serbonnes. He telephoned to me from the Chamber begging me to come back urgently, to help him in an affair of honour. Out of friendship I agreed, while assuring him that I knew nothing about the proper handling of such matters. On the Monday, I went to catch an express at Sens. Accambray was waiting for me at the Gare de Lyon. Victor Margueritte, his other second, joined us there. We dined in a little room in the station restaurant. Accambray gave us all the details. His colleague Daniel-Vincent had returned a letter to him without opening it. He considered himself insulted. Further, they had already had several minor quarrels. In short, on Thursday the 16th, we interviewed Daniel-Vincent's seconds, Maginot and Henri Simon, at the former's house. Maginot had been wounded in the war and was still in bed. The interview was courteous, and the opinion gained ground that it was not worth while fighting a duel. The final word was given by a former Minister who considered the duel untimely in present circumstances, and observed without a trace of irony : " Gentlemen do not fight during war-time."

— Some young Flying officers, returning to Châlons in a car on a dark night, were stopped by an officer wearing a hood, who asked for a lift. So they offered him a seat in the car, soon made friends, and, when putting him down, suggested : " Suppose we went on to see some women ?" The unknown officer replied : " I am a padre."

— I was sent to interview Colonel Appert, who is on the technical side in Albert Thomas's department, and met there one of his colleagues, Bourey, who showed me some German patents of 1913 in which the method of using flame-throwers was expounded at great length, complete with figures. I am not quite sure which is the more astonishing, the fact that the Germans

revealed these inventions in advance, or the fact that we raised no outcry about them in 1913. . . .

— Remark by the mother of a soldier who has been wounded in the leg and gone back to his native village : " It's not his leg which worries me, it's his head ; he's beginning to *think*."

— Police action against suspects is till proceeding. One of his customers remarked to a hairdresser that both conquerors and conquered will be equally ruined. It happened that a detective inspector was having a shave there. Information was laid against the customer. Fine of three hundred francs.

— A random reminiscence. At school they used to make us sing in chorus the song " Queen of the world, O France, O my country. . . ." So, clearly, we were brought up on the idea that France reigned over the world. And yet the idea of German ascendancy is denounced as a monstrous innovation. . . . I swear that posterity will consider us insane. At least, I hope they will, for their own sakes.

— When one deplors the war, small shopkeepers, spoon-fed by their newspapers, will reply : " Ah ! it's because the Treaty of Frankfort was coming to an end."

— The 21st. Soldiers deputed to " clean up " trenches are selected from among those who have been given sentences by courts martial, are kept under close guard for several days before the attack, and are given plenty of food and drink.

— The 22nd. Still bad news from Verdun, where the enemy is making progress. The *communiqué* makes only a slight reference to it.

— When they do not like an officer in G.H.Q. they send him to a " hot " sector.

— What innate clumsiness the regular officers show in the management of men ! Here is the case of an old farmer and his wife who are not strong enough to do all their work. Their son is in the 1916 class. The authorities have, it is true, sent him back to the land on " agricultural leave," but to work with strangers in a remote department.

— A photograph from the *Excelsior*. Some small boys, just out of school, are carrying haversacks for soldiers marching by. The caption reads : " This is the 1927 class." Thus they are gladly infusing the war spirit into the younger generation, at the very time when they are pretending elsewhere that they are fighting for a *lasting* peace.

— In middle-class families the forthcoming offensive is awaited

with calm and confidence. The previous offensive, they assure each other, failed only by a hair's breadth. The next will succeed.

— Someone was describing to a "good Frenchman" the crash of a Zeppelin at Revigny. He was quite perturbed. But when they went on to describe the thirty German corpses, bare and scorched, he heaved a sigh of comfort and satisfaction, exclaiming, "Good!" He was afraid the crew might not have been killed.

— The 24th. In the House of Commons the English Labour members are demanding peace. The newspapers mention the lonely voices as "inspiring more pity than anger." In deprecating such peace suggestions, the political leaders declared, amid cheering, that they cannot contemplate it as long as the Germans are in Belgium, in France, etc. There is a deliberate evasion in thus reducing the problem to such simple terms, when they can and certainly ought to approach it from a different angle. Have not the Allies, even now, already secured sufficient territorial gains to bargain with?

— Still the incessant bombardment around Verdun. I am thinking of the slaughter.

— I am told that the Grand-Bazar in the Rue de Rennes has sold a million more articles in 1915 than it did in 1913—such things as scent and fancy underwear. That is the result of high wages, which allow the working classes to indulge in luxuries.

## MARCH 1916

— THE 6TH. On my return from Serbonnes, I hear some details about Verdun. The Higher Command meant at first to surrender the town. Their reasons : we have our back to the Meuse ; there are four bridges which the Germans can destroy whenever they want ; Verdun, a heap of ruins, would then lie beyond reach of our supply columns ; so we might just as well abandon this salient and rectify the line.

Briand rushed to Chantilly. He shouted : “ If you surrender Verdun, you will be cowards, cowards ! And you needn’t wait till then to hand in your resignation. If you abandon Verdun, I sack you all on the spot ! ”

Later, Poincaré went to Verdun ; there, the staff officers played on his feelings so successfully that, on his return, at the Cabinet meeting on Saturday, the 4th March, when he was still under the military influence, he asserted that they intended to keep Verdun for “ political ” reasons. Some Ministers vehemently protested, whereupon Poincaré allowed himself to admit that he was using this word in its broadest sense.

In a word, G.H.Q., turning from extreme optimism to extreme panic, meant to surrender Verdun ; but, with a remnant of their inveterate cunning, they intended to manœuvre the Government into giving the order.

The mysterious readiness to surrender the place explains their rapid withdrawal at the beginning, when they abandoned vast stores of material, especially barbed wire, of which we are now very short.

One of the great difficulties of the defence of Verdun is that it is served by only a single railway track. The attention of the General Staff was frequently drawn to this danger. Their reply was : It would take two years to lay a second line. To-day, under the pressure of events, these same gentlemen are promising to double the track in two months.

So the General Staff, I asked somebody, had no suspicion that in face of this disaster it would be turned out ? He replied : “ Even in their panic they are still imbeciles ! ”

— It is said that Galliéni insisted that his three Under-Secretaries should give an account every evening of how they had spent their day. They threatened to resign.

— Certain devout hospital nurses are saying : " We are very happy. For a long time General Castelnau has been urging Joffre to make his confession. At last he has agreed and done so. So now we are sure of victory."

— Some day we shall certainly look back and agree that there was a definite and separate *fashion* during the war. Not merely one which was a continuation of pre-war fashions, but an entirely distinct one, giving women the appearance of shop-girls out on the spree, with short flared skirts, high heels, neat little hats with a peak, and low-cut blouses. And it is a fashion followed not only by a few foreigners and ladies of easy virtue, but by hundreds of thousands of women. People defend them with the phrase : " It's all good for trade." Very well, then ! That merely proves that frivolity and display have resumed their rights and made people forget the war !

— Recently the Chief of Police and the Commissioner of the Sûreté Générale were informed that they must wait on the Minister of the Interior at his office. He came in and ordered them to trace and arrest two hundred people for spreading alarmist rumours and false news. They tracked them down.

— The 7th. At the Cabinet meeting Galliéni wanted to hand in his resignation. He declared that he was ill, and supported his claim by the evidence of five doctors. At a meeting at six in the evening it was agreed that the resignation should be postponed. But the situation remains uncertain.

— The 8th. Briand mentioned Lyautey as a substitute for Galliéni. He had thought of Barthou, but declares that the latter would refuse. Against Lyautey there is the question of his deafness, the gap he would leave in Morocco, and his membership of the Academy, which gives him a link with Poincaré.

Briand also remarks that G.H.Q. is once more suggesting a counter-offensive at Verdun.

— The ingenious suggestion has also been made of appointing Joffre to the Ministry for War. But no one welcomes the idea of appointing Pétain to be C.-in-C., because they fear it might lead to a political upheaval and they prefer to see him leading armies in the field.

— The 8th. Victor Margueritte declares that the Censor has suppressed an article by a German military critic, who expressed

regret therein that the French and Germans were not Allies, since they would have the world at their feet.

— Richard informs me that women spies have no difficulty in getting round our Flying officers, whom they question about new machines and proposed raids. Richard invites these young men to come and talk to him, when he points out the danger of these liaisons. But all of them are so proud of their powers of fascination that they swear that they are loved for their own sakes, and that their mistresses are the straightest women in the world.

He also relates the following grim story. A spy was being executed at Lyons. The crowd was kept off the place of execution by a ring of soldiers. When the condemned arrived, in the escort of two policemen, the latter, of course, had their special pass, but the spy had not. So the soldiers tried to prevent them passing through. For ten minutes the point was argued. In vain did the spy lay stress upon his rights and privileges. . . .

— A certain hairdresser has two brothers in the army, one a machine-gunner and the other a bandsman. He declares that they are both equally useful, since bandsmen will be necessary for the march into Berlin. That is the attitude of mind inspired and maintained by the Press.

— The 14th. With Colonel M—— at the Restaurant Prunier. He declares that the Germans will capture Verdun if they are ready to pay the price, and that their failure to capture Rheims, Soissons, and Arras is due only to their refraining from using their full strength. He assures me that, for the last two months, Galliéni's state of health has undermined his efficiency. Apart from that, his appearance before the Parliamentary Committees has been a great annoyance to him.

Later, M—— told some stories about soldiers from the South. For instance, about the soldier who made the magnificent excuse : " I was alone. There were forty thousand of them. What would you have done in my place ? "

M—— admits that Joffre guzzles like an ogre and sleeps like a child.

— The 14th. One more general who is hard on the General Staff. He inveighs against their excessive allowances, against the enormous privileges which war offers to the army chiefs. He declares that the Higher Command is intoxicated by the sudden and unlimited omnipotence it has attained. The attitude of the General Staff he regards as an attempt to revenge themselves for the Dreyfus case. He regards these generals as mere Jesuits. He



regrets their hatred for the English, which he explains on grounds of religion ; for the English are Protestants.

— At midnight I was informed that General Roques would be appointed to the War Office. His name is by no means familiar to the masses or to the world at large. And, besides, Roques is only a second edition of Joffre.

— The 15th. I have been told that Briand does not want to go to the Ministry for War because he is certain that Rumania will come in and he is anxious to be at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs when that occurs, so that he may claim the credit for it.

— Reinach writes in the *Figaro* that war is a noble art. What ! an art !—and noble !—to kill human beings ?

— The historian Aulard, who declares that he is inspired by the pure revolutionary ideal, writes on the same date in the *Journal*, in discussing the Germans : “ We must kill them, kill as many as possible ! ”

— I am still puzzled by the distortion of people’s minds. An ardent pacifist, who served in the office in Berne, told me that he wanted a long war, a crushing war—and he grew pale and trembling at the mere idea of peace.

— Painlevé, whom I saw on the 11th, admitted that there are profound disagreements between Galliéni (who is really ill) and Joffre. He quoted a remark of Joffre’s about the future appointment of Galliéni and the selection of a successor for the Ministry for War. It is a historic remark : “ At all costs, we must not have a general ! ”

— They are complaining in the newspapers that France is not making enough use of her inventive genius. Madame R— remarks that the only inventive people are the editors of the *communiqués*. Her mother suggests that the *Communiqué* Department should be attached to the Inventions Commission.

— Mentioning Joffre’s passion for sleep, R— relates that one of his friends has given him the following story : A general was making a serious and urgent report to Joffre. As he reached his conclusion, Joffre woke up and stammered out the words : “ Well, well, well, sir, what is the object of your visit ? ”

— How heroes are made. An officer of the reserve fell off his horse twelve miles behind the line. He broke his little finger and had himself taken back to Paris. In all good faith, his story was transformed little by little. His horse fell, it is true—that was because it was weak in the foreleg. And it was weak in the foreleg because, long ago, it had been struck in the chest by a shell

fragment. You may imagine how this story was remodelled. After a few months, it portrayed him as a hero blown from his horse at the moment when it was struck by a shell.

— Drivers of lorries in the Verdun supply column declare that sometimes it gives them considerable difficulty to avoid running over soldiers who are looking for an accident. "Won't you just break a leg for me, old chap?"

— In his speech on the 17th, Ribot remarked: "We are just coming within sight of the end of the war." That sentence has had an immense publicity. I have heard it spelled out by housekeepers—in the streets, in stations. In Munich they put it on the posters. Even five days later, people are still ringing me up to ask my opinion about it. It has thrown both camps into confusion. Those who are waiting for an assurance of peace and those who fear the threat of peace.

— The 22nd. It is said that the position of Joffre has been strengthened by the appointment of Roques. Madame X—remarks: "He is now as firm as a Roques."

— There is a theory which runs as follows: Granting the absence of heavy artillery at the beginning of the war, we ought to have made bolder moves—or more cautious ones. I must observe that if you adopt the theory of unprovoked German aggression, that question cannot possibly arise.

— Someone told Tristan Bernard that a general had been shot. He exclaimed: "Down with smug optimism!"

— It is only fair to note that at the Reichstag sitting on the 23rd March there were some Socialists, like Haase, who made such remarks as "the massacre of the people"; "there will be neither conquerors nor conquered" (that remark aroused shouts of execration, according to the reports); "we Socialists who denounce the war." Still, that is the first Parliament among the warring nations which has heard the echo of such brave utterances.

— A story from Tristan, not yet published at the moment when he told it me over the telephone. Two soldiers were assisting in the Mass. They had no experience in the duties of acolytes. So the soldier who was holding the flagons was heard to ask the other: "Tell me, old chap, which one do you begin with? The water or the red ink?"

— Caillaux wants to raise a question—with full panoply of documents—in the Chamber on the question of heavy artillery. He will, I understand, show the Deputies the danger, both for

## MARCH 1916

them and for the Ministry, of the legend that Parliament refused the financial provision demanded for this purpose by the Higher Command. And he will prove the falsity of that myth.

— The Allied Conference lasted throughout the 27th and the 28th March. On the first evening Briand was delighted, so I hear, by the unexpected results, and he foresaw the end of the war at an early date.

On the second evening, Painlevé did not receive the same impression. Certainly Briand told him that everything had gone well. But somebody informed Painlevé that the Italians had displayed considerable cunning, trying to impose their own conditions, and putting off their declaration of war against Germany. Roques reports the same impression.

— Vast reinforcements of Australian soldiers on their way from Egypt. Laughing giants. But I picture their skeletons with grinning teeth. . . .

— The Allied Conference, I understand, has fixed the minimum peace conditions, especially in regard to Constantinople.

— Somebody expressed regret that the Prince of Serbia was not invited to this Conference, although he was in Paris. The comment was that he was so busy that he hardly had time even to see his mistress. So, of course . . .

— Here is a little joke on the mentions in despatches. What is the difference between a Chinese vase and an officer of the General Staff? None at all. Both are decorated before undergoing fire.

— Allegations have been made against German agents in America of putting into consignments of oats for the Allies tiny spikes intended to pierce the entrails of horses, and of putting fish-hooks into tinned foods which are also sent from America.

On the Inventions Commission, three separate enquiries, conducted in a scientific spirit, have been held on these allegations. The spikes seem to be the ends of horseshoe nails, which the farriers snap off to release the point. As a matter of fact, the spike fits closely to the nail. The problem is whether ill-disposed persons have really made use of these pieces of scrap metal. As for the fish-hooks, those, apparently, are merely metal shavings which have come loose inside the tins.

— The 31st. The Press still mention "French soldiers" as if they were a special caste. Do they forget that they are talking about ordinary peasants torn from the land, and that the young soldiers called up since the war were given only a few months'

training? Thus, in any case, they are not regular soldiers. The French soldier is merely a peasant in a steel helmet.

— Briand, feeling tired, remarked: "Oh, I wish I were a general, so that I could get some sleep!"

— Briand also suggests that the Censor's Department should adopt the motto: "Two weights, two measures, and a pair of scissors."

— That poster: "Silence!" etc., simply haunts me. Certainly one must keep silent. But here we are—reduced to the vegetable kingdom! A race of turnips! Oh! everywhere you look, you see nothing but degeneration!

## APRIL 1916

— THE 2ND. Sunday in the Bois de Boulogne. Real summer weather. And a real holiday crowd. In fact there were some side-paths near the lakes where the people simply trod on each others' heels as if in a theatre queue. From Neuilly all the way to Saint-Cloud, not a single corner without visitors.

— The 5th. A fanciful notion : that Joffre was really killed in the Battle of the Marne ; but they managed to dig out an old artillery storekeeper who looked like him, and is now doing his job !

— Dr. W—— declares that our generals were men of war in time of peace, but are men of peace in time of war.

— One of the comic inventions brought to light is that which proposes to divert the Rhine into the Danube. Thus it will be easier for us to cross. Some wit has referred to it as "a little operation in Rhinoplasty."

— The 7th. Doumer is said to have discussed in Russia the question of the Russian contingents in France. Russia, I gather, promised one brigade for each army. The first has already left.

— I must emphasise, in season and out of season, the miasma of mendacity exuded by the Press—those dogmatic utterances, those ridiculous exaggerations, those guilty suppressions. I ought to quote examples. But they will be exposed in good time ; we shall bring them face to face, when it is all over, with the naked truth.

— The Censor has blacked out a whole article in the *Excelsior* by a gossip writer who is more of a Poincaré than Poincaré himself. The article was entitled, I am told, "Let us Prepare for Peace." It dealt with the problem of setting in motion again the whole mechanism of commerce and industry, the arts, and the protective tariffs. An orthodox proposal, surely. But the Censor suppressed it because it even contemplated peace. That is a word the Censor hates to see. It is an attitude which still puzzles me. For if the rumour is true that the diplomatic Briand is keeping an eye open for the psychological moment to propose peace, what is the point of blindfolding public opinion to the possibility, instead of preparing its mind to receive it ?

— Some newspaper serials : *The Alsatian Girl's Lover*, *Manly Hearts*, *Vermin of the World* (German spies).

— The 9th. The National-Socialists have come together again. Thanks to Sembat and Thomas, they have decided, by 1,900 votes to 900, not to attend the International Congress. "A good day's work," the orthodox patriots comment, "since that will prevent them coming to an understanding and indulging in peace talk."

— The 10th. The Prefect of the Department of the Aube declares that in Troyes soldiers coming back from the front on leave display the same attitude as Colonial troops on furlough, namely, an insatiable thirst for unlimited pleasure. And this feverish desire is penetrating the whole town.

— There is a proposal to put the clocks on by an hour, so that the working day may be better adjusted to the solar day, thus economising artificial light. No doubt the chief resistance will come from the electric supply companies, since the reduction of current would mean less profits for them. We have also to reckon with the ardent patriot, who hates to think that he is following Central European time—Berlin time !

— Frequenters of the cinema observe that scenes from the front are received in silence. While on the subject of the cinema, we may observe that half Paris rushed to see an American film, *The Mysteries of New York*, which lasted for months. Over the dinner-table people spoke of the heroes of these adventures as if they were old acquaintances.

— The 11th. Accambray now believes that the war will last two whole years. It seems that it is essential for the remoulding of Europe. Victory must rest with the side which can endure suffering the longer. I objected that France, where the birth-rate has dropped by half since the war, is bleeding to death.

— The Briand circle is talking of an offensive in July. Even if they won, they would refuse any peace offers at the present moment. For, apparently, reprisals are essential.

— In his speech to the French Parliamentarians, Asquith outlines conditions of a victorious peace which are by no means severe : "We must prepare the way for an international system assuring equal rights to all civilised countries. . . . Settle international problems by negotiations conducted on a footing of equality. . . . Such settlements must not be hampered by the pressure of a Government controlled by a military caste. . . ."

This moderate attitude has annoyed the reactionary Press.

— The 12th. G.H.Q. defends itself against the reproach of not having constructed enough railways. It declares that the Government refused to supply trucks. In point of fact, Ribot refused to order trucks from abroad in order to economise our gold resources. The Censor has suppressed the minute of G.H.Q. justifying its position.

— The 14th. Maginot and Violette, the Deputies, have secured the rejection—as being too moderate—of the proposal to reduce the age limit for generals.

— When German officers escape, *La Liberté* comments : “ There you are ! That was bound to happen. They insolently complained of having to live under the same roof as their own men.” And yet the same issue of this newspaper applauded “ The brave French officers who have just given the Boches the slip.”

— Barthou remarks that Briand cannot hold on, that we must have some men of action. Barthou reviewed possible Premiers and abruptly interjected the question : “ What would you think of me ? ”

— C—— has tried to persuade the philosopher Bergson to write a letter to Balfour suggesting that the present Allies should at once form a confederation to come into force when peace is declared. Bergson seemed attracted by the idea.

— The 16th. At a lunch given to the Allied delegates to the Inventions Commission, I mentioned to Painlevé that this was a favourable opportunity for Briand to make a speech on the lines of Asquith's. He warmly supported the suggestion.

— *Le Journal* draws attention to a message from the Pope to the Jews in America, in which he declares that it is time for mankind to return to the path of Christian love. Is he going to fulfil his proper rôle as the herald of peace ?

— After the war, people who read the articles about high taxation and heavy cost of living will picture severe and widespread popular hardship. But, in fact, in this present spring of 1916, there is no external indication of such hardship. Direct observation, comments by business people and servants, and all those who are in contact with the suffering classes, reveal a spirit of resignation with almost no complaints, a tedious trial borne without rebellion. All the restaurants, from the humblest to the most luxurious, present an astonishing impression of good living, unperturbed plenty, Rabelaisian gluttony. But are there many hidden sorrows ? Nothing betrays them to the listening ear. Doubtless they are solitary, silent, and obscure. And also, of

course, the separation allowances serve to assuage a good deal of rebellious feeling.

— On the Quai d'Orsay, Bouttieaux and I met Captain Ménard, a flying officer who has just escaped from Ingolstadt, with Lieutenant Pinsard. For two and a half minutes the sentries on their beat had their backs turned to them. In that space of time they crossed the moat. This feat failed the first time. Ménard alone got through. They made use of a ladder, six yards long, put together from the floorboards of a bath-room. They had skeleton keys for all the locks. Both of them disguised themselves as tramps, travelling by night, and sleeping during the day in the woods. They carried food for a fortnight with them. They found their way by means of a small-scale map and a compass, following the Danube. Ménard told me that he had read many of my books at Ingolstadt, where reading was their only recreation.

— The Germans announce that they made 38,000 prisoners at Verdun. An official French report denies this, declaring that the total of killed, prisoners, and missing did not reach that figure. The Germans offer to publish the names of the 38,000. . . .

— Dinner with the inventor Torrès and the author Ibañez, both Spaniards. Ibañez, who has travelled through Germany and Turkey, declares that Turkey is not at the beck and call of the Germans, but is confident that she will throw off the yoke.

— Madame Guillaumet, and Madame R—— with her sister, went to consult Freya, the most intelligent fortune-teller in town, who makes three hundred francs a day at ten francs an interview. Not one of these three ladies enquired when the war would finish.

— Tristan mentioned to me the case of a very under-sized schoolmaster, who declares that we shall turn the Germans out "with one mighty heave."

— Some of those who have lost a son in the war seem to feel less grief than if they had lost him in time of peace. The patriots admire this stoicism ; they call it "showing pluck."

— A rupture between America and Germany is still expected—a break which would settle the attitude of other neutrals such as Spain and Scandinavia. But nobody discusses it as if it were an affair of very great importance. That is one of the results of this spiritual lassitude which even blunts the edge of sorrow.

— Every day two thousand soldiers write letters from the front confessing that they are tired of the war.

— The patriots are rubbing their hands over the following



brutal story. A little girl's father was killed, while her uncle was not in the army. So she remarked : " Oh, I would much rather be in papa's place than uncle's ! "

— My cousin J. B., who is very religious, has had her son killed at Douaumont. He was a Flying-officer observer. In a letter she has sent me, her grief is curiously blended with the thorough-going views of the reactionaries : " Nobody saw and nobody foresaw anything ! If they had, our brave children would not have been killed after twenty months of war."

— Jacques G——, seconded for duty as inspector with the Sûreté Générale, is keeping a watch on Indians in Paris. There are wealthy native Princes who are trying to foment a rising in their country. Cases of arms destined for India have already been seized in France. And I have heard of an Indian Princess who is being closely watched by a woman police spy specially placed in the hotel as chambermaid.

— Belliculturists : the photographers who offer " enlargements " of dead soldiers' portraits.

— Newspaper serial title : *The Devil's Own*.

— The 27th Production of *Thirty Years of the Stage*, at Ménilmontant. A local audience. The actor Lucien Guitry recited a poem overflowing with abuse of Prussia, full of the " red-white-and-blue " and the " Marseillaise." The whole poem was listened to in a deathly silence. And Guitry, in the wings, muttered angrily : " You brutes, you rotters, you cads. . . ! "

— At the Boulevard cinemas, it is only on the fashionable day, Friday, the day when the middle-classes go, that generals and patriotic films are cheered.

## MAY 1916

— THE 2ND. About the 15th December, 1915, Galliéni sent round a minute complaining that the particular functions of the Ministry, the Government, and the Higher Command, are not clearly defined. He was anxious that each should keep to its own province. His annoyance on this point, as well as on the general misunderstanding of Joffre's appointment as C.-in-C., may possibly have something to do with his present resignation. It is said that Poincaré put his copy of this minute in his pocket and never said a word about it.

— A visit by Combes, Minister of State, now eighty, to the armies. He stubbornly repeated to everyone that he had been a captain in the Garde Nationale in 1870.

Clemenceau also paid a visit. When they tried to prevent his going into the trenches, he retorted : " What of it ! How long have I got to live ! Perhaps four or five years ! And in failing health. . . Besides, such a lot of people would be glad if anything happened to me ! "

Clemenceau came upon an advanced outpost who enjoined him : " Keep quiet ! " The soldier was informed : " This is Clemenceau." His reply was : " Ho, ho ! So it's Clemenceau, is it ? Very well, let him keep quiet all the same ! " This same outpost related that he was only five yards away from his opposite number in the German lines : " For the last few days he's had a cold. He's been coughing all the time. But now he's getting better ! "

— The 3rd. Viviani and Thomas are off to Russia. One would like to think that Viviani's object is to engage in preliminary peace discussions.

— The function of Thomas in Russia is to stimulate production of war material which has been held up by strikes. Viviani is expected to use his influence with the Tsaritsa against the Germanophil tendencies of the priest Rasputin.

— Tristan has a good yarn about this priest. Rasputin went to visit the Grand Duke Nicholas in Poland. " The Virgin appeared to me on Wednesday night. She told me to visit the Grand Duke

and urge him to come to terms with the powerful and invincible Germans." The Grand Duke retorted : " Oh, well, I also had a visit from the Virgin on Thursday night. And she told me that I was going to be visited by a dirty monk and that I ought to kick him out ! "

— An officer has remarked to me that when he reached Paris he had exactly the same impression of a holiday atmosphere that he used to have long ago when he came back on leave from campaigns in the Colonies. At Armenonville, where he had lunch on the 30th April, they served six hundred meals.

— Every day the Press gives out a little pinch of military information. In this twenty-second month of the war, I pick out the following gem : " The Governor of Paris draws attention to the fact that only re-enlisted N.C.O.s are allowed to wear metal numerals, while others must wear cloth numerals. Commanding Officers are requested to see that these orders are strictly observed." We are saved !

— The 4th. Berthelot still foresees eighteen months of war. Crozier has brought back from England the same impression.

— I mentioned to Trarieux my idea of consulting people in high places about the date when hostilities would be suspended. He replied that I must ask Joffre, Briand, and Berthelot.

— Captain Ménard had lunch with Madame R——. He described his escape. The newspapers have published his account. But they have not mentioned certain ruses, since that would give the game away. For instance, the fellow prisoners of Ménard and Pinsard drenched their personal belongings and bedding with eau-de-Cologne, so as to remove their natural odour and thus throw off the scent the bloodhounds employed by the Germans in tracking down escaped prisoners. A poacher told them that the best way to throw hounds off the scent, once they were on the trail, was to sprinkle pepper behind them and smear their soles with garlic. They used these methods with success. Pinsard, on his previous attempt to escape by jumping off a moving train, had been found in a copse by a little girl—for the Germans set school-children as well on the track of escaped prisoners. He spared her life and so was recaptured. This time they had several alarms. The very moment they got outside the fortress a man spoke to them. They did not know German. So Pinsard replied quite at random with a " *Ja !* " This reply seemed to stupefy the man. Later, during some cavalry manœuvres, German troops entered the wood where they were hidden. A horse even neighed. On the

Swiss frontier, at night, a German sentry approached them. They meant to sell their lives dearly. But he merely put down his gun and relieved himself. He thus escaped death by a hair's-breadth without knowing it. At the first Swiss station buffet they ate up all the rolls provided for the early breakfast. The buffet attendant said to them : " Have you just come from Germany ? " At Geneva they received a curt welcome at the French Consulate. In the end, they were taken back to Annemasse, on French soil. And there they embraced each other.

I went with Ménard to the Air Force office. On leaving me, he begged me to use my influence to secure the Croix de Guerre . . . for Pinsard.

— Poincaré paid a visit to the hospital run by Madame X—. The evening before, the official who deals with ceremonial arrangements went to survey the scene. The staircase is on the *left* of the drive. So he declared that the President would leave his car at the bottom of the drive, since he could not possibly step out of his car except on the *right*. And yet this is the twenty-second month of war !

— There is strenuous opposition to Summer Time. England, Germany, and Austria have adopted it. The striking reflection is that, in the Revolution, they changed *all* the weights and measures in a trice.

— A sergeant tells me that Lieutenant P—, who comes from his part of the country and is a butcher by trade, knifed the wounded Germans in front of their trench, came back with his hands red with blood, and remarked : " That will put them out of their misery ! "

Mentioning the newspapers, this sergeant remarked : " The only truth they print is in the serial."

— Some large hotels in the Champs-Élysées, which have been used as hospitals, are now re-opening.

— May 9th. There has been published in the Yellow Book a report by Cambon, our Ambassador, which drew attention before the war to the warlike intentions of Germany. But one passage has been suppressed. That is a conversation between the King of the Belgians and the Kaiser, in which the latter mentioned France's determination to make war—a determination expressed in our national re-awakening and in the election of Poincaré as President. The latter is well aware of the existence of this document.

— May 10th. At the Hôtel Meurice, Messimy, Minister for War, and Tardieu, the Deputy, were lunching at a table next to ours.

We had a little chat after lunch. They have both come from the front. What impresses them in the rear sections is the existence of two groups—those who express smug optimism, and those who are complete pessimists. Truth lies half way between the two opinions. However, they are shocked by the gang of optimists—those who guzzle truffles and exclaim : “ Just look what a stubborn resistance we are making—what heroes we are ! ” My two friends demand still further industrial effort.

Messimy told me that in Amiens someone remarked to him that I was writing a book about hospital nurses. I assured him that I do not intend to publish anything during the war and that I am confining my efforts to the present notes.

— The newspapers have printed only the heroic soldiers' letters. Here are two of a different type. I guarantee their authenticity. The first proceeds : “ The weather is fine here. It is sad to think about death when you're in good health. What's the good of it all ? What's the point of the wholesale wiping out of masses of decent fellows who only want to live peacefully with their families ? It's the madness, the wickedness, and the idiocy of a minority which is oppressing the masses—set of sheep that we are ! ”

The second reads : “ Easter. Snow. Shells ; a hundred in five minutes. Our meal : one sardine and a couple of biscuits. Men fight for the water in the shell-holes. It is quite yellow with gunpowder. You have to let it settle down in a mess-tin before drinking it. All the same, we like it, since we're dying of thirst. We're in Caillette Wood ; torn-up trees, not a single leaf, not one blade of grass. Nothing but arms, legs, trunks, rifles. It is frightful. Never could I have imagined anything like it. I shall never forget it. We've been a fortnight like that. I tell you frankly—if the civilians could see their sons in this condition they'd soon clamour for peace.”

— Have I mentioned the story of the little actress taken by a Parisian publisher into the trenches ? They brought before her a German prisoner. She overwhelmed him with insults until he interrupted in a plebeian accent which defies representation : “ Oh ! Shut up, I say, I've had about enough ! ” He was a soldier they had disguised as a prisoner just to do the honours to the young lady.

— In their letters, the troops mention the dangers they are running. The necessity of boasting of their bravery is stronger than their concern to spare their families anxiety.

— May 10th. *Le Matin* is describing the origin of the trouble

over Verdun as it was told me in March. The article seems to aim at the glorification of Castelnau and the exposure of Joffre. People are astonished that the Censor let it through. The general belief is that it is paving the way for Castelnau to step into the shoes of Joffre. Such are the interests which take precedence of all others in time of war !

— A second-lieutenant, who served at the Dardanelles, declares that General B—— offered a couple of francs to a soldier if he would climb up on to the trench parapet. He did so, and was instantly shot.

— A word about the article in the *Matin* on the beginning of the Verdun incident. A memorandum sent out by the Ministry of the Interior, but obviously inspired by Joffre's underlings, protests against the proposal of G.H.Q. to retire behind the Meuse.

— A poster on a wall at Serbonnes announces a sale of farm stock consequent upon death. It is the epilogue to one of the countless tragedies of the war. The farmer was killed at the front, his wife drowned herself. They left three little children. The farm is being sold up.

— Poincaré has delivered a fighting speech at Nancy, in which he lays down that Germany must *beg* for peace not *offer* it. Boutroux, of the Academy, in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, supports this view. The editor of *La Liberté* praises both the speech and the article : " The very word peace will sound preposterous from a German mouth so long as that mouth has teeth." It is an inevitable rule that the more reactionary a man is the more he craves for war.

— The 15th. Clemenceau in the Senate and Maginot in the Chamber are threatening to bring to light documents so sensational as to make the Government and the Higher Command jump out of their skins.

— The 16th. A telephone conversation with Accambray. The Army Committee met on Saturday, the 13th. Tardieu denied that he wrote the article about Verdun in the *Matin*. Briand and Roques were questioned about the source of the article. Briand denied that he inspired it. He accused the Censor, threatened penalties, made a great display of indignation, and submerged the Committee under floods of eloquence.

Accambray believes that the Censor quailed before the influence of an important paper, and that really Briand is not at all sorry that it slipped through.

Summing up the whole situation, he declares that authority

has been placed in the hands of men not actually in command (Pétain), while the titular chiefs (Joffre) do not exercise their power.

— An example of febrile obsession, of distorted mentality. B——, who was trained at the School of Engineering, entered the Ministry of the Interior. It was at his house that I met Léon Bourgeois, Sarrien, and Poidatz, editor of the *Matin*. He is fortunate in having only one son at the front. He is clever and artistic. Believing that the German submarines were laying mine-fields, he drew up a memorandum which he sent round to ship-owners for confirmation. Thereupon, the whole Press, from the *Temps* to the *Action Française*, let loose a cloud of loathsome suspicions : " This fellow has tried to exculpate the Boche submarines. He has secured information which does not come through the newspapers. . . . " In vain did he reply that, on the contrary, he was blackening the case of the German submarines, which his argument proved responsible even for the mining of ships where the cause was not apparent. In vain did he indicate the source of every item of his information, which was all taken from the newspapers. In vain did he adopt a tone of pathos, indignantly protesting his honesty. With the connivance of political passion (for he is a civil servant) he has been submerged beneath the floods of injustice and madness.

— Pierre Loti still fancies that he is the victim of the military caste. He was serving under Pétain. He received orders, signed by Joffre, to report for duty to the Minister. So he got into touch with his fellow-members of the Academy, Poincaré and Deschanel, and sent a friend of his twice to see Briand in his effort to discover the source of this laconic dismissal. Joffre or Pétain ? In the Hall of the Palais d'Orsay, towards ten in the evening, he asked me to ring up Painlevé and get to the bottom of the mystery, since Painlevé is bound to meet these two generals at a sitting of the Defence Committee. The next morning, the 17th, Painlevé promised me that he would look into it. Judging from remarks he had heard at a Cabinet meeting, he had a shrewd idea that Pétain was at the bottom of it all. And that annoyed Loti intensely. For Pétain said to him, on his leaving Verdun, " You shall remain with me if you want. You are perfectly welcome here." And had he already signed Loti's dismissal when he said that ? . . . Oh ! Loti strongly suspected it. Indeed, he went on, " That fellow has the evil eye."

— The Est and Nord stations provide a stage for the most pathetic scenes : a father seeing off his second-lieutenant son ;

two friends, who cannot bear to be separated, embrace each other, say good-bye, then embrace again. Or perhaps some R.S.M. with his *fiancée*, sitting on a bench, their hands entwined, their thoughts far away. . . . It is in such stations, perhaps, that the most terrible tragedies are enacted. It is there that loving souls are torn apart, there that we see the outward and visible symbol of the sundering of hearts—perhaps for ever. The dead know not that they are dead. The anguish that lives after death is that of the survivors. And it is there, in these stations, that one sees the severance of the doomed and their mourners.

— Once again France is saved ! Military Police, posted in the streets, are forbidding any man in military uniform to read a newspaper.

— The 19th. The epilogue to the Loti incident. Briand met Joffre and Castelnau at the Cabinet meeting held at Chantilly on the 17th May, when they came to decisions about the offensive. He made the two generals tie knots in their handkerchiefs, just to remind them to appoint Loti to the staff of Franchet d'Esperey !

— One of our friends has found, at an autograph dealer's, a letter from Marcel Prévost to Henry Houssaye. Prévost is replying to criticisms made by Houssaye after reading *M. and Madame Moloch*, Prévost's novel about Germany. In this letter, written just after the publication of the novel, Prévost frankly declares that he definitely desires a war of revenge.

— Joffre has just made a further statement to Colonel Gamelin (May 22nd) that the war will be over next October. Joffre is really incurable.

— Clemenceau declares that we cannot make a really effective offensive before 1917, owing to the delay caused by the Irish Rebellion, the Russian strikes, and the Austro-German attacks.

— The 23rd. For the first time, Wilson is discussing arbitration, since neither side can win.

— The 23rd. A majority of the Chamber seems determined to have a secret session. The Government, I gather, will refuse it.

— In the Senate, on the Army Committee, Briand told Clemenceau that he has created diplomatic difficulties on the front. When Clemenceau visited the English forces, he reproached their C.-in-C. for not having delivered an attack in accordance with the orders of Joffre. The English general complained to his Government, since he is not under the orders of Joffre.

— A certain woman has borne a child to an English soldier.



And she sobs out the words : " Poor little baby ! . . . Just to think that I shall not understand a word he says ! "

— A certain Minister has remarked, very naïvely, " Fortunately, our enemies are divided." But he was speaking of the enemies of the Ministry.

— The 23rd. Raffin-Dugens read out in the Chamber a paper on the question : " What will be the cost to France in men and money of the peace outlined by M. Poincaré at Nancy ? " This discussion did not provoke any incidents.

— On the 26th, the same Deputy gave a speech to the effect that " the nations rushed upon each other." Uproar ! The President and the majority of Deputies leapt to their feet and objected. They still cling to the dogma of unprovoked attack.

Still, the demand for a secret session, and the rumours of a Ministerial crisis, provide evidence of discontentment.

— Victor Margueritte tells me that the Steelmakers' Association has made representations to the Senate requesting that, if Alsace-Lorraine is restored to France, their steel products may be dumped in Germany, for fear of injuring the French trade.

— There is still some talk of a Clemenceau Ministry, with one of the following as second in command : Barthou, Doumer, and even Briand. The latter, in that case, would be working against Poincaré. They also mention a possible Doumergue Ministry, in which, of course, Caillaux would be the real Premier.

— Uniform is being worked to death. After the ribbons and medals, after the field-service chevrons and wound stripes, now comes the woven Cord of Honour, to be worn by any unit that has been mentioned in despatches.

— Revue by Rip at the Marigny music-hall. It manages to avoid flattering the Chauvinists. I must mention one scene in which animals are expressing their delight that they are no longer hunted. " At last men have come round to peace and kindliness—they are civilised at last ! "

— The fraction of Belgium which has escaped German occupation is Flemish. The Walloons feel so little at home there that one of them, on settling down in Tréport, after living at Furnes, remarked : " Here, at least, one feels at home."

— The 29th. The priests pursued Galliéni to the very moment of death. In his last agony, he saw them at his bedside, and leaned up painfully from his pillows, to murmur : " Let them leave me in peace." But they came back in the night and administered the last sacrament to him from the other side of the bedroom door.

— A visit to Vincent, colonel in the Medical Corps, who discovered one of the anti-typhoid vaccines. He is a man of warm heart and subtle intelligence. We had a chat in his institute at Val-de-Grâce. He declares that there were forty thousand cases of typhoid at Bar-le-Duc at the end of 1914, and he asserts that many doctors were hostile to vaccine. "But if they had not vaccinated the troops at that time, we should no longer have any army left at all."

— The 31st. Richard took me to lunch at Armenonville with the Deputy Girod, now a colonel in the Air Force. Girod mentions his interest in flying, and his annoyance at the time of the first Zeppelin raid on Paris, when he was regarded as responsible for the weakness of our defences—in his capacity as commandant of this fortified area—though actually at the time he was wounded and in bed. At a near-by table, three twenty-year-old Flying officers were lunching with three girls. Their eyes were bright and their nostrils dilated. Girod told me that many of them take morphia and cocaine, but he is indulgent towards them, knowing the dangers they run.

## JUNE 1916

— THE FUNERAL of Galliéni. At noon, the time when I have to cross the Boulevard Saint-Germain, the crowd was already lining the pavements. Chairs, ladders, benches. People eating. A woman was sick. Everybody was cheerful : " Are you going to watch the procession ? " Or else : " And yet they say everybody's left Paris ! " Seats in windows were let at twenty francs each.

This sad ceremony, which I managed to avoid, ended just before six. I met a soldier leading by the bridle a riderless horse—a general's horse, with a saddle of velvet, tiger-skin, and gold. It was followed by five heroic-looking persons. A young man who was chatting to the soldier was clearly bubbling over with reflected glory, self-importance, and delight. That little glimpse explains why war goes on. . . .

— The 2nd. Painlevé brought me back in his car from a lunch at the Hôtel Meurice, given by the Belgians to the Inter-Allied Committee. He was anxious. A German wireless message had announced a naval battle in Danish waters, alleging that three British vessels had been sunk. Painlevé insisted on stopping at the Ministry of Marine. On his return, he said that the English had instructed their ships not to send out wireless messages. So our information is incomplete. It looks as if, once more, it has been a drawn battle.

— At Armenonville we saw a wonderful cavalry officer wearing a uniform of indescribable perfection, and mounted on a mettlesome thoroughbred. Richard told me : " He is an interpreter at the P.L.M. station."

— Rumours about Verdun are still gloomy.

— The 4th. The naval battle of Jutland has gone through some peculiar stages. On the first day, the British briefly announced their losses, while the Germans indulged in public illuminations and gave a special holiday to school-children, conveying the impression that it was a British defeat. Then we heard that the losses on each side were equal. Finally, our newspapers announced to-day that it was a victory for the British.

Tristan Bernard, in this connection, reminded me of the epigram of Napoleon in the *Mémorial* by Las Cases : " The only victories are those one proclaims." Tristan added that Salamis and Marathon were Greek victories, because the Greeks had a better organised Press than the Persians.

The object of the Jutland encounter, it is said, was to enable two German cruisers to break through the blockade and reach Archangel to sink Russian transports.

— On the 3rd June the Ministry seemed on its last legs. The democratic Left Wing of the Senate almost gave it a death-blow. In regard to the secret session, a letter was produced in which Galliéni drew the attention of Joffre to the threat hanging over the Verdun-Arrancourt area and to the inadequate defences of that sector. Joffre replied in a curious tone, asking for the names of the officers who circulated such rumours—although he did not attach any importance to them.

— Briand is in London to shake up the English and rouse them into action. They have few troops in Salonica.

— How astounding it will be later on to glance at photographs of women taken during the war—looking like little monkeys ! To all hostile criticism they give the same reply : " Our men like it." But, all the same, I have seen soldiers on leave joking at the appearance of these dressed-up dolls. If I were in their place, I think I should give them a severe spanking.

— A soldier on leave, staying in Serbonnes, declares that if the war lasts a third winter there will be " accidents." By that he means desertions.

— Some prominent people in Thann have had two sons killed. But the restoration of Alsace so completely dominates their minds that they forget both their own grief and the sorrows of the world at large. " The Kaiser," they declare, " has done us a great service by provoking the war ; for France by herself would never have undertaken the war of revenge."

— The death of Kitchener on a warship sunk under circumstances not yet revealed has been received calmly, as if he had succumbed to a long illness. People even remarked : " It has strengthened the British Ministry ; Kitchener was hypnotised by Egypt ; it was he who instigated the Dardanelles campaign ; he was opposed to the Salonica operations ; if Lloyd George takes his place it will all be for the best." In short, a bad Press.

— Some people also remark spitefully : " Oh ! A whole staff wiped out. That's a thing which will never happen to us ! "

— J. M.— remarked : “ Certainly war is a solemn and serious undertaking ; it is madness to entrust it to professional soldiers.”

— A regiment marching towards Verdun gave vent to groans as they passed through a village. The villagers were astonished. So the soldiers explained : “ What d’you expect ? Aren’t they leading us to the slaughter-house ? ”

— Feminine fashion has decided on voluminous skirts and high boots at the very moment when cloth and leather are twice their former price. . . .

— You never see a smile on the face of a soldier with a steel helmet, who has come straight from the front line trenches. He has death before his eyes.

— The arrival platforms in Paris are infested with women who accost the troops. Little is done to deal with this peril.

— The 7th. Sarraill wanted to place the King and Queen of Greece under arrest. Briand opposed the plan : “ That would lead to diplomatic complications.”

— J. Reinach was asked to intervene on behalf of Russian Jews. “ I am not a Jew, but a free-thinker.”

— Tristan sent a message to some English people about the disappearance of Kitchener : “ Oh ! What a misfortune. . . . Such a fine ship ! ”

— Viviani, just back from Russia, declares that he is quite satisfied with his visit. The Germanophil group there is not really strong. The Russians are sending sixty thousand men to France and one brigade to Salonica.

— I hear that there is a clever plot on foot to discredit the secret session, in case of necessity. Imprudent revelations are to be sent to Switzerland, and Deputies will be accused of allowing this information to leak out. A certain Deputy has revealed this stratagem to one of his feminine friends.

— I have been emphatically assured that in the inner counsels of the Cabinet Briand favours peace, while Poincaré supports a war of indefinite duration.

— One has to face the fact that, generally speaking, the peasant raises a greater outcry over a threat to his material interests—the price of corn, the privilege of making his own wine, the level of taxation—than over the conscription of his sons. It is terrible, but it is a fact. In Burgundy, the only thing which can bring a smile to the lips of parents who are anxious about their sons is a good vintage.

— Should not the fact that all our reactionaries approve of the

war open our eyes ? Does it not prove that war is a heritage of the past—the most brutal heritage ?

— The soldiers are succumbing to the craze for smarter uniform. Thus we see them indulging in magnificent creations of what I may call fancy dress, to make them look fine, bold, cool, heroic swashbucklers—with their peaked caps slanting down over one ear, berets drooping on the shoulder, enormous lapels, blue shirts with ties to match, tawny field-boots which must take hours to lace up ! A perfect passion to dazzle the world !

— This war will have unmasked the frailty of marriage. Eighty per cent of women are delighted to be free from their husbands, while half of them have taken lovers. It is a tragedy which runs throughout the lower classes. Evidence of this has been given to me by people who know working-class districts better than I do.

— One case has been mentioned to me of a woman who works in a shell factory by day and on the streets by night.

— Sixte-Quenin has published a pamphlet in which he says that “ the people merely endure the war with gloomy stoicism, while the clerical papers welcome it with cries of joy, as if it were some long-awaited messenger.”

— The 14th. The German newspapers have published an admission by the Burgomaster of Nuremberg to the effect that, on the outbreak of war, French aeroplanes did not bombard that town. Now, that was one of the official reasons for the declaration of war. Our French papers preserve a discreet silence on the subject. Why ? Is it not the unconscious desire to prolong the war, to conceal a fact which might open the way to explanations, and offer an opportunity for clearing away misunderstanding ?

— Among those who long for peace there are two types—the actual sufferers and their sympathisers.

— People have been saying that the death of Kitchener was a bad business for England. Whereon the comment was made that England is always complaining of bad business, but making a good thing out of it all the time.

— Tristan, referring to the enormous number of troops from the South who appear to have surrendered, declares that the one station most completely glutted with parcels addressed to prisoners of war is the station of Marseilles.

— The fall of Salandra does not worry anybody. The immediate comment is that it will be followed by a Ministry more energetic in pursuing the war.

— Madame B—— was reading some letters from her son. He

mentioned two routine orders issued by General C——, the first instructing his men, instead of complaining to their families about the food, merely to write : "All goes well ! Long live France !" The second orders them to assert in their letters that the longer the war lasts, the better it will be for France, and that the Government of Briand is the best of all possible Governments.

— The 13th. At the Inter-Allied Committee on Inventions, the three Russian colonels were congratulated on Broussiloff's victory. One exclaimed : "But just think what a colossal mob we've got !" The Italian delegate was more generous in his praise, since the victory has directly relieved the pressure on the Italian front.

— The 15th. Dinner with the Abbé Wetterlé. According to a letter from Mulhouse, living is difficult there. There is a shortage of many commodities. A single rabbit costs nine marks. Milk is distributed by drug stores and allowed only for new-born children.

Wetterlé relates that an Alsatian, on seeing the photograph of the Kaiser in a newspaper, threw the paper away, with the remark : "Merde." A breach of the law. In court, his lawyer put forward the defence that his client used that word forty times a day. Instantly, one of the assessors whispered to the magistrate : "But surely, in that case, he must speak French all the time ?"

— The introduction of Summer Time on the night of June 14th-15th, has been received good-humouredly in Paris. But the country districts are more rebellious. In such quarters certain customs are regulated by the sun. Cows object to being milked one hour earlier. Many peasants refuse to put their clocks on, even at the risk of being at variance with official time-tables, such as those of railways, schools, etc.

— The 16th. First sitting of the Secret Committee. Speeches were made by Maginot, Accambray, Bénazet, Margaine, and Chapedelaine. The general comment was that the Under-Secretaries had it all their own way. Members chuckled at this idea when they rose to speak. They were anything but dazzling. Briand said a few words. When Bénazet inveighed against the Verdun fiasco, Briand congratulated him on his excellent memory, since he was merely repeating facts presented by Briand before the Army Committee. Everybody agreed in putting the blame on Joffre.

— All the countries which have held secret sessions have

published a report of them. But France, leading light of civilisation, forbids anyone to say a single word about it !

— Poincaré has sent to Sarraïl a tie-pin in pearls and diamonds as a mark of esteem for his skill in conducting the Serbian retreat. Sarraïl has given it to his daughter.

— Lloyd George remarks that at the first Inter-Allied Council in 1915 a French colonel (of Irish origin) spoke strongly in favour of heavy artillery, in opposition to the majority of the meeting. This officer's arguments forcibly struck Lloyd George and led to the measures taken in England for their manufacture.

— Third sitting of the Secret Committee, Sunday, the 18th. It was a triumph for Albert Thomas, who made a clever display of the figures of the increase in production of war materials, though he said very little about heavy artillery.

— Fourth session, Monday, the 19th. Violette displayed marked hostility towards the General Staff, but Briand drew applause. So much so that Moutet rose, white as a candle, to assert that Party had ceased to exist, that henceforth they should all advance hand in hand. This speech had a mixed reception from his Socialist colleagues. But it was a triumph for Briand. He cleverly pointed out that Joffre was directing the Allied armies. How could they possibly rob them of their commander at the very moment when the Russian armies were winning victories ? In short, general opinion, which was unfavourable to Joffre, has now advanced by leaps and bounds. After making every possible adverse criticism, now they are going to keep him on.

— On Tuesday, the 20th, Delcassé made a speech in Secret Committee. He tried to justify his aversion towards the Salonica operations. He was shouted down with astonishing unanimity. The Socialists wanted to have this unanimous opinion officially recorded. Is this a proof of resentment against the man who willed the war ? Briand scored a further success in his reply to Delcassé ; " No, sir, France does not behave like that. . . . "

— The sitting of Wednesday, the 21st, wound up the proceedings. The members voted for a closure.

— On Thursday, the 22nd, the agenda vote was taken. Briand was anxious that he should be given a strong vote of confidence. For a moment, while such support did not seem to be forthcoming, he threatened to resign. However, he carried his point, with only eighty signifying their opposition—all Socialists or obstructionists.

— How do legends spring up ? Here is one now current in the



armies—that General Herr fatally wounded Galliéni in the abdomen. Castelnau thereupon shot Herr. And all that is supposed to have happened in Galliéni's own room !

— Poincaré declares that, on totalling up his visits to the front, he has put in three months there. More and more unpopular with the troops. Two bullets are said to have been shot through his car on his last visit.

— Brizon has written an article entitled "The Bad President." Under colour of discussing the President of China, he launched some unpleasant home-truths against Poincaré. The Censor forbade publication. Brizon read the article out in the Chamber. The *Official Gazette* published it. So now Brizon has the right to reprint the article in a newspaper.

— Marcelle Capy, who has just published *A Woman's Voice Amid the Conflict*, has shown me a letter in which P——, the Deputy, congratulates her on her humane spirit. P—— declares that he would lay down his life to secure peace. But in the secret session neither he nor anyone else raised their voices in a poignant outcry of pity for the 1,500 killed every day. Not a voice was raised on behalf of their bereaved mothers, or to pronounce a solemn anathema on the loathsome folly of "war in itself."

— The newspapers are making a great splash over the fact that the birth-rate in Berlin has dropped by twenty-eight per cent. Naturally they omit to mention that in Paris it has dropped by fifty per cent.

— Title of a newspaper serial : *German Nightmare*.

— The 23rd. An ultimatum has been sent to Greece demanding demobilisation of the army, a change of Ministry, and a General Election. But Greece is ignoring the note, since their eyes are fixed on that German submarine which has just coolly emerged from the depths off Carthage.

— Auguste B—— has paid me a visit in my office. According to him, Sarraill will win a tremendous victory which will vastly enhance his reputation as soon as he has enough munitions, especially the 65 mm. mountain guns. He describes how the general's eyes light up "like an artist's" when he discusses any military questions. He assures me that Sarraill has been demanding energetic measures against Greece for the last six months.

— The 24th. In the Chamber, on the finance vote, Brizon held forth the hand of reconciliation towards the German minorities for the first time, expressing a desire for an immediate peace without annexations and severely criticising Poincaré's speech at

Nancy. Deschanel made a pompous protest. But the Chamber received the whole incident without excessive indignation. Only three Deputies abstained on the finance vote.

— Why has no taboo of shame been attached to war, just as to other actions which injure the race, such as onanism and suicide ?

— Briand is credited with the remark : “ We shall have the usual public illuminations for the 14th of July.”

— The 27th. An extraordinary wave of hope is sweeping the country. Two events have set in motion this tidal wave—the British offensive, of which their *communiqué* has given hints since Saturday, the 24th, and Briand’s visit to the British front. Once more the people are waiting, full of vehement faith. The general optimism is further increased by the success of the Russian offensive. People have forgotten the example of Verdun. The general phrase is : “ Why not ? ” Newspaper articles are adorned with such headlines as : “ *Halleluiah !* ” . . . “ *The Last Struggle.* ” . . . “ *The Beginning of the End.* ” . . . “ *Sons of England, Fire the Last Shot !* ”

— What is war ? A kind of Unnatural Selection, which wipes out the young and strong.

— Our troops loathe the Military Police. It is said that at Verdun they hanged six of them on meat-hooks.

— During war, folly is piled on folly. Newspapers are declaring : “ Two years of war are nothing for an upheaval like this. Does not history tell us of a Seven Years’ War, a Thirty Years’ War, a Hundred Years’ War ? ” Once again, I must repeat that those wars had nothing but the name in common with the present massacres between whole nations under arms.

Another remark of the newspapers : “ No peace so long as the Germans are in occupation of ten departments ! ” But their evacuation of those ten departments is precisely what peace would ensure !

— The 29th. The rumours about a recapture of Lille were sent out by the German wireless.

— The *Excelsior* is insisting that we should inculcate the warlike spirit even in children. Ah ! we are nowhere near that “ war to end war.” . . .

— 30th. The preparations made by the British for their attack convey an impression of novel methods. Those local surprise attacks, that anxiety to reduce losses to a minimum . . .

— The 30th. Colonel Ferrié, of the Wireless Service, confirms the rumour that the radio message about the capture of Lille

was sent out by the German station to the north of Arras. He himself was on duty at the Eiffel Tower when this message was tapped : " Important news. The British, etc. . . . " Was it the work of a practical joker or a deliberate stratagem intended to produce depression ?

## JULY 1916

— ON THE 24th June the *Matin* arranged a luncheon-party, referred to by the wags as "Delights of the Dustbin." The idea was to demonstrate how much potential food we waste in preparing meals, by throwing away quite eatable matter, such as the outside leaves of cabbages, fishes' heads, and so forth. But the Germans are certain to get hold of the incident and remark: "The French are now reduced to foraging for food in their dustbins!"

— The 4th. Met Painlevé, delighted at the French successes, but depressed over the difficulties confronting the British. He went on to say that the British are appealing to our General Staff for help.

— The 4th. R—— has seen Colonel Pénelon, liaison officer between the Élysée and G.H.Q. According to him, the continual attacks on the Somme are planned to go on for three months and not produce definite results before the end of September.

The English ran short of shells on the 3rd, owing to the failure of their supply columns. It is also said that they have lost three villages near Thiepval.

France is still calm, thanks to the separation allowances, the high wages, the comparative freedom of the rural districts, which, by the way, manage to secure good prices for their produce. Finally, public opinion is strongly influenced by the attitude of the Press, with its everlasting refrain of "To the bitter end," which is all the more moving because it means nothing.

The morale of the troops, if all that R—— declares is true, is more disturbing than that of the civilians. One battalion in Champagne has just mutinied. It is only during rest periods that discontent breaks out, and not under fire, when they are drunk with the conceit of courage.

— The 4th. Cruppi lunched to-day at Amiens with Joffre and Foch. There was the usual enthusiasm one finds at that kind of lunch: the artillery preparation was perfect, the losses were at a minimum . . . long-cherished hopes . . . the next attack further to

the east . . . and so forth, and so forth. . . . But they confirmed the suspicion that the English are hard pressed.

— The 4th. Dr. Jean L—— has just returned from the front. He mentions his astonishment at the spread of prostitution in the army zones : in towns like Rheims, which are under enemy fire ; in towns behind the lines, like Epernay ; and in rest villages. Everybody indulges in it. Astounding spread of syphilis.

A further story by Dr. L——. A solicitor of Lyons, just before the war, was threatened with prosecution—he had been caught with the baker's boy. During the war he enlisted, though fifty years of age, ran reckless risks, became a second-lieutenant, and received the Legion of Honour. What will become of him after the war ?

And what will become of the apaches who have won the Croix de Guerre, when they are arrested, after the war, for "loitering with intent" ?

— The 5th. One cannot foresee the results of the present offensive, fought as it is both on the British and French fronts. Every five minutes people remark : "Never mind ! Now it's either victory or peace !" Or, again : "It'll make the Germans try to take Verdun !"

— The 5th. Painlevé made a speech at the second sitting of the Senate in Secret Committee. He achieved a real success. Just as he rose to speak, Briand, who was in a lively and bantering mood, reminded him of the days when Painlevé was himself in Opposition, and remarked : "Well, well, my boy, now it's your turn on the carpet !"

— An interesting comment by the King of Spain is being handed round. It is a remark he made to the Bordeaux physician Moure, who had attended him for some time : "If the French knew all that I know about the internal situation in Germany, they would at once declare a public holiday, with firework displays !"

— The cartoonist Forain, an ardent patriot, revels in the military disguise. Though his physique is that of a fat old woman, he wears uniform positively worthy of a hero. So when he visited Pétain, wearing his gorgeous uniform, Pétain, who knows him well, is said to have welcomed him with the phrase : "Oh ! if only Forain could see you now !"

— I picture Joffre and Foch and their A.D.C.s discussing the situation over a map, throwing their "effectives" here and

there, to remove a wood, a mill, or a trench. . . . Effectives ! That is all they understand by "men," their equals. And to think that they can dispose of them carelessly, unconsciously, as if they were so many cattle !

— Doubtless the figure is exaggerated, but what a significant symbol is the reported loss by the British of 35,000 in capturing the village of Montauban.

— In the *Presse* for the 6th July a special correspondent, who has paid a visit to the Picardy trenches, writes : "Here we see German corpses ; even in death their ugliness is repulsive. . . ." Mentioning the poplars which have been shorn by shells, he writes : "The German artillery, when it cannot reach our troops, takes its revenge on nature." Ah ! There you see the insidious drug of patriotic spite !

— At the third session of the Secret Committee of the Senate, Humbert made a speech.

— My son has bought some marching-boots at Manfield's. The girl who served us remarked : "Ah ! When shall we be able to sell them as hunting-boots again !" We had not made any remarks which revealed our opinions. So she must have thought that she could safely admit her anxiety for the end of the war to any customer without fear of their annoyance. That is a new feature in Paris.

— Poincaré is hated at the front for being so harsh and cold, so clumsy and conceited, so incapable of saying a cheering word to the troops. True enough, his attempts are far from happy. Thus, in a hospital he asked a soldier with both legs amputated : "What is your trade ?" "Farm-hand, sir !" "Ah ! It will be awkward for you in farming !"

— Out of 192 former students at the Teachers' Training College who were commissioned as second-lieutenants in the infantry, 110 have been killed.

— I have noticed one of those innocent supporters of "military preparation," complete with smart forage-cap, rifle, and bayonet, stiff as a poker with conceit, strutting along so sure of his own heroism and the admiration of the crowd, so dazzling in his glory. And I have an acute impression that, if you were to rummage through his tiny brain, you would find in it, rattling about like dried almonds, all the usual theories about the war, all those dogmas which have caused this foul outrage.

— My mother received a visit from a lady cousin of Madame Poincaré, who told her the names of that lady's parents. My

mother wrote them down in a note-book, which lies before me now. They are as follows :

Mother—Mosboer, of Munich.  
Father—Berucci, Italian.

— Here is a photograph of German prisoners and their guards. How alike they are, guarded and guardians ! What warm friends they seem ! Nothing illustrates more painfully the base folly of war !

— One of the most repulsive figures of the war is the wholesale merchant who is making a fortune out of our hardships. The authorities are powerless against him. In their efforts to bring down the price of meat, they make a very indirect assault against this despot, by opening municipal meat-shops, hoping to force his prices down by competition. When the wholesale milk-dealers decided to fix the price of milk at thirty centimes, the city council could do nothing but advise consumers to use as little milk as possible ; when consumption decreases, the dealers will be compelled to lower their prices.

— People refer to “ the army of Broussiloff,” “ the army of Letchisky,” “ the army of Mackenstein.” But in France, leading light of civilisation, we are forbidden to mention General Foch by name, though he is in command of the Northern Army Group. His name has just been blacked out in a newspaper, yesterday.

— The *communiqués* are printed with all the devices of the compositor—bold type, underlining—which leaves our defeats inconspicuous, while throwing our successes into prominence. Anybody who reads them quickly, simply fails to notice the defeats. How convenient that is !

— The secret sessions of the Senate ended on Sunday the 9th. Clemenceau made a speech. But, according to Tristan Bernard, “ he was not in good form.” Briand, in a speech which roused warm applause, seems to have revealed some faint hope of a separate peace with Austria. Only six votes were cast against the Government.

— Caillaux is understood to have declared, six months ago, that “ he had Alsace-Lorraine in his pocket.”

— A certain Deputy asked Caillaux : “ Is it true that during the secret session you gave your powerful support to the Ministry ? ” Caillaux admitted the fact, but added that he would withdraw his support if Verdun fell.

— I overheard someone put the question to a patriot : " When will the war be over ? " He made the bold reply : " There is no question of peace ! " I have no doubt at all, as he thus paraded his confident but heartless attitude—easy enough for him, for all that it cost him !—he enjoyed a magnificent sensation of heroism.

— The 11th. An officer posted to Paris on special duty portrays Joffre (whom he has met on committees) as a tired man, who declares over and over again, in a gruff tone muffled by his moustache, " We must kill as many of them as possible . . . kill Boches . . . kill Boches." A really puerile attitude, which wilfully overlooks the immense reserves of German man-power.

He declares that, after these two years, the officers are physically and morally weary. The mainspring is broken. He mentions a major in the artillery who can no longer remember how many batteries he has.

He describes the hatred he reads in the glances of the troops, despite his own efforts to remain on good terms with them. Kindness no longer beguiles them. He cannot forget the looks of hatred he received only last night at Bois-le-Prêtre.

What chiefly disheartens him is this daily drudgery, without any vision of an end to it all.

— The *Excelsior*, with marvellous tact, displays a photograph of Briand with his foot on a tiger-skin, and the headline : " After the secret session." It goes on to remind its readers that Clemenceau's nickname is " the Tiger."

— An O.C. recommended one of his men for the Croix de Guerre after a " brilliant exploit." The soldier replied : " Impossible, sir ! In civil life I am a pimp."

— The 12th. The Voisins informed me that a French Flying officer set off from Malzéville and flew over Berlin for forty minutes. He appears to have dropped manifestos, but was captured a few miles away from the Russian line, where he wanted to land.

— A lock-keeper at Melun laid information against a corporal who was alleged to have boasted of having got himself invalided out of the army by malingering. The corporal proved that his illness was genuine, and thereupon brought an action against the lock-keeper. He lost his case, and had to pay costs. The judge summed up as follows : " If the accusation had no basis in fact, it certainly had in appearance, so that it was the patriotic duty of the lock-keeper to inform against the corporal." The reactionary Press is full of glee.



— On the 14th, Poincaré delivered a speech demanding the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine. I have been assured that this speech was not previously read over at a Cabinet meeting. Is it not astounding that he should thus fix his own conditions, imposing sacrifices on his country without having even indirectly consulted it?

— Great excitement over the arrival in Baltimore of a German commercial submarine.

— I see quite clearly the profound gulf which cuts me off from the rest. In my view, the most appalling thing is the mere fact of war. But the rest passively accept war as they accept hailstorms, cholera, the inevitable scourges of nature. Once that is admitted, they can discuss the events of the war with perfect equanimity, even reacting with enthusiasm to all the echoes of battle.

— The *Excelsior* asserts that Joffre lives on nothing but cabbage soup and porridge. I remember his personnel hailing him as "a great trencherman." That is how legends spring up.

— Anatole France, who ceased to attend the Academy after the Dreyfus case, returned to the fold on Thursday the 13th. According to the newspapers, he was accompanied by Richopin and Doumic, both of them blood-thirsty old patriots. Doubtless, he was merely yielding to the importunity of some candidate who wanted his vote and, therefore, his personal presence. Poor Anatole France! He is a great man, but surely he has not been captured by that gang? Surely he will not associate himself with those people who demand (to quote the current jingle) "a peace no matter how severe, so long as it will persevere"! Surely such people can realise that nobody can possibly know for certain how long peace would last, whenever it happened to be concluded!

— A drawing in the *Illustration*. A young civilian seriously ill is sitting on a seat, observing three wounded men (one with a leg amputated) bursting with joy. He regrets that he is not in their shoes. The title of the drawing is "Envy." I knew this artist when he was illustrating my novels. He was a Spanish anarchist, with very advanced ideas.

— Colonel M—— goes into ecstasies over the clarity and vigour of the mind of Joffre. Castelnau, he declares, is a soaring genius. At a lunch at Painlevé's, M—— very nearly passed on to his host these feelings of reverence.

— In working-class districts the number of women who are accepting substitutes for their husbands goes on increasing.

— Among the base emotions developed by the war, one specially observes the vile and heartless jealousy. A whole village was delighted when a soldier, who had been kept in Versailles as instructor of recruits, was moved to the trenches. "Ah," remarked the village, with satisfaction, "soon it'll be *their* turn to weep!"

— The jewellers have never enjoyed such good business. There is a brisk demand for trinkets in platinum (three hundred francs an ounce).

— The wife of General K—— keenly regrets that her son is serving as a forest officer engaged on the re-afforestation of the Verdun area. Still, he won the Croix de Guerre in the Artois campaign. This woman really lives in Wonderland. She confidently expects the French and Russian troops to meet in Berlin.

— The 18th. Briand resisted the proposal to send parliamentary delegates (you must not refer to them as "commissioners") to the front. He pointed out to the Chamber the perils of such a step. He held a brief for the Higher Command.

— One must mention the passive obedience of a people once considered almost too independent. Early closing of restaurants, the Censorship—all that has been secured without any display of force or imposition of severe penalties.

— The *Vie Féminine* has printed a story with the title "The Proudest Woman." The heroine is a mother. By chance, her soldier son was fighting in the same village where she was living. He was killed by a bullet before the very eyes of his mother. And she was "the Proudest Woman" because she alone was the actual *eye-witness* of the glorious death of her son. . . .

— There is a notice outside many buildings occupied by the General Staff, forbidding pedestrians to walk on the footpath, or cavalry to use the roadway.

— The day when our village ran short of paraffin, one woman remarked: "Well, there you are, war means something, after all!"

— Professor L——, an ardent patriot, was also quite annoyed when the gas pressure was not enough to supply the geyser for his bath.

— They have not yet dared to lay a finger on the money of the middle classes. They are afraid to put a tax of five per cent on restaurant bills over five francs. It is dreadful to reflect upon, that there are circles in which families do not mind giving their children, as much as they object to giving their money.

— A letter from a doctor, the most peaceable of men, who is

attending wounded Germans on the Somme : " It is unpleasant having to attend to these rotters, but one is glad to see that they have plenty of wounded."

— The Senate voted by show of hands for the compulsory military training of boys of sixteen, not merely during the war, but as a permanent step.

— The 24th. Many jokes are being made about a photograph of Poincaré, published in the *Excelsior*, with the following caption : " On the occasion of his last visit to the army on the Meuse and the Somme, the President wore a uniform of horizon blue with a cap of the same colour and a row of oak leaves to match."

— Madame X, in this connection, remarks that Clemenceau, editor of the paper *L'Homme Enchaîné*, is understood to have poured scorn on Poincaré's dress in an article entitled " L'Homme Enchêné."

— The 24th. In the course of a conversation with Sarraill's son-in-law, Briand enquired whether his father-in-law would be ready to accept the Governorship of Indo-China. A strange obstinacy seems to impel the Higher Command to remove this general to a safe distance ! Briand complained that Sarraill had not acquired an ascendancy over his British and Serbian colleagues.

— The 24th. The newspapers at last describe the raid of Marchal, the Flying officer, on Berlin. Hitherto the Censor has suppressed any accounts. But they still suppress details about the manifestos dropped by the officer on Berlin. Thus we can observe the unfathomable stupidity of the Censorship : France has no right to know what she said to Berlin.

— A symbolical spectacle. An old man in dirty-grey uniform, with a cap drooping over his ear, tawny top-boots, sword clanking against his spurs, a score of mysterious ribbons on his chest, so radiant with pride as to light up the whole boulevard. Next to him, there was a poor devil on two crutches, with his drill coat, his corduroy trousers, one leg amputated right up the thigh. . . . A pitiable contrast !

— The 27th. The Censor has at last allowed the publication of the text of the manifesto to Berlin. Avoiding both weakness and equivocation, it describes the war as " carnage." It declares that peace will come only when the German people can decide questions of war and peace for themselves, when it has removed for ever the fear of a renewal of this butchery. This style is far from that of our journalist hacks. It expresses the perfect Socialist ideal. It is odd that G.H.Q. authorised it.

Voisin, whom I questioned about it, telephoned to Nieuport. They told him that a German version had first been drawn up by Hansi, but that the final version had been revised by a subaltern on the General Staff.

— The 27th. Gabriel Voisin and myself dined at Maxim's. How remote from the war you are there ! There were Flying officers enjoying champagne dinners. There were British officers drinking so hard that one of them could hardly stand up, and groped vainly about to find his head and put on his cap. People laughed. The general attitude in the restaurant was not to suppress such little incidents, but to raise a laugh out of them. Thus no attempt was made to separate two drunkards who were exchanging coarse remarks from one table to the other. One officer, in the smartest of uniforms, shouted out : " Down with the civilians ! " I noticed Georges Feydeau. The painter Flameng went by. He has devised a sort of civilian uniform with képi, khaki tunic, leggings, and many ribbons. There were women. When one of the customers made enquiries about one of the women, an assistant manager, tall and sinister as any pimp, whispered in his ear : " Ready for service this evening ! " He went on to give the price, the address, the floor (right or left), and the hygienic condition. . . . All these women have what they call a " godson," and make their sacrifice to patriotism by granting him their favours without charge on his first leave.

— All the newspapers protest against the deportations of the people in the Department of the Nord which took place between April 22nd and 29th. Not a word has been said about this for three months. . . . Public opinion is indignant over this affair. People remark : " That's not the way to make war ! " Alas ! . . . The most revolting thing is to make war at all !

— When I notice the feverish anxiety of officers for promotion, when they are not even " regulars," I understand why the war is lasting so long !

— The Censor suppresses any expressions of pity. He has just suppressed an article lamenting the fate of the minor personalities of the Stage.

— A super-patriot made the proud remark to an American : " No intervention ! " How keenly I realise his pride in making such a remark to a neutral. . . . It suggests an attitude of trenchant and swaggering insolence, of careless heroism. As if you were laying down the conditions of complete victory entirely by yourself ! As if you had no need of any help !

— Brizon has published some verses denouncing the priests : " The Heavenly Shirkers." The Censor has cut out four of them. Subsequently, Brizon declared that the whole poem was taken from Victor Hugo's poem " Les Châtiments."

— A joke by Tristan Bernard. He declares that the fire-eating patriots have made an alteration in the " Marseillaise." Instead of singing : " Let us go, sons of our country," they sing instead : " Go, sons . . ."

He declares that the regulars have a morbid horror of long hair. He quotes three stories in proof.

A C.O. made a remark to a soldier about his method of driving a mule. The soldier replied that he was a carter by trade. The C.O., annoyed, snatched off the soldier's cap, with the remark : " His hair is too long. He must be punished ! "

Another C.O. paid a visit to a trench just occupied by the troops, and observed : " It is a pity you've got a man here whose hair is too long ! "

Another C.O. paid a visit to a front-line clearing-station, and he made the remark to a soldier who had two legs amputated : " We must also have his hair cut."

— Joffre is still full of complacency and confidence. He has really given us a glimpse into the unfathomable resources of hope in the human heart. He makes predictions, finds himself wrong, makes further predictions, and proves wrong again ! And that has been going on for two whole years ! And yet people still believe him !

## AUGUST 1916

— WHY is it that all who possess power in France—much or little—are in favour of the indefinite prolongation of the war?

Surely they cannot seriously believe that an immediate peace would inevitably entail another war before long. Since the present war is unprecedented, unparalleled, and has made deeper inroads than any former war upon the fundamental resources of all the belligerents, nobody can possibly know for certain when they will recover, or whether, *now that the real horror of war has been finally revealed*, they will ever feel disposed to go to war again.

— Tristan Bernard has remarked that at the beginning of the war some discharged soldiers, who earnestly hoped that they retained some trace of their former illness, exclaimed: "Virus, give me back my lesions!"

— Jean L——, now on leave, has been visiting the cafés-concerts. He says that everywhere patriotic references are accorded frenzied applause. The audience feel that they are thus making their sacrifice on the altar of war, discharging their debt to it.

— The 2nd. On the anniversary of the outbreak of war, the newspapers are indulging in commemoration, Poincaré in oratory. Joffre spreads himself in Daily Orders. Everybody points to victory glowing on the horizon. . . .

So do the Germans. It would be comic, if it were not so ghoulish, to hear both groups of belligerents simultaneously shouting out the same phrase: "In this war which was thrust upon us. . . ."

— A camp of Indian troops has been pestered by women, who are so insistent that measures of discipline have had to be introduced to curb their ardour.

— On the declaration of war, Humbert, the Senator, was very anxious. He feared he might be accused of having helped the enemy by drawing such marked attention to our lack of preparation. On the other hand, he might be hailed as a prophet. Which was it to be, heads or tails? Powerfully impressed by the murder of Jaurès (just then assassinated by a maniac who had been reading

too much reactionary journalism), Humbert visited Gastine-Reinette and bought a revolver.

— The newspapers are singing the praises of a Flying officer who deliberately crashed into his enemy's plane. Both were killed. "All his comrades envy him," remarks an article. But if they carried their envy to the point of imitating him, there would be no Flying officers left, either French or German.

— It is well known that 606 is a serum of German origin for the cure of syphilis. The Montmartre librettist Jean Bastia has written a patriotic song :

*Keep, O Boches, your knavish tricks,  
Discoveries like six-o-six !  
We'd sooner have the dread V.D.  
Than vandals hailing from the Spree !*

— The 9th. The fortress of Thiaumont is changing hands every day. What sacrifices ! Tristan remarks that the Treasury could make a fortune by applying the property transfer fee to Thiaumont.

— Someone remarked to Tristan that the leading Jews are very generous towards charities, in the hope of making people forget their German origin. "Yes," flashed Tristan, "they wear their Harz on their sleeves !"

— The Censorship hunts down the very word of *peace*. One has to say instead : "the post-war period." A young lady suggested to me that we should tell the Censor : "Be damned to your post-war period !"

— The 5th. The National Socialists' Conference. The majority supports the resolution that the Government should reveal its war-aims. This claim strikes the reactionaries as monstrous !

— An American lady journalist, Caroline Wilson, describes how they imprisoned her in Germany as a French spy in the early days. They kept her seven days in a cell. The wardresses kept waking her up to tell her that she would be hanged. On the other hand, a court-martial president, at the sight of her tears, tried to console her by announcing a British victory. . . .

The most tragic part of it all, she says, for an onlooker with a detached view of both the warring nations, is their conviction that they are both battling for the Right.

— Joffre—that hopeless case—has just assured the American Press correspondents that we shall very soon break through the German line.

— Haraucourt has published in the *Journal* a story in which one of the characters expresses humane and noble views on the war. This monstrous aberration is explained at the end of the story : the character was a eunuch.

— The Russian successes near Lemberg and the Italian victories near Gorizia are already turning people's heads.

— A certain journalist has been describing in the *Journal* the arrival of a regiment in a rest-camp. He compares these soldiers to Crusaders returning from the East, to the gentlemen-at-arms of the fifteenth century, to Brin d'Amour and the Black Tulip, to all those who "crushed the fat burgesses" beneath their scorn. It is, he asserts, the revival of the bold warrior heart we had lost. And he is delighted. That is precisely one of the most painful aspects of the war. It represents retrogression, the crumbling and collapse of the edifice of progress, a return to the so-called Good Old Days, amid the cheers and jubilation of our atavists.

— A sentence from Lavedan's article in the *Intransigeant* for August 18th. "On the field of battle, where for the last two years, to the pealing bells of the machine-gun and the rolling organ of cannon, we have been celebrating the Holy Communion of War, the Supreme Sacrifice, the Mass of Right and Honour—that field of battle which is, as it were, the Church of our country . . . etc., etc." Very well, then, you gentlemen who love war, do you now see Whom you are serving ?

— A friend has pointed out to me that our newspapers have never drawn attention to the Allies' mastery of the seas and their seizure of German colonies. It looks as if that omission is deliberate, lest the public should observe that we already have plenty to bargain with, and should thus demand an end of the butchery.

— Any visitor to Deauville will describe to you the unbridled luxury of dress, the complete oblivion of the war. All the bathing-resorts are crammed. At Trouville, a midwife secured a fantastic rent for a room specially fitted up for her casual patients. At Saint-Enogat, one of our Ministers, visiting his son, had to sleep in a basement. And on Sundays, in the suburbs, trains are packed to the doors, café terraces overflow as far as the roadways, while hordes of girl cyclists flash by in their white dustcoats. All that, while men are fighting fifty miles away. Ah ! our grandchildren will find it hard to imagine what life was like during the Great War !

— The General Staff grants a mention in despatches, as a crowning reward, to Flying officers who have brought down more than



five enemy 'planes. Some have brought down fifteen. In that case they have killed thirty men, counting pilots and observers. And they were worthy opponents, as our men themselves admit. Will not the world be astounded later on, when it looks back on this universal and enthusiastic glorification of murder?

— In his articles, Hervé often jibes at what he calls *bleating* pacifists. But is not a regiment, led to the slaughter, far more like a flock of sheep?

— The lady journalist C. Wilson, and the novelist Johnston, both Americans, admire what they call the old-fashioned virtues of the French, just as we admire ruins. But one can never tell whether this eulogy is not a mere forced courtesy. For instance, Johnston remarks that our generals are men of the Middle Ages. Praise, or irony?

At the beginning of the war, Caroline Wilson met a mother of seven sons at Clermont-Ferrand. Fifteen months later, she met her again and enquired how she had been getting on. The mother replied: "Things are going well for our country." Six of her sons had been killed. The seventh was blinded and insane. I have been unable to discover what the American girl thought about it.

— The 23rd. A great uproar about a demonstration against Caillaux at Vichy, when two thousand people mobbed the police station where he took refuge. Troops were summoned from the nearest garrison, and Caillaux was packed off. . . . The case of Caillaux is amazing. He has firm friends and admirers, with strong support in the Chamber. But he was the man who devised the income tax. So the rich managed to bring him into public odium. The *Figaro* led their attacks.

Another cause of hostility: it was Caillaux who settled the Agadir incident in 1911. On that occasion it was said that he sold France. Now, that settlement was even more unpopular in Germany, where the Minister, Kiderlen-Wächter, was accused of having humiliated his country by signing that agreement. It killed him within six months.

— Copy of a manifesto dropped on the 4th August. The gist of it is that Poincaré, instigated by the British, gave orders for the bombardment of German towns far from the front, so that the Germans should retaliate, thus rousing France's anger and hatred against Germany, an essential measure at a time when the people are tired of bloodshed and sacrifice.

This manifesto mentioned the bombardment of Karlsruhe (June 22nd, 1916, with forty-eight dead, including thirty children),

Mülheim (June 22nd), Fribourg (July 16th), Kundern, Holzen, Mappach (July 17th), Heitersheim (July 22nd).

It adds that the German Higher Command cannot understand "this act of barbarism which has no connection with the prosecution of the war. Germany makes war on the French armies, not on civilians, women, and children." But how can the Germans reconcile this claim with certain established facts?

— From Tristan. A photographer in the army when on leave found his wife giving birth to a negro baby, a memento of the black troops stationed there. He made the gloomy comment, "An over-exposure!"

— Three times within a single week, in stations and on the Métro, I have seen an amputated soldier on two crutches falling headlong to the ground, his crutches slipping out of his reach. The crowd picked him up. It is appalling. One could groan at the horror of it all.

— I cannot allow the expression, "the laws of war." What we see before us is war, hell let loose, butchery, a return to barbarism. You cannot draw subtle distinctions between different methods of the art of killing. What is the difference between the suffocation inflicted by the *vacuum* of a heavy-shell explosion and the suffocation inflicted by poison gases?

— The careless unconcern of the public is obvious. Why, of course! It's only a mere frontier skirmish, but it just happens to be fifty miles away from Paris, with two million *clod-hoppers* in the trenches.

— An English lady remarked: "We must not end the war with a shameful peace."

— Rumania's entry into the war has given quiet satisfaction, chiefly inspired by the hope that it will hasten the end. No demonstrations in the streets. Only public buildings were flagged.

— The nuns who moved from France to Belgium on Dis-establishment are now back in Paris again; they hope and believe they will never have to leave again. Fruits of the war! The Vatican expresses the same hope, as well as that of a French mission now in Rome.

— The ferocity of our patriots! One of them paid a visit to a camp for German prisoners. He told me with a smile that they were nearly dying of hunger. Three ounces of meat a day. That is owing to reprisals. Half of them, he says, "look like murderers." The German sergeant displayed a disgusting servility (otherwise, he would have been brutally knocked about). These men have

been condemned to half an hour's additional hard labour for some offence or other. The officer in command of the camp offered to remit their punishment in honour of this patriot's visit, but he refused.

— In Contrexéville, which is in the army zone, a certain Senator wanted to telephone to his wife in Paris. G.H.Q. authorised his telephone call, but after a delay of seventeen days, on condition that the Senator (a former Minister) “ submits a statement beforehand of the subject of his proposed conversation with his wife.”

## SEPTEMBER 1916

— THE 1ST. Lieutenant G——, the Belgian representative on the Inventions Board, mentions the growing unpopularity of Poincaré, the laughter in cinemas as soon as he appears on the screen. Also the growth in the popularity of Briand, who seems to him our real leader in the war. He closed the conversation by expressing a hope that the present butchery would teach us to avoid it in the future.

— *Le Bonnet Rouge* has published some notes supplied by a colonel to his N.C.O.s as the basis of instruction for the troops. I observe the following : “ It is madness to believe that a phenomenon which has existed throughout human history can ever disappear. War is eternal and inevitable. Let us accept this necessity *as we accept other evils*,” etc.

— A certain soldier—an apache in civil life, when he often had trouble with the police—has covered himself with glory, and been promoted second-lieutenant. His great pleasure, when on leave, is to report policemen who fail to salute him.

— One must try to realise the state of ignorance in which France is kept—France, the leading light of progress, the very centre of democracy. No French journalist is allowed in the army zones—just the opposite of the practice on the British front, for instance. And even if a special correspondent did manage to slip through, he would not be allowed to put into actual print anything but superficial description, without a word of criticism, owing to the watchful eye of the Censor. So nobody knows what is really happening.

— Here is a curious hobby of two young women. *Illustration* publishes “ mentions in despatches ” with photographs of the heroes. That, I understand, costs his family fifteen francs. So these two young women look through the photographs on every page and decide which face they like best. It amuses them to discover whether they agree. Now, the revolting part about it is that in two cases out of three, the man they prefer is dead. Yet the “ mention ” itself states that he has been killed. But that does not disturb these girls, so insensitive has the world become.

— The 5th. Germans in a Zeppelin have dropped bombs on sleeping women and children. The Zeppelin was struck by a shell and fell in flames. A million human beings, flushed with delight, filed past the corpses of the Zeppelin crew, all burnt and "brown as roasted chickens." The English newspaper commented: "It was like Derby Day." And yet there are people who think the war uplifting!—the war which *on both sides* has roused and strengthened a ferocity like that!

— The 6th. A rumour of the dismissal of Sarraïl—his post possibly filled by Gourand? But Painlevé has always declared that he would resign if they laid a finger on Sarraïl.

— Since I regard the fall of the mark as an important index of Germany's present condition, Madame X— remarks that I seem to fancy their future will not be up to the mark.

— The 8th. In the *Journal* I read that "Madame Vve. P— deeply grieves to announce the glorious death of her three sons." There follows an enumeration: the first in 1914, the second in 1915, the third in 1916. The idea of having thus waited until she had made a collection of them! How revolting is this recapitulation!

— A Swiss, rather Germanophil, admits the infamy of the deportations from Lille—the arbitrary separation of families, the removal of young girls to an unknown fate, all that voluptuous revelling in power.

— The offensive on the Somme began again on the 3rd September. Henceforth that part of me which is "sensitive to victory" will scarcely find any satisfaction in such progress. At every fresh capture of a village, what dominates me is the crushing consciousness of loss, death, and sorrow.

— It is believed that Briand dreams of the accession of Prince George of Greece to the throne of Constantine. What would become of Briand in that event? "Well," someone retorted, "what about Ruy Blas?"

— The war has given rise to the "New Rich," commonly alluded to as the "N.R." On Sunday, the 10th, in the Restaurant du Canal at Versailles, we had next to us a party enjoying a tremendous spread. The most expensive dishes and wines. And they all exhaled a clinging odour of chemical products. Such are the N.R.s.

— Certain cows commandeered for the army did not yield any milk. The Army Service Corps was duly informed that cows yield milk only when they have calves to feed, and that accordingly

these cows must be put to the bull. Five hundred bulls were there-upon indented for. The Q.M.G.'s department, thinking there was no difference, sent five hundred bullocks.

— The 11th. Caillaux has remarked to one of his colleagues that the two great misfortunes of the war have been the assassination of Jaurès and the madness of Clemenceau. Fifteen Deputies came one after the other to shake his hand. Referring to the incident at Vichy, they went on to say, in almost identical terms, "Do they want to make you Premier? Three incidents like that, and it would be as good as done."

— Tristan Bernard, in mentioning the twelve vacancies in the Academy which will have to be filled after the war, said that we shall have to manufacture members of the Academy by mass production methods.

— 16th. An example of the shameful unfairness of the newspapers. On the two front pages, in heavy headlines, they celebrate the Allied victories. But on the third page they devote just a couple of lines to a Rumanian retreat in the Dobrudja. That defeat has passed unnoticed owing to the manner in which it was presented. That is their crime. The French Press has never revealed the truth—even such truth as is possible under a censorship. Instead we have had a heavy bombardment of resonant verbiage, boundless optimism, a systematic blackguarding of the enemy, a determination to conceal the horrors and sorrows of the war, and to disguise it under the mask of moral idealism!

— The 16th. Along the Boulevard in the afternoon there is a regular march past of wounded officers wearing their medals. They seem to come there specially to find their reward in admiring glances.

— In grocers' shops now, one has to line up to get sugar. Butter is sold only by the quarter pound. No more oranges. It is comic, when one thinks of the much advertised shortage in Germany, on which so many jokes are made.

— The 16th. From ten o'clock at night until two in the morning, I was working with Painlevé, in his room in the Ministry of Education, over a report for the Inventions Board. He broke off our labours now and then to indulge in recent reminiscences. . . .

— Old Méline, at the Ministry of Agriculture, has persuaded the newspapers not to use the word "Races," but to employ instead the phrase "Horse Selection Trials." We are saved!

— The case has been mentioned to me of a general who is such a rigid reactionary that he has refused to recommend any of his

soldiers for decorations, medals, or stripes, since he refuses to make any requests to what he calls the "Whore Office." He, at least, has obviously no axe to grind !

— When invited by Poincaré to attend the special ceremony for the decoration of Verdun, Humbert replied by letter to the President's secretary : " Verdun does not need any decoration, Verdun needs guns. The day after victory I will gladly stand beside the President to do honour to the town."

— Everybody knows the myths that have sprung up around the death of Galliéni—how he was assassinated successively by Herr, Sarraïl, and Viviani, according to the different versions. Now we have the legend of the Traitor. Joffre (the story runs) assembled all the officers of G.H.Q. He told them there was a traitor in their midst. The fact was, the Germans received information about everything. Counterfeit orders known to them had been issued for the express purpose of outwitting this traitor. He was bound in honour to take his own life within the next twenty-four hours. The next day they all met again. Not a single officer was absent ! So Joffre snatched the revolver from the holster of a lieutenant in the Military Police, passed swiftly along the assembled ranks, and slew the traitor !

— When I hear anyone remark about the *communiqué*, " Good, isn't it ? " I am shaken by a sense of horror. I think of the thousands of killed—every single one just as good as we are—who have fallen to enable people to ejaculate : " Good ! " And I realise that no one else thinks of it—for them, all that has no *real existence*.

— A colonel writes that, owing to the explosion of a dump of grenades, some troops who were sheltering from bombardment in the tunnel at Tavannes, near Verdun, were trapped and burnt alive. Seven hundred men perished. Not a word of this has appeared in the Press. In this connection, Painlevé declares that, at the Cabinet meeting on the 21st September, indignation was expressed that the military authorities had not informed them of this disaster.

— A professional athlete, killed at the front some days ago, recently wrote that they had been instructed in the use of the knife, that he had tried it on a German—slitting his throat from one end to the other according to instructions—but that the poor fellow had given him such a look of agony that he had given up using the knife and . . . felled the rest with his bare fists.

— It is alleged that G.H.Q. held back for three whole days the

announcement of the capture of Florina, because it was a feat of Sarraïl. The dates given in neutral papers are quoted in support of the allegation.

— The new loan is described as "National Loan of 1916." The last loan was called "The Victory Loan." A wise change?

— Among the working classes they have ceased to discuss the war. They are more interested in the serial than in the *communiqué*.

— More serial titles : *The Allies, The Heroines, The Prisoners of War, The Mysteries of the Black Forest*.

— A wounded and dying soldier refused to see a priest : "Leave me alone. When I am dead, you can do what you like with me." Later, he recovered. And now he declares that he has never seen such a look of hatred as the priest gave him on that occasion.

— They have started their shootings again. Out of four soldiers in a mutinous regiment who were shot at Verdun, one had voluntarily enlisted, another was the father of three children, while another had won the Croix de Guerre. And those were not the real ringleaders.

— The New Rich are smiled upon. No indignation is shown against them. Indeed, *Illustration* for the 17th September publishes good-natured cartoons about the N.R. Our patriots, determined to see in war nothing but moral uplift, declare that we certainly ought to have appealed to these profiteers. For my part, I think them abominable—these worms who batten on corpses.

— The 22nd. Letter from Bouttieaux. This time he pays a tribute to the bravery of the British. But he goes on : "Unfortunately, these Boches put up a vigorous defence. . . . We shan't have any dashing exploits in the style of Napoleon, but only a slow wearing down. And for that we must have men, men, and still more men."

— Friends of mine, who still visit Alfred Capus, declare that he has not lost his scepticism and humour. And yet, in his paper, the *Figaro*, he is calling for a war of conquest and annexation. How inevitable is the law that reactionaries always tend in that direction.

— More and more I see that if our governing classes mean to carry on the war till they win what they call victory, their initial impulse springs from their belief that such victory alone will safeguard their lives and positions.

— The Censor refuses to allow the appearance of an article



entitled : " We are not Beaten." (*Bonnet Rouge* for the 23rd September.) Can public opinion possibly be so easily bullied ?

— Any soldier in the army zones in his letters home describes the dangers he runs, however anxious it may make them. The desire to rouse their admiration is stronger than the fear of alarming them. Dr. C—— writes to his wife that his orderly has had his head blown off while standing beside him in a trench.

— The war against Peace is very skilfully conducted. All the papers publish the manifesto by the German Socialist Party which supported the war, commenting that it carried its resolution by 251 votes to 5. They fail to mention the minority of 44 who abstained from voting. There is a positive determination to hood-wink their readers.

— The 28th. Lunch with Sir Henry Norman, an English M.P. He showed me three recent numbers of *The Times*. There I saw the names of four thousand British N.C.O.s and men who become casualties every day on the Somme. Over here, not a word is published.

His wife saw the film about the British attack on the Somme, first in London and later in Paris. In Paris, the police suppressed two passages : the one in which soldiers go laughing over the top and then fall wounded, or dead ; and the one in which the British artillery advanced its barrage over the bodies of their own dead. Still this determination to conceal the horror of war, to allow the Chauvinists to rejoice without remorse.

— The jewellers all confess that business has never been so good before. Many of the New Rich are salting down their war profits into jewellery, to escape taxes. Others are taking this step as a safeguard against national bankruptcy, so that whatever happens they will have their wealth in a portable and realisable form.

— Women's passion for officers' uniform is still as strong as ever. I have seen a woman pick up a glove dropped by an officer, and hand it back to him with the profound genuflection of an acolyte before the altar. Here is another incident. A Sub-Prefect, who had been called up and then commissioned, burst into a compartment on an express train despite the notice on the window : " Engaged." He invited his woman friend to share it with him. Then a third person timidly glided in. Thereupon our officer began to remark, in a loud voice, that the whole country ought to be grateful to its officers who are defending the very earth they walk on. If the passengers who have engaged this compartment do come to claim it, he will give them a warm reception. Yes,

indeed . . . ! Then the lady who had timidly entered made the gentle comment : " Oh, nobody will claim it. I am the one who engaged it." And she went on to say that, in the present crisis, nothing was too good for our officers, nothing forbidden.

— The 29th. Lloyd George has been interviewed by American reporters. His summary of the situation can be condensed as follows : " Such a horror cannot be allowed in the world again. The only way to prevent its recurrence . . . is to prolong it indefinitely." Honestly, what hypocrisy is this anxiety for future generations !

— Henceforth, front-line soldiers are to have " three periods of leave every year." You observe that phrase " every year." The General Staff could not have more naïvely betrayed its inner thoughts, dominated as they are by the idea of a " stalemate."

— The 29th. At Prunier's. People were being turned away. At the entrance, an attendant was sending people back into the street despite the heavy shower. Inside, even the corridors, the landings, and the cloak-rooms were packed with tables crowded with gluttons. Ah ! It's a far cry from here to the trenches !

— *La Liberté* for the 23rd voices the resolve to march right up to the Rhine and even beyond it.

— The war against Peace : there are great rejoicings because Scandinavia and Switzerland have declared that they will not interfere between the belligerents. Excellent ! On with the massacre ! On with the dance of death !

## OCTOBER 1916

— THE 1ST. The Censor has cut out a passage in an article by Victor Margueritte in which he quoted the number of our dead as 500,000, according to Richet's book *The Guilty*. The authorities have decided not to give any total figure of our losses.

— An autograph-hunter called on Deschanel, who described to him Russia's share in the declaration of war—a Russia goaded on by Delcassé (during his year as Ambassador) and by Poincaré's visit.

— The good people of Lourdes have declared, I hear, that there will be no miracles there this year.

— The 4th. Robertson, the British C.G.S., has bluntly revealed the truth during an interview : " The end is not yet in sight. . . . We must still prepare for a period which cannot be estimated. . . . The way will be long. . . . A struggle till the enemy is crushed—that must be our watchword." He does not mince matters.

— Lady customers of the fashionable shops insist on having their new gowns delivered by a definite date, or not at all, because that is the day when their gallant lover is coming home on leave. . . .

— During a dinner-party at his house, on the 4th, Humbert remarked that he would guarantee to secure victory within six months if they gave him plenary powers. He complains of the stupidity of the Higher Command, vehemently asserting that they could do better.

— The 6th. In the letters exchanged between national leaders, those of Poincaré are more egoistic than those of the Tsar or of the Kings of England or Italy. He speaks of his own personal friendship or enthusiasm, never giving first place to the Republic he represents.

— A woman sub-editor on the *Vie Féminine* was dictating to a typist : " At this very moment our young heroes . . ." When revising the passage later, she exclaimed : " But you have typed *our generals*, instead of *our young heroes* ! There's no popular appeal in *generals* ! "

— The Ministers who support Sarraill are nicknamed *Sarraill's*

*Policemen.* When I mentioned this to Painlevé, he smiled at first ; but later, on reflection, he did not think it at all amusing.

— The Queen of England was visiting some British wounded. One of them, who did not recognise her, expressed his hatred of the Germans with frightful profanity. The Queen modestly turned away. He misunderstood, and exclaimed : “ Oh, excuse me, ma’am ; perhaps you are German yourself ? ”

But a truer and deeper sign of the times is the unbridled extravagance and the widespread adultery. The existence of both is established beyond doubt by enquiries which have been made among the working classes.

I am told that at Rouen, especially, life is a wild riot of pleasure. A new slogan has arisen : “ Away with the stalemate ! ” But I don’t think it will catch on.

— It will be very interesting after the war to publish all the articles cut out by the Censor. It will reveal the elements of rationality at present concealed. It will show the continual effort to hide the horror of war from the masses, and to preserve its belief in the necessity of a long war.

Here I give an example of each of these forms of propaganda. The following phrases were deleted from a newspaper article : “ . . . No Frenchman, however sincerely anxious for peace, would allow the North of France, Belgium, and Alsace-Lorraine to remain unrestored. But Germany is faced with more than equal forces. Their colonial possessions, and the freedom of the seas, are much more important guarantees for the Allies than are the territories occupied by the enemy.” Thus the Censor is anxious to deprecate the results gained by the Allies so as to prolong the war.

As for the determination to conceal the horrors of the war, here is a phrase suppressed in a magazine article : “ Eight thousand dead babies in Transylvania, eight thousand little corpses littering the track of the Austrian retreat—so many of them that they had to be buried in common graves. That was war passing by, strewing the roads with grief and yet more grief.” Thus the Censor will not even allow the statement that war scatters death.

But I hope that after the war there will be a recoil of horror, when the truth at present suppressed will break out. I have heard an officer describe Hill 304 at Verdun—the stench of blood, the splash of rivers of blood, the screams of soldiers calling for their mothers. . . . When he speaks out, and thousands of others . . . what a graphic contrast that will be with the high-flown phrases which are all that the Censor allows.

— An officer in touch with the British declares that the area captured in Picardy will never again be cultivable : thirty-foot craters, subsoil blown to atoms, splinters of steel, unexploded shells. He suggests planting a forest. He declares that he could not find any trace of some villages, such as Montauban.

— In a preface to a collection of speeches by Lloyd George, Albert Thomas twice dwells on "our apprehension of the bitter hour of victory," and on "the noble trials of victory."

— On the 11th, Painlevé called on Poincaré to discuss the affairs of Greece, where there is a complicated situation—a duplication of Government, with the Greeks torn between the King and Venizelos : and, to crown it all, the successive demands of the Allies, who want to control postal services, police, fleet, and railways.

— On the 10th, at a lunch given by Painlevé, Arthur Lynch, the English Member of Parliament, drew a parallel between Briand and Lloyd George, declaring that the latter is utterly sincere in his democratic principles—an ideal which he has always followed, despite any minor and transient lapses.

— The second Loan, opened on the 5th October, has been supported by much more forcible and insidious methods than the first. A stronger campaign is directed against the masses. The newspapers harp on the theme that to invest gold is to shorten the war. For the first time they are mentioning the losses of life, assuring the public that they will diminish them by subscribing to the Loan. I notice the bold argument : "Nearly six per cent ! Just think what a high rate of interest that would be in normal times !"

Nevertheless, about the 15th, complaints were made of a meagre response. Some alleged : "It is because the troops home on leave assure people that they will shorten the war by not subscribing." Others declare : "It's a trick of the Germans."

— On the 12th, in the Reichstag, the Majority Socialist Scheide-mann asserted that the French were being kept in ignorance of the fact that the invaded parts of Belgium and France could be evacuated without spilling another drop of blood.

— The newspapers are holding forth on the idea that Right is bound to triumph over Force. The irony is that Right must use Force to win that triumph.

— The actress S—— was living in a villa near Meaux. Before the German invasion she abandoned it, but left on the drawing-room table, as a means of protection, a playbill of *Old Heidelberg*,

a German play in which she had acted at the Odéon. She underlined her own name. After the Marne she found her villa intact, with a large bunch of flowers placed on the playbill.

— On the Defence Committee, Joffre stubbornly refused to send troops to Salonica. "What! The very idea of removing a single soldier from my front, now that we are on the eve of victory! . . ." Whereupon Poincaré retorted in his most sarcastic tone: "Why not say *yesterday eve*, general!"

— Painlevé complains a good deal about Freycinet's amorous entanglements. Who would have thought it, in a man of eighty-seven?

— I asked Tristan what Colonel C—— was doing in his post as head of the Military Information section at the Press Bureau. He replied with a smile: "He's the man who writes the soldiers' letters."

— Albert J——, now on leave, mentions the hatred of the soldiers for Poincaré, a hatred based on the idea that he started the war. He remarks that what makes men go over the top is the fear of appearing cowards before each other.

He declares humorously that he's going to get married, as it will give him four days' leave, with a further three days for the birth of a child, while he will earn his discharge as soon as he has produced six children.

— The 22nd. Solicitors mobilised in the army are being given special leave, to enable them to stump the country on behalf of the War Loan. They are doing the job very well. The rural populations are undergoing a severe siege. The local leagues lay information against all who possess gold, shares, or stock.

— Lavissee has just published an article in a quarterly in which he admits that we must denounce *war in itself*. Is he possibly beginning to see the truth?

— Lavedan has just produced a rousing panegyric in *Illustration* based on the wording of some mentions in despatches, in which he declares that our soldiers experience the "happiness of death."

— Every soldier who is betrayed by his wife is at once informed in letters from his village. In the same way, any man in a sheltered occupation is denounced from all quarters. Thus we see the jealousy and malevolence let loose by the war.

In villages and small towns a man conceals the fact that he has been rejected. He never lets out the truth all of a sudden. He says that he's on leave. Then he gradually extends the period. He is

impelled by natural sensitive vanity to avoid admitting a physical weakness—but chiefly by the fear of rousing malice. . . .

— Sembat interviewed the “big chiefs” of the travel agencies. Plans for receiving the Americans who will come to visit our trenches. It is appalling, this exploitation of the graveyard of two million men. But it is the universal law. Death does not exist.

— Strange methods have been employed to stimulate subscription to the Loan. On the 27th a drawing by Poulbot appeared in a paper. A small village boy is saying to another : “Your father is not a soldier, and if he doesn’t invest in the Loan, just you see what’ll happen when my father comes back from the war !” Another drawing, by Léandre : A villager is remarking to his wife, who is penning a letter to their son : “Give the lad my love, and tell him that we’ve subscribed.”

These two fantasies are poles apart from the truth. All the soldiers on leave have said to their people : “Whatever you do, don’t buy any War Loan !”

## NOVEMBER 1916

— BOUTTIEAUX called on me on the 2nd November. He mentioned that at the beginning of July the O.C. of some colonial troops got as far as the Somme. He asked H.Q. if he should hold on there. They replied that they were too far away to judge, and they left the decision in his hands. So he withdrew.

In regard to the Russians, Bouttieaux declares that a Russian colonel said to him : " We are not anxious that our contingents in France should return to Russia ; after contact with the French, they have imbibed the spirit of democracy, and, once home again, would turn into vigorous enemies of our flourishing feudal régime."

— The 5th. The League of the Rights of Man has presented a report on peace conditions. For the first few days it was entirely suppressed by the Censor. Little by little the light is creeping through. I learn that Séverine has called for peace in the name of humanity. The suggestion was rejected. The report, now published, takes its stand on victory, but repudiates annexations.

— At the end of October there was a stormy meeting of the Cabinet, on which some pointed out a discrepancy between G.H.Q.'s figures as to our troops in Salonica and the number given by Sarraïl. Roques, the Minister, is going out there to make an enquiry. But first he visited Joffre, who was very anxious to get rid of Sarraïl, and does not want him on the French front.

— I have before me a memorandum, on paper with the G.H.Q. heading, entitled " War of Attrition." It has been distributed among officers at the front and is intended to form the basis of their addresses to the men. It explains how the German front will be pierced. And I notice the bold assertion that, apart from a few second-line troops, " the Germans have nothing left but their 1918 class (350,000 men)." That figure is a terrific under-statement. It represents a deliberate deceit, a spurious method of establishing confidence. Just as in the Dreyfus case, it is " false patriotism."

— Jean L——, just back from Verdun, tells me that the day after the recapture of Douaumont screams were heard from the depths of the fortress—screams of Germans walled up behind



sandbags that had been soaked with paraffin the night before. . . .

He also remarks that there was considerable disappointment among the officers after the recapture of Vaux. And it is true enough that these operations, apparently, did not rouse public opinion. You no longer hear a word about them. People seem as if they distrust the future. A settled apathy.

There is a rumour that General Pau (whose right arm is amputated) will be appointed Minister for War and will deputise for Roques. "As his right-hand man, I suppose," remarks Madame X.

— Someone mentioned the case of the soldier who came home unexpectedly on leave and found fifteen guests of his wife at dinner. He did not know a single one of them.

— The number of couples who kiss and embrace and cuddle in public increases from day to day.

— In the army they call Mangin "The Butcher." Even in patriotic circles he has the reputation of mercilessly sacrificing his men. He was given advancement in the Legion of Honour on the ground that his forces had recaptured Douaumont and Vaux. The soldiers who came back alive shouted out to him as he went by: "Well, *you've* got your decoration, anyhow."

— The 9th. Light interlude. News came of the nomination of Hughes for the Presidency of the United States. Later reports gave the name of Wilson, but not before the Press had thrown plenty of mud at him. They were a little too premature with their pæans of victory and sneers at Wilson.

— A soldier on leave, complete with steel helmet, was coming out of a station. The Customs officer wanted to make him open his various packages. The soldier swore at him. The crowd took the part of the Customs officer.

— In France, leading light of civilisation, the *communiqué* never mentions the 'planes which fail to return from battles in the air. The British, on the contrary, do mention them. What is the result? That our *communiqués* give the impression that all our 'planes return. So when Boelke, the Flying officer, was killed, we were informed that he had just brought down his fortieth 'plane! It is stupefying! There you have a miniature reflection of the amazement people will feel after the war, when they know the truth.

— Lieutenant G——, a Belgian, declares that the various nations may be classed as follows, in order of their desire for peace: Russia; Rumania; Italy; France; England.

— The 10th. Another rumour of an armistice, mentioned to Jean L—— by the Prefect of the department of the Rhône. The

Germans asked for a fortnight, to enable them to retire, without striking a blow, to a new line of retreat, when they would resume the conflict. It was proposed, I gather, by the Papal Nuncio, but refused.

— Painlevé, who returned from England on Thursday, the 9th, declares that he and Lloyd George reached important decisions. But he had to secure the consent of Briand before he went. He was delighted to find that Lloyd George gave him a specially warm welcome.

— The tea-rooms are crowded with customers.

— General N—— visited Joffre to submit a report about his operations on the Somme, where his division suffered badly. An officer of G.H.Q. remarked to him : “ Don’t tell General Joffre the number of your losses. It would worry him.”

— The magistrate B——, my neighbour, devotes one evening a week to hearing the cases of men who have been rejected, exempted, and wounded, whose wives have regarded them as shirkers.

— A new play by Henry Bataille—*The Amazon*.

— Cabinet meetings are still stormy. On Saturday, the 11th, Painlevé again threatened to resign ; during his trip to England they really wanted to remove Sarraill. But on Sunday he paid a visit to Poincaré and settled the point once more.

— Suddenly, severe measures of restriction are being showered upon us or being threatened. Shops will be shut at 6 p.m. ; cafés and restaurants at 9.30. Evening dress will no longer be allowed in the State theatres ; an Economy Council will be set up and will ordain meatless days. It is the unexpectedness of these measures which strikes public opinion. But it is true that, owing to lack of transport and coal, the distribution of power and light has been suspended in the suburbs. The business men are being roused to protest. They are beginning to notice that there is a war on.

— The Censor has suppressed an article in the *Vie Féminine* for 13th November. It expressed the wish that Frenchwomen should visit French prisoners in Germany, and vice versa. The Censor does not want any friendly contact.

— I was remarking to Gabriel Voisin what a thankless task it is to denounce “ war as war ” by mere appeals to the sense of pity, or to unmask its appalling stupidity. People instantly crush you beneath abusive terms : “ shame,” “ cowardice,” “ infamy ” ; while those who exalt war adorn themselves with resplendent phrases : “ glory,” “ honour,” and “ heroism.”

— One of the ludicrous ideas of the war is that what chiefly matters is the way you meet your death. For instance, people hear that a Flying officer has just been killed in mid-air. Later reports show that he died of high blood-pressure. It is obvious that such a condition is a direct result of his dangerous job, but that does not matter ; there is no longer the same glory attached to it. And all the pathos of his death fades away. . . .

— A note on the universal insensibility. The British *communiqué* has expressed satisfaction that "in a single division we lost *only* 450 men during an attack." Just reflect for a moment. Imagine people congratulating themselves that, on any one day, only 450 families for each division have been plunged in grief.

— Lunch with Anatole France. He mentioned a remark of Malvy the day before : "We are just approaching the period of insurmountable difficulties."

He described an interview with Briand during his first days as Premier—how wearily he slumped down into his chair, remarking : "We must end it quickly ; it can't last."

France declares that the Government treats the country like a mother whose little boy has just bruised himself, when she tells him : "You've not really hurt yourself."

Generally speaking, he declares, the satisfaction women find in living apart from their husbands is one of the causes of the prolongation of the war.

His comment on the soldier is : Mankind has three dominant interests : hunger, love, and death. With the soldier, extreme fatigue has killed love. Danger is only occasional, and he feels it little. His hunger is satisfied by local peasants in part exchange for his daily ration of wine and meat. Finally, there is the lure of promotion and the fear of being shot.

After lunch, he put his arm round me and said : "Where will all this end ? What can we do ?" I replied : "Get yourself appointed Director of the Press Bureau, and spread the idea that the victory of the Allies has been achieved by sheer force, that it results from their numerical, financial, and territorial superiority—that military strategy is bankrupt, so that on the strength of this potential victory it is both futile and criminal to translate it into bloody fact."

— Since the 13th it has been known that riots, caused by conscription, have broken out in Algeria. A Sub-Prefect, a District Commissioner, and a stationmaster have been killed. All reports

from Algeria are suspended. On the 18th the newspapers had not yet breathed a word of these incidents.

— Since the 15th, lights have to be shaded at six o'clock. But many fruit-stalls are lit up by candle after that hour. There is also much discontent. For the hardware dealer, who is compelled to shut, complains that his customers go round to the grocer, who can remain open since he comes under the category of food supply.

— "France must not be stifled to death beneath the spoils of victory," cried Bokanowski, the Deputy.

— The 20th. Every day in Paris we see a temporary shortage of some commodity or other—milk, salt, and so on. These are just stoppages in the circulation of the municipal body.

— On the Boulevards about six o'clock on Sunday evening the crowd is so thick that you have to walk slowly, or else step out on to the roadway. The restaurants are crammed. Never was there so much guzzling. This passion for luxury springs from the *lower classes*, with their high wages.

— The 19th. Someone showed me the *Echo de Paris*, where I came upon a leading article which laid claim to the left bank of the Rhine. Thus, the very same people who are clamouring for a crushing victory to avoid "war within three years" are also demanding those annexations which sow the seed of wars of revenge!

— There were 450 votes against 75 in the Chamber in favour of medical examination of the 1918 class.

At this sitting they decided to hold a further secret session.

— The 22nd. The death of the Emperor Francis Joseph has left public opinion cold.

— The 24th. Further restrictions. There is talk of two meatless days a week, the abolition of iced cakes, petrol cards, further medical examination of the rejected, taxes on stamps, tobacco, restaurant bills, and theatre seats. Speed regulation is already in force.

— I am told that troops in the trenches are delighted by the knowledge that the civilians are being thus pestered. You hear the remark on the trams: "It wasn't worth while to make fun of the Germans when we are doing *the same as they are*."

— The 24th. Anatole France and Tristan Bernard lunched with Madame R——. Painlevé and Pierre Loti came along during the afternoon. Painlevé denies the alleged intention of Briand to resign. He has had a thorough discussion with him, in which he

assured Briand that he could count on his support for all salutary measures. He declared that there will not be any serious change in the Higher Command, except the cancellation of the order of the 2nd December, 1915, appointing a C.-in-C.

I asked him whether it is true that Lloyd George demanded the removal of Joffre. He replied : " Now you've asked me too much."

After the departure of Loti, very obviously looking his age, Anatole France remarked : " It is astonishing how suddenly he has passed from youth to old age."

— I have just been told that Joffre possesses a house-boat at Bougival, which he often visits on Sundays.

— The 26th. A story from Tristan. In the course of a trench truce, a shot was fired on a French soldier. Determined to get at the bottom of the mystery, he went across to the Germans and found them roughly handling the soldier who had fired the shot : " He didn't know ! He only came here this morning ! "

— One sees articles headed : " Beware of Peace." Another article designed to goad on its readers to insatiable hatred was headed : " Firebrands of Peace." I am told it was written by a woman.

— The suggestion that the supply of gas may possibly be curtailed wrung from a Chauvinist the exclamation : " But what about my bath ? "

— It is astounding—and will seem more astounding when we look back—on reading reports of proceedings in the Chamber, to see the Deputies disposing of the lives of others : " We will sacrifice our last man. . . . "

— The 28th. At to-day's Cabinet meeting, Painlevé wanted to resign on the question of the Higher Command. Freycinet, stalwart defender of Joffre, also tendered his resignation in the event of their laying a finger on the C.-in-C. So all three are staying where they are.

— The 28th. First session of the Secret Committee. Statement by Briand.

— The 29th. Second session. Brilliant defence of the Salonica campaign by Abrami.

— The 30th. Third session. Great success of Roques in defence of Sarraill.

— There is a fairly widespread story being told just now that Poincaré was jeered by the soldiers near Saily-Saillissel : " Get back to Bordeaux," etc. . . .

— The 30th. C—— points out that no steps have been taken

to select peace plenipotentiaries, whose task it would be for a whole year to study the situation from the historical, financial, and economic points of view, together with the forty-nine separate Constitutions of the German States, the vulnerable points. . . .

But the patriots retort : " If we did make any such appointments, the Germans would hear of it and regard it as a sign of weakness."

— Various pamphlets and advanced newspapers point out the reactionary tendency of the Censorship. It raises no objection to the claims of the annexationists—such as those of Barrès, who demands the bridge-heads on the right bank of the Rhine, with a French Governor at Coblenz—but it bans the Socialist policy opposed to the Bismarckian theory of annexation.

— The *Echo de Paris* on the 27th November published a Catholic manifesto which, under cover of the war, calls for restoration of the Concordat, religious instruction in schools, " reform " of the divorce laws, etc.

— One wonders how women will be able to bear giving up their present high wages. Leaders of industry recognise their adaptability to the trades they enter, their superiority to men in rapidity of grasp and in output.

— The 30th. Gémier tells me that four thousand women have rioted at Levallois-Perret. Trouble about food.

## DECEMBER 1916

— I HEARD nothing about the session of Saturday the 2nd. On Sunday the 3rd, Briand made a statement on the position in Greece. He described the dealings between his secret emissary and the king. "Secret diplomacy!" angrily shouted one Deputy. However, Briand has won over the Socialists by allowing them a glimpse of the possibility of peace. It was at the session of Friday the 1st. On a question by Pressemane, Briand declared that he had not received any peace offers, but that, if he did receive any, he would submit them to the Allies, and also to the Chamber, if occasion offered. Four hundred Deputies cheered this. The patriots are very worried about this incident. They feared the worst—that is, the dawn of peace. Briand also promised a re-organisation in the Higher Command, with Joffre as technical adviser to the Allies, and Nivelle as C.-in-C.

— Astounding! The Russian Prime Minister, Trepoff, declares that the war aims of Russia are Constantinople and the Straits, promised by the Allies in 1915, and the destruction of Germany. We have thus left far behind the myth of Russia flinging herself into the fray solely in defence of poor little Serbia. . . .

— President Wilson, in a speech at the Statue of Liberty, has made a strong declaration against "governments in which a small, selfish caste can unloose the scourge of war."

— At the Petit Palais there is an exhibition of damaged monuments. It has been organised by the *Journal*, under the direction of Lapauze. Ink is flowing in angry waves against German vandalism. But according to the testimony I was given a score of times in villages of the Marne *from which the enemy was driven*, it is impossible to know whether this damage was done by French or by German shells.

— The *Petit Parisien* (with its circulation of three millions) prints in large letters, "They want Antwerp and Briey." On looking further into it, one finds that the "want" was expressed by a German newspaper of the Catholic Centre party. The Germans would be equally justified in declaring "They want Coblentz," merely because Barrès said so in the *Echo de Paris*.

— On Wednesday the 6th, Tardieu discussed munition production. General Roques dealt with man-power. He was not very much at home with his notes, and his exposition was rather muddled. There are 2,800,000 men under arms. But we have exhausted all our present reserves. In regard to our losses, he states that 750,000 have been killed in action, in addition to those who have died of diseases or as a result of wounds, and the missing. This makes a total of 1,300,000 men ! There are about 400,000 French prisoners. The German losses are said to be some ten per cent of their effective strength, while ours represent fifteen per cent.

— Two women we know attended the first of the Chamber's resumed public sittings. They were disgusted by the behaviour of the Deputies, with their levity, their ragging, their care-free conversations. The Ministry secured 350 votes to 200.

— The 8th. There has been a Cabinet committee. Viviani, as Vice-President, speaking in the name of his colleagues, and forming his decision on the attitude of yesterday's meeting of the Chamber, tendered their resignation to Briand, who asked for time to think it over.

— Among the fourteen motions following the Secret Committee, I observe one by a group of Socialists, demanding that a court of arbitration shall examine " the right of Alsace-Lorraine to be reunited with France." Have they hit upon the final solution ?

— Public opinion, for the last month, has made a marked advance along the path towards peace. But won't they first try the new Ministerial reconstruction with its motto of " Energetic action " ?

— The 9th. On the question of finance, Roux-Costadau delivered a speech in the Chamber, which was tactlessly provocative, but which is also the first important outcry of revolt against the war. He declared that we are rushing towards the abyss. Though interrupted with many scurrilities, he displayed the patience of a martyr.

On the other hand, the Financial Secretary, introducing the annual estimates, declared, amid general approval, that France has spent seventy-two thousand millions—that she will have to pay three thousand millions a year in *interest*. The statement was received with bland unconcern. The figures, like those of deaths at the front, no longer have any meaning.

— Sunday the 10th. Several generals, I gather, have refused the command of the French front. Either because they are afraid of



being placed under the orders of Joffre, or because they think the responsibility a dangerous burden.

— The war on peace still goes on, bitterly. Do the Germans send messages *via* America that no attention must be paid to the pan-Germanists, at once loud warnings are raised of "traps" or "lies." All the time, we have our League of the Left Bank of the Rhine. What should we say if the Germans took that league's claims seriously?

— A revenue official tells me that all the army contractors are trying to escape taxes on their profits. What a lesson this will be for those who survive the war—this revelation of waste and chicanery! Many of these scandals were pointed out in the Chamber, but were received in a kind of apathy. They were incapable of indignation, action, or energy. Everything evaporates in words.

— At the sitting of the Chamber on the 11th, Brizon claimed that France is winning. Then he shouted: "Down with the war!" Uproar! Abuse! Bouge, a Deputy, asked him how much he had been paid. Brizon threw the glass of water at his head, and was suspended for the next fifteen sittings.

— How frightful is that phrase from the *communiqué*: "The usual bombardment." People have become *accustomed* to the deaths of others. Such an attitude can last a long time.

— The 11th. My attention has been drawn to two "cuts." One occurs in a speech by Bethmann-Hollweg, in which he declares that Sarraill will shortly be attacked. The other is in an article by Humbert which urged that every mistake "should pay forfeit with a life." The Censor had it altered to "should be expiated."

— After the Marne, the Crown Prince had his photograph sent to Sarraill with the inscription: "To my brave and gallant opponent."

— The 10th. Painlevé has set forth his demands in regard to the Higher Command in a letter to Briand, who wants to "cut down" his present Ministry. He knows that the Government wants to launch offensives in the near future in order to stimulate public opinion. And Painlevé does not want to have to authorise the carrying out of those attacks under the present Higher Command.

— At the beginning of the war, General L—— was shown the *communiqué* announcing the occupation of Lunéville by the Germans. The general armed himself with a ruler, pointed at a map on the wall, and wandered vaguely over Holland, Belgium...

His A.D.C., with a gesture of diffident awe, put his finger on Lunéville. Whereon the General : " Why !—that means they're in France ! "

— On Tuesday the 12th, during the afternoon, Painlevé again refused, over the telephone, Briand's offer to join his Ministry. At three o'clock he was summoned to the Élysée, to see Poincaré and Briand. He was offered the Ministry of Marine. He refused. He insisted on having Roques at the War Office, Pétain as C.-in-C., and a complete reconstruction of the Higher Command. As for Doumergue, this evening (Tuesday) about half-past nine, they suddenly realised that his group had not been represented in the new Cabinet. So they decided to make the Colonies into a separate Ministry (instead of amalgamating it with the Ministry of Marine) and to offer it to him. He at once accepted.

— Matou, a sergeant in the artillery, broke his glasses while with his battery in Lorraine. He asked permission to go into Toul to buy another pair. The military authorities decided that they should be supplied by the Medical Corps. So they sent him off to Toul by the next ambulance transport column, entering him on the charge-sheet as : " To be tested for new spectacles." At Toul the sergeant was put on the wrong train, and found himself in a convoy of typhoid cases. He protested. But what can a short-sighted man do without his glasses ? He asked for something to eat, but his temperature was below normal. They decided that he was raving. Such symptoms are characteristic of typhoid. To cut a long story short, he was taken to Nîmes, where, at last, the mistake was recognised. But by that time he was outside the area of field-service jurisdiction. And so, in order to send the sergeant back to the front, the authorities were forced to send him first to his dépôt at Rennes.

— The 13th. There is news of peace proposals from Germany. All the newspapers present them under headlines such as : " A Trick," " A clumsy Trap," " A Bait." Those are the very expressions which were to appear in Briand's statement in the Chamber later in the day.

I lunched at C——'s. There were eight of us. When conversation turned on this offer, three people exclaimed : " Ah ! Peace ? Never ! " Those three persons were a hospital nurse (in uniform), an actress, and a manufacturer aged about fifty-five. The latter declared : " I, for one, shall shoulder a rifle, if they make peace ! " I could not refrain from retorting to this fire-eating patriot : " That will be something worth seeing ! "

Tristan Bernard observed to me that, if there is any "trap" in these offers, it is precisely our contemptuous refusal even to consider them.

A vast tide of hope is rising in barrack and factory. . . .

— The 14th. The newspapers are still shouting about "baits" and "trickery." At the same time, they publish the main outlines of the proposals, communicated through American channels: the restoration of Belgium, the evacuation of France, the independence of Poland and Lithuania, the rectification of the Balkan frontiers, and the return of the German colonies.

But a perfectly amazing state of affairs has ensued. Though these proposals were conspicuously displayed on the front page of the *Journal* and *Information*, not a single person has read them! Not one! At the end of the day, ten different persons assured me that they had not seen them, that they knew nothing about it. I almost fancied I must have been dreaming or seeing visions.

— The 15th. Already the newspapers have almost ceased to make any further reference to the German Note. Not a single paper reprints the main outlines published yesterday. Once more I have been assured by people that they have not seen the news. They have not *wanted* to see it! In future years, who will believe that this conspiracy of silence ever existed? And yet that is precisely what happened.

— At the sitting of the Chamber on the 13th, when Briand declared that the German offer was intended to poison the mind of the people, a Socialist proposed that a reply should be made setting forth our war-aims. Loud shouts of protest from the Right: "We have only one aim—Victory!"

— At the beginning of the war, fifteen lunatics in the asylum at Villejuif wanted to enlist. The authorities refused to allow it. So they escaped from the asylum and succeeded in their object. Where are they now?

— I have been told that, in the Battle of the Somme, raw young recruits of the 1917 class shouted "Mother," when they tried to make them go over the top, and their officers were compelled to shoot some of them.

•— On the evening of the 15th, news came round of an attack to the north of Verdun, with recapture of the Poivre heights and 7,000 prisoners. Our patriots are radiant. "It proves that our soldiers have still got plenty of pluck, and there's our reply to the German offers!" This latter assertion is false. This particular attack, which was arranged a considerable time ago, was

planned to produce its moral effect during the Secret Committee, but it was delayed by the heavy rains.

— The 16th. The “reduced” Ministry was published on the 13th. Albert Thomas, Minister of Munitions, is going to occupy vast premises, since he requires 250 rooms.

— This is how Joffre learned of his removal from command. They had promised that he would retain all his power, but was simply being transferred to Paris. General Nivelle informed him that he, Nivelle, was henceforth under the direct orders of the Minister for War. Joffre no longer counted.

— The Censorship continues to ban all expressions of fear, war-weariness, or common sense—anything that might relax the strength of military pride. I have seen a comic example in the suppression of a humorous article which suggested that, now that we have a meatless day and a theatreless day, we should try a warless day.

— Oh ! What a lot the newspapers have to answer for ! At Serbonnes, the father of a soldier, who trembles every moment for his son’s safety, remarked about the German Note : “ Ah ! We must have a lasting peace.” A phrase he had read.

— The military spirit, the barrack mind, remains exactly the same as it was in time of peace. Nothing has changed in this essentially traditional atmosphere. Certain soldiers, in a balloon section at Saint-Cyr, were wearing, on their greatcoats, buttons shaped like a grenade, but had fixed them on the wrong way up. So the sergeant-major tore them all off.

— The wave of reaction has brought Parliament into odium. In the Métro, an individual in officer’s uniform struck a Deputy, just for being a Deputy. And some obscure auxiliary medical officer next to me in a restaurant, when he caught sight of the Under-Secretary of State for the Army Medical Service, who was just entering, remarked : “ He’s been drawing his twenty-five thousand francs a good long time, but he probably doesn’t do much for it ! ”

— My friend B—— told me that the present total casualties of 1,300,000, if stretched out end to end along a road, would reach from Paris to Nice. Travelling that road by car, throughout the thirty hours of the journey one would have this unending line of corpses before one’s eyes. When I mentioned this idea to Tristan Bernard, he replied : “ I say !—a sight like that would hardly make touring more popular ! ”

— Joffre complains that he no longer counts—“ consulted, but

not always followed." There has been a proposal to instal him, with a staff of thirty officers, at Neuilly in a girls' boarding-school or in a convent.

— A drawing in the *Petit Parisien* displays a French soldier kicking a German soldier who is carrying a board labelled "Peace."

— The 22nd. America is requesting all the belligerents to state their war-aims. Great excitement.

— Since the 23rd, the *Temps* has been protesting against the American Note : they cannot force us, it declares, to sheath our sword.

— The 24th. Unanimous protests in the Press against Wilson's Note. They are determined on victory by force of arms. They reproach Americans for not having joined in as far back as August 1914. They accuse her of having taken action only in consequence of the German peace offer. They forget Wilson's speech before the Statue of Liberty, and his protest against submarine warfare (May 1916).

— A Christmas drawing in the *Petit Parisien*. Two children are praying on the hearth. "Let papa come back with victory." Is it not appalling, that condition which the drawing puts in their mouths? Two little children ! But the voice of the heart simply cries : "Let papa come back !"

— One of our newspapers prints in heavy type, "*Their real claims*," and proceeds to give the views of a demented pan-Germanist who insists on our handing over *Marseilles*. Do not smile. For people take it seriously. My son, visiting one of our relations, heard her retort : "What ! Peace ! Oh ! Not now ! Why, they want *Marseilles* !" Her mind had been poisoned by her newspaper.

— For the last two years they have been rocking us to sleep with the lullaby : "We shall exhaust Germany by means of blockade. Let us tighten it up. Once they feel the pinch, they will howl for mercy. Victory will go to the side which holds on a quarter of an hour longer. . . ." And yet, as soon as Germany offers to discuss terms of peace, nobody imagines it is because those predictions are now, possibly, in course of fulfilment.

— True to his principles, the Censor has suppressed a sentence in a newspaper in which war was described as "a madness of humanity." It is impossible for war to be madness. How could you keep people in a permanent state of madness ?

— News has arrived of the order conferring on Joffre the rank

of Marshal. The secret of this decision, obviously taken at the Cabinet meeting of the 26th, has been well kept.

— Joffre has sent a request by telephone to the Military Governor of Paris for permission to occupy the Marshal's suite at the Staff College.

— My concierge, whose son is shortly due for promotion to sergeant-major, consults the *Official Gazette* every day to trace the announcement. And, although important events are occurring, such as the exchange of Notes suggesting peace, he remarks to me every morning, when I meet him on the stairs : " Still no news ! "

— This elimination of Joffre—for the order which appointed him Marshal also cancelled the order of December 2nd, 1915, appointing him C.-in-C., and of December 13th, 1916, appointing him Technical Adviser to the Allies—this elimination has not roused any emotion. One imagined that the universe would collapse with amazement. But it has not stirred an inch.

— On the 31st comes the Allies' reply to the German Note. Curiously enough, it is regarded as perfect by both extremes of French opinion. People praise its cleverness in having made a strong point of the invasion of Belgium—which is solid ground. But, on the other hand, it contrives to create the impression of banging the door shut, and yet leaving it still open. . . .

## JANUARY 1917

— It is, after all, alarming that the men in power should be guided, even in this crisis, chiefly by the anxiety to safeguard their own positions, while men on the threshold of power are chiefly concerned with their efforts to achieve it. . . .

— While walking along the Quai des Tuileries, I counted, in a space of thirty yards, thirteen men fishing, with another thirteen looking on—that is, twenty-six idlers. And yet people talk of the superb spirit of the country, the eager and voluntary mobilisation of our energies. What rubbish !

— They have suppressed the two following articles : one in praise of Professor Foerster of Munich, who, in some lectures which won much applause, denounced the fatal militaristic education of German youth ; the other contained a description by a woman, whose home is in the North, of the comparative good nature of German soldiers in the occupied areas.

— Although the new taxes affect necessities like sugar and stamps, and other fairly essential needs such as coffee and tobacco, they have been accepted with resignation. You hear people say : “ I shall smoke less.” “ I shall write fewer letters.”

— The 5th. C—— tells me that the Germans’ poison gases can penetrate gas-masks.

— The Boulevard, from the Madeleine as far as the Place de la République, about eight o’clock in the evening. . . . Tremendous gluttony ! One restaurant after another. Some are muffled up with thick padded blinds. It is hard to find the way in. But, inside, costly sacrifices are made to Bacchus. Most of them are ablaze with light. In contrast with the darkness of the roadway, these holy shrines stretch back in a glittering vista, their windows revealing serried ranks of diners as far as sight can reach. Laughing eyes, glowing cheeks, busy jaws, waiters darting to and fro. Not a single empty seat. They crowd elbow to elbow round the trough. Fifty miles away, men are standing in the trenches up to their arm-pits in icy mud—drowning in pools of mud—in *unspeakable* hardship. It is a fine war !

— One evening, along the Quais, near the Trocadéro, about

midnight, I met a soldier who seemed drunk, either with wine or with fatigue. He told me he wanted to throw himself into the Seine. He had three children, spent two years in the trenches, had won the Croix de Guerre. At six in the morning he was due at the Gare du Nord on his way back to the Somme. He was done up. He had had enough. . . . So, as I turned over various ideas for helping him, I suddenly thought of providing him with a bed in a hotel for a few hours. Then I reflected : " What ! In this fashionable district ? And looking as drunk as he does ? " Then I suddenly saw through the tremendous *bluff*. . . . People tell you that the soldier is given the warmest of welcomes everywhere, nay, even adored. But just let us try ! Let him walk in, shabby and tottering, to some sumptuous hotel—why, they would turn him away at once !

— My whole soul revolts when I hear our patriots refer in glowing terms to " an interesting day—we've only lost two thousand, but we've killed fifteen thousand ! "

— The 7th. A proclamation by the two Emperors to their armies, calling for war to the bitter end, after the rejection of their offers by the enemy. A fatal step.

— At the cinema in the Rue de la Gaîté. Profound silence when they threw on the screen the fat paunch of Joffre, in connection with his promotion to Marshal. Throughout the evening the only thing which drew prolonged and almost endless applause was the mere display on the screen of a kind of preface to a film with rather feminist tendencies : " A husband ought to try to please his wife just as much as she tries to please him. What is good for one is good for the other." Post-war problems already interest people far more sharply than those of the war.

— A young officer in the cipher section of the War Office, who translates German newspapers, is very angry (though he keeps it to himself) at being forced to summarise only the pan-Germanist papers, while compelled to overlook the vast majority of more reasonable papers from which they do not intend to give extracts. Always this adulterated kind of truth, which they pour out on the herd to prevent their hatred, fear, and anger subsiding.

— I am told that the German Peace Note of the 12th December reached Paris at two in the afternoon. At first they decided to suppress it. But they felt themselves unable to prevent its publication, which was accordingly authorised at one in the morning. So the first articles about it were hurriedly put together at very short notice.



— At the Inventions Board, Captain R—— tells us that the springs for our machine-gun loading numbers were made in Germany but sent here through Switzerland.

— It was there also that Professor L—— told me that he had to examine the peat-bogs at Saint-Gond, where the German Imperial Guards are said to have been engulfed. The fact is that only *six* Germans were drowned. He also recalls the legend, calmly accepted as true in an official report, about some Germans who are said to have examined this locality before the war. The fact is that it was a British company which wanted to purchase the peat deposits. L—— has identified and traced their representatives !

— The 12th. The Allies have published their reply to Wilson. At last they state their war aims. There is one curious phrase stating "that the Allies cannot at present secure the peace they desire." How do they know that ? They have disguised the grant of Constantinople to Russia—an indispensable measure, it appears, to prevent them leaving us—beneath a formula whose ingenuity makes one smile : "The expulsion from Europe of the Ottomans, as being utterly unworthy of Western civilisation." Make way for the Cossacks !

— Yesterday, at a tram-stop, an army chaplain, just back from the Somme and Verdun, remarked to a lady : "There are quite enough mothers in mourning. Let us hope that it will soon be over !" To-day, on the same tram, there was a lady in heavy furs who remarked in a loud voice to a soldier : "You wouldn't be where you are after thirty months but for thousands of blackguards and idiots who voted for the war parties !" The hearers were embarrassed and merely grinned. A working woman near me muttered : "She's quite right !"

— The 16th. They have published a letter from the Kaiser to Bethmann-Hollweg dated the 31st October, 1916. All the French newspapers throw doubt upon the date and its sincerity. Here are some passages : ". . . the enemy peoples, victims of war mania . . . have no statesmen in a position to pronounce the word of deliverance. To put forward peace proposals is to perform an act of morality essential for the liberation of the world—including the neutrals—from the burden which is crushing it. For such an act we need a monarch who has a conscience, who feels his responsibility before God—a monarch with a heart both for his country and for his foes, a monarch who desires to free the world from its suffering, regardless of the false interpretation which

will be deliberately placed on his actions. I possess this courage. I will dare to perform that act. Make all necessary preparations."

— Either vanity or shame prevents certain aspects of life from being reflected in our illustrated papers. So posterity will find the pictorial documentation of the war very defective. For instance : they do not show us the insides of houses almost completely dark, owing to the lighting restrictions ; the fruit-stalls lit by candles in the deep gloom of the streets ; the dustbins lying about on the pavement, owing to shortage of staff, until three in the afternoon ; the queues of three thousand people waiting for their ration of sugar outside the large grocery stores. And, conversely, they do not record the enormous crowd thronging restaurants, tea-rooms, theatres, music-halls, and cinemas.

— A certain manufacturer was defiling a stream with the by-products of the poison gas made in his factory. The river-side landowners brought an action against him. The judge, animated by the " war mind," failed to follow the traditional practice of brow-beating the defendant. Instead, he poured scorn on the plaintiff and congratulated the defendant on his work for national defence, for France.

— We make fun of the motto *Gott mit uns* (God is with us), and yet our old crown pieces have stamped on the edge the phrase *God protect France*. We scoff at the phrase *Deutschland über alles* (Germany above everything !) and yet the motto of the Chairman of our League of Patriots was *France first* !

— What a backward step, again, it is to increase the cost of travel, when the spirit of progress was tending towards its continual reduction. . . . There again, they have not dared to hit the privileged classes ; they have pursued their old policy of shearing the proletarian sheep. Similarly, they have not dared to introduce the tax of five per cent on restaurant bills, to abolish luxury cars, etc.

— A maid, who had been given notice, took her revenge by throwing two hundred pounds of sugar into the bath. Her employers could not prosecute her, for they had been hoarding. Similarly, people who have been robbed of gold dare not take legal action, for they ought to have deposited it in the Bank of France.

— I am not copying down any more titles of newspaper serials. They are ceasing to reflect the military spirit. Their place has been taken by the film serial—series of episodes of detective and

crime stories which run simultaneously in the newspapers and on the screen.

— At the beginning of the war, you did not dare to say that Germany still possessed any resources (Madame X observed that *Le Temps* had been bought by Germany, since it printed the statement that there was still food in the station buffet at Munich). Nowadays, however, you are not allowed to say that Germany has no more resources. For that would suggest that their peace offers represent a defeat from mere economic exhaustion.

— The 23rd. Publication of President Wilson's message to the American Senate. I admire this monument of pacifism. I would like to extract one special phrase in which he expresses the hope that he is speaking "on behalf of that great mass of humanity, hitherto silent, which has not yet had the opportunity or the means of expressing the true feelings of its heart in face of the death and disaster overwhelming its nearest and dearest." *For the first time* a voice is speaking in the name of that vast silent majority—in the name of ninety-nine people out of a hundred.

But, ever since the morning of its publication, the Press has been loudly shouting : "A chimera ! Illusions ! Megalomania !" The man in the street is puzzled. Some say : "It is admirable !" Others remark : "He is more Boche than the Boches themselves." They are waiting for a definite lead.

— On the 22nd, the newspapers announced the forthcoming restriction of restaurant menus to no more than two dishes, and two days a week without pastries.

— The 24th. The coal crisis, foretold for the 20th, has broken out. Great excitement in the Chamber. The workers in a munition factory, now closed, have just made a demonstration in front of the Ministry of Public Works, and then marched as far as the Opéra. Hundreds of women are queueing up outside the large shops. They have been sent away after waiting for hours in the bitter cold.

— A novel sight in Paris—many shops with frost on their windows, as there is no more fuel for central heating.

— Briand repeats to all his friends, especially to Étienne, that he is going to resign. There is talk of a Ribot Ministry. That would suit Poincaré.

— The artist Forain, who has sunk to the lowest depths of reaction, bitterly attacks Wilson's message : "I don't ask advice from my tailor and grocer." And the Nationalist paper, *Idea Nazionale*, exclaims : "Wilson must let us write our own history

in our own blood ! ” Of course that was written in the depths of an armchair.

— As I came out of the Restaurant d’Orsay, I noticed Herriot at one of the tables, sitting with some of his staff. His face is massive, with heavy features, denoting at once intelligence and sensuality. He has a thick mop of hair. Fine phrases and good food had filled him with animation. Striking coincidence—his Food Restriction Order had appeared that very morning. . . . “ Not more than two dishes.” . . .

— When I defend the cause of pacifism and humanity, the objection is often raised : “ Well then, would you have let them break in ? ” My reply is : “ No, I would not have let them break in. If my house and my family were attacked by a mad and brutal neighbour, I should defend them. But, I should feel it to be a distasteful, painful, and barbarous duty. I should hate to be compelled to do it. I should not magnify it, I should not pretend that it involved the greatest glory upon earth. I should not exalt it a thousand feet above all other virtues. This glorification of patriotism in time of war ; this fanatical religion, so despotic, fierce, devouring, cruel, and arbitrary ; this mad ferocity of dancing dervishes which conceals so many private interests, ambitions, and vanities—that is what enrages me.”

— When people of the future look back, will they be able to form any accurate conception of the atmosphere in which we live—the everlasting glorification of murder on a foundation of insensibility and cruelty ? Magazines full of gaiety and laughter furnish stories still warm and fetid with the taste of blood. For instance : the little boy who thought that his newly minted sou was made of gold, so that he took it to the bank “ to help them to kill a lot of Prussians ” ; the lady clerks covered him with kisses. Again, we have the story of the sniper who remarked to the chaplain as he pointed to a couple of Germans in the opposite trench : “ Just you give them absolution before I knock them out.”

— In the train, I overheard two soldiers’ wives expressing such pride that their husbands had been wounded—indeed, they did nothing but show off about it. And so we hear people playing to the gallery with such remarks as : “ Oh ! so you have got your sick-leave ? ” “ Oh ! How wonderfully you have preserved the style of the trenches ! ” “ You, who have been in the war since the beginning . . . ” “ When you were at the Fille-Morte . . . ” “ We shall have to buy all the copies of *Illustration* giving maps

of the front, so that we can see all the places where you were. . . .”

— An issue of the *Journal du Peuple* has extracted some phrases from speeches by the Allied Ministers, and draws the following conclusions : “ England wants peace, Russia wants peace, etc.” But the Censor has suppressed the sentence : “ France wants peace.”

— The 20th. Séverine tells me that she was induced to speak at a town hall before a meeting of a charitable society, including three hundred women. She made an appeal to their sense of pity, pleading for peace. Instantly nine women out of ten shouted her down, their eyes flashing with fire, their claws ready to pounce ; we must not, they cried, have made so many sacrifices *in vain*.

## FEBRUARY 1917

— THE LONG spell of bitter cold, the lack of coal, are compelling many people in the country to use wood for heating purposes. Thus the war is destroying our trees as well as our people. It is an irreparable loss both for the earth and for the human race.

— The 2nd. The cold spell has lasted a fortnight. But not one word appears in the papers about the terrible hardship in the trenches, with twenty degrees of frost. Such hardships are passed over in silence by the more patriotic papers. Very convenient ! They conceal their sufferings from the enemy so carefully that they even conceal them from themselves.

— The 5th. Dinner with Painlevé. He acknowledges that, in the present crisis, Ribot is the man whom Poincaré wants as Premier. He harshly criticises what he calls " the policy of folded arms."

— There is much talk of the rupture of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany, taking effect from the 4th. Great excitement. (This rupture is due to Germany's declaration of unrestricted submarine warfare.)

Much concern is being expressed about the supply of food, hitherto undertaken by America, to the people of the invaded regions. But G——, a Belgian lieutenant, tells me that the problem was settled a year ago, and that, in future, these supplies will be made under the ægis of Spain.

Some declare that the Germans, seeing the whole world ranged against them, will make it an excuse for surrender.

It is true enough that the Germans find some consolation in enumerating the tremendous numbers of their opponents. They declare that they are only 170 millions against 800 millions, four nations against eleven—that, in short, fifty-one per cent of the whole world is against them, and so forth. . . .

— The following sentence has been typed on leave warrants issued to troops in Salonica : " In the event of an armistice, you must report to your dépôt." Doubtless this provision is a mere symptom of bureaucracy. But it has roused great excitement in

the hearts of soldiers and their families, since it suggests the probability of an early end of the war.

— The 7th. The papers report the issue of an order, taking effect from the 8th, for the closing of theatres and cinemas four days out of seven, for the sake of economy. It is a futile measure ; for people massed together in thousands consume less heating and light than in their own separate homes.

— On the leader page of the *Illustration* for the 3rd February : An old woman is dragging a small sack of coal on a truck, accompanied by her son in uniform. The title is : " Perfect Happiness. . . . "

— The case of Ford illustrates the insanity which seizes upon a nation dominated by war. Though he was ridiculed and vilified for his pacifist campaign, he is now offering, it is said, to build one thousand small submarines a day.

— Do these lovers of war, who regard it as noble, glorious, magnificent, heroic, and fertile in results, ever suspect that they are adopting the ideas of the most extreme pan-Germanists ?

— The break between America and Germany will probably comfort the soldiers. It fills our Chauvinists with boastfulness, and their demands grow louder and louder.

— At the Galerie d'Orléans, near the Palais-Royal, two hundred women, arranged in groups of fifty, waited to receive a bag of coal about as large as a pillow-case. They all looked terribly pale, apparently free from hatred—on the contrary, full of lively chatter. It was the childlike resignation of the herd. Twenty-five policemen (I counted them), all young, plump, and sturdy, were keeping these two hundred ghosts in order.

— On the 10th it was announced that, in future, we should not be allowed to eat anything but stale bread, to be sold twelve hours after baking. It is thought that this will reduce its consumption.

— A profound despair, a loathing of life, seizes me when I read in the papers the statements of the British C.-in-C. Haig to a journalist, declaring that he will crush Germany until she is unable *ever* to recover—as, otherwise, it would mean another war in three years, etc. . . . or when I read the speech of a man like Doumergue, in Russia, asserting that the transfer of Constantinople to Russia is the indispensable condition of peace.

— Someone mentions to me a German medical journal which states that children there are being born without finger-nails (owing to their mothers' lack of phosphates), and that little

children are allowed to sleep in class—sympathetic attention being paid to their exhausted state—instead of punishing them as they used to do.

— For several months—but disasters like this no longer matter—there has been, on an average, one munition factory *every day* blown up, among the belligerents as a whole.

— The middle classes are full of high spirits, despite the restrictions, sustained as they are by the proud and patriotic belief that they are surpassing the Germans even in this special respect. It is a positive competition in cheerful stoicism: “We all went round together to look for coal at four in the morning. We drank punch. It was just as amusing as attending a public execution.” Or, again: “Very well, we will eat rice. It is wholesome. And long live Irish stew!” But we must not forget the gentleman who has never received so much produce from England as he has since the unrestricted submarine warfare. . . .

— When you see how normal life is being restricted—your leisure, your interests, your amenities—the cutting down of public lighting and food supplies and speedy transport; when you observe all that is being lost, you realise all that we have attained since neolithic days. For all the advantages we are now losing are nothing more or less than the gifts of human progress.

— Tristan Bernard remarks that we might almost be looking on at a pack of children who have set going an infernal machine they do not know how to stop.

— The 18th. Romain Rolland has published a pamphlet: *To Civilisation*. It has been passed on from hand to hand. The manuscript, I understand, was brought into France by Madame C—, wife of a former Minister.

— A general was talking to a territorial who complained of being old. “What is your age?” “Forty-five.” “Well, I’m fifteen years older. What do you say to that?” “No doubt, sir, but I have had to work for my living.”

— The 19th. Octave Mirbeau died amid general neglect—as all famous people do die during this war. Vacillating though he was, he obeyed his more generous feelings. In one of his books he declared his admiration for Germany. And yet here we have the *Petit Parisien* publishing his will, in which he repudiates his life-long principles. Friends of Mirbeau, such as Tristan Bernard and Charles-Henri Hirsch, declare that he became very feeble in the last four months.

— The divided opinion at G.H.Q. as to the best time for the



next offensive—Painlevé boasts of having got it postponed to March or April—the weary waiting for America to cut the knot, the surprising emptiness of the newspapers—all create that sort of exhausting tension which precedes a storm.

— The 24th. Lloyd George has delivered a speech announcing severe restrictions in England. Articles of luxury from France will no longer be imported. (A heavy blow to our export trade, which is so essential to our prosperity.) Without these restrictions, he declares, the Allies would rush to unavoidable disaster.

It is interesting to contrast this attitude with that of the French Press, in which the Censorship still eliminates anything which might tend to detract from the nobility of the war. Did it not suppress an article stating that, during the cold spell, women took their little children into wine-bars to keep warm?

— Many American journalists, who have now left Germany, have filled our newspapers with interviews. Their opinions about the economic condition of Germany ranged from the statement, "They are short of everything," to the declaration, "They are not short of anything." Doubtless these journalists are either Germanophiles or Germanophobes.

— C—, an interpreter with the British forces, declares that this war declared its aim to be the destruction of Prussian militarism, but that it has already created a British militarism so fervent that the British soldier is now more militarist than the German soldier.

— Near Maxim's in the Rue Royale, the mobilisation notice has been placed in a glass frame (the night of August 1st-2nd, valid for twenty-four hours). It already exhales the atmosphere of a historic document worthy of the Carnavalet Museum.

— In a restaurant near to us a lady remarked: "Oh, as long as I have milk for my dog the war can go on."

— How striking is the appearance of the cafés! They are crammed. You see many old men playing cards there. Their attitude towards current events seems entirely detached.

— The actor Signoret, now in the Censor's Department, overheard a diplomatic attaché assert: "There is no parallel for a war without either conqueror or conquered."

— The idea of securing an indemnity from Germany, in order to lighten the burden of our taxes, is fatally attractive to many minds. Do they realise that they are merely demanding sacrifices of life in the present, to escape sacrifices of money in the future...?

— A woman writer, a fiery Chauvinist, speaks of the "chosen

race " in one of her articles. She means ours. And to think that everybody makes the same claim for his own race. . . .

— Oh ! This afflatus of mysticism which gives rise to war. A short story in a newspaper depicts a young man who shoots himself through the palm in order " to suffer for love of France and be worthy of her ! " Someone commented on this story : " He'll only be invalidated out ! "

— The stale bread epoch began on the 25th. Mild grumbles. People say they have to eat more of it than they used to eat of new.

— The 26th. Every day brings its unexpected incident. To-day we have the German retreat before the British as far as the outskirts of Bapaume. It is a novel and puzzling feature.

— The 27th. Starting from the day after to-morrow, according to the papers, we shall witness " the victory of poison gases." In orthodox circles hope is springing up, ever more exacting, and demanding a lasting victory.

— The *Journal* for the 27th mentions the measures to be taken for the control of coal, " in order to avoid, during the next winter campaign, the same faults as those of last year." And the British are talking of seven years of war !

— Nivelle has written a preface to Ch. Nordmann's book *Gun-fire*. The Censor has suppressed this slight volume. I read it. The general describes trench war as a " lower type of warfare " ; he declares that the next war will be a war of movement. He asserts that the theories of Napoleon still hold good.

## MARCH 1917

— IN THE lower-class cinemas they cheer Roosevelt—four of his sons have enlisted, while he himself has raised a whole Division—but they remain as cold as ice before the portrait of Wilson.

— A prefect serving in Salonica was coming back from an inspection of the trenches in front of Monastir. As he passed along the communication trenches, he was whistling Handel's Largo. A whistling solo replied from the enemy trenches. And there was a stirring duet for a quarter of an hour. The prefect reported the matter to his captain, who inferred that the opposing trenches contained Germans and not Bulgars. Useful information. But the captain—and, later, the O.C.—rebuked him for having whistled German music !

— The 5th. Most of the public baths have been closed. To-day they are reducing the number of trains. Non-stop expresses are being suspended. You have to book your seat for the South three weeks ahead. With stoical patience, people call at the Information Bureau to enquire when they will be able to go. It is the return to nature.

— At the Gaumont Cinema there was a film about Morocco, with spoken commentary. The audience compelled the speaker to put away his notes and clamoured for the film serial *Judex*.

— It is said that the Germans are preparing to retreat towards the Roye, as they did towards the Somme. They are blowing up the Oise bridges and their dug-outs. The *communiqué* ascribes these explosions to our own artillery.

— Tristan reports a remark by Briand : " If the Parisians knew what is really happening, they would dance for joy."

— In the luxurious house of the H——s, in the Avenue d'Jena, three patent lamps are used to light the staircase. There has been a coal shortage for ten days, during which all the family had their meals in the kitchen. Some other guests present proudly declared that the temperature in their rooms fell to thirty-five degrees.

— The commercial submarine *Deutschland* is said to have been captured by the British, two months ago. It was carrying precious

stones for sale in America. The British have said nothing about this capture.

— The 7th. At the Sorbonne, a demonstration by the French Associations. All the elements which govern the masses were there, including Poincaré. It was a symbol of this war : the privileged classes working up their own enthusiasm for its continuance. Eighteen speeches. The *people* of France were the only interests not represented.

— It is said that they have found on a German officer an order from the Imperial Cabinet forbidding German aeroplanes to fly over Paris.

— Both convention and necessity compel the more prosperous middle-class people to restrict themselves to two dishes. But they do not stint you. "Take a second helping," they urge. "That's all we're allowed. . . ."

— The price of commodities increases continually. Within a single day, fish has gone up fifty per cent. There is no more milk. Not even any condensed milk at the drug stores. There are long queues for potatoes. Nobody complains.

— I am told that our women war-workers take little food. They keep themselves going on spirits and wine—happy enough if they can only trot about on fashionable high heels. But very difficult to manage, apparently. Clocking off at the Citroën factories is said to be an astonishing scene.

— Public opinion moves in waves. At present, owing to the restrictions, much weight is attached to the effects of food shortage. People are apt to recall that Japanese proverb : "Victory goes to the side which can hold on a quarter of an hour longer."

— The 9th. Madame C——, an American who supports Roosevelt, declares that her countrymen broke with Germany in order to throw their weight on the side of the weaker party, as they did not want the predominance of Germany.

— How can people fail to see that the war is the handmaid of reaction? In every Church the priest absorbs the money of the faithful. Everywhere we see ceremonies of *expiation*. And when England, compelled to impose restrictions, put an embargo on imports, their reactionary newspapers gladly hailed the abandonment of Free Trade, the return to Protection, the advent of the good old-fashioned feudal England. . . .

— I have heard confirmation, from a Belgian source, of the virtual armistice on the Russian front.

— I am told that it will be difficult to establish responsibility for

the origin of the war. But those who are eager for war without end, knowing as they do the real truth—those are really the guilty parties, those are the people we must expose and crush.

— The magazine *Je sais Tout*, describing the career of Dr. Carrel, declares that he has invented a wonderful method of antiseptis, but that the jealousy of Medical Corps officers will not let him use it, and even that they will not send him any wounded soldiers in the special hospital at Compiègne provided for him by an American.

— The 11th. Sugar cards are now in operation. The ration card requests you to state the *sex* of every member of the family.

— The 12th. At the Military School there are whole companies of men who have to be on duty at six in the morning, ready to be sent hither and thither by the authorities as occasion arises. Thus, again, I have been told that in the Steel Workers' Depôt in the Rue d'Estrées, there are sometimes six hundred men hanging about, not allowed even to go out for a meal, ready to be sent off in batches for work in the various factories. They may be kept waiting there several weeks.

— The 13th. A visit from Bouttieaux, who has just come from Fismes. There is no doubt that the Germans are falling back from their present front. They bombard Fismes at a range of twelve miles to create an impression that they are still in their old positions. A despatch from G.H.Q. has given information about the retreat before the British troops ; burnt villages ; roads wrecked ; certain dug-outs, still intact, have been provided with mines which explode when some object, such as a steel helmet or a plank, is moved. Bouttieaux emphasises the difficulties of an advance.

— The 14th. Lunch at the Shakespeare. Gemier, Rosny the elder, General Ferry, Thomas Barclay the Englishman, Prince the American, Jean Hennessy the Deputy, etc.

Hennessy regretted that the Government is not preparing a detailed peace plan. " But why," I questioned him, " are financial circles not more alarmed at the possibility of bankruptcy ? " " Because," he replied, " the moratorium has paralysed the banks, which still remain sluggish."

Painlevé came in when dinner was nearly over. We went away together. We chatted in his car and stopped for some time outside the Chamber. I repeated to him Bouttieaux's view of the retreat. He agreed, quoting as an example the recapture of Douaumont, which cost so many lives. Half in jest, but half seriously, I remarked that I hoped he would not return to power, since he wants

a long war. He replied that, "to secure peace within three months, we must declare that the war will last eighteen months."

— At midnight I was informed by telephone of the resignation of Lyautey, of his curious speech, and of the fury of the Left Wing.

— During the night between the 15th and 16th, telephone messages asserted that the Tsar had been assassinated or that he was marching on Petrograd, and that the Grand Duke Paul had been made Regent. The newspapers on the morning of the 16th maintained a superb silence about it all.

— The 16th. There is still some mystery about the resignation of Lyautey. He is said to have submitted the draft of a speech to a Cabinet meeting. They approved of it, except for a few minor alterations, which he did not adopt. But he did not deliver it in its entirety before the Chamber. Loud outcries arose over a misunderstood passage. Actually, Lyautey was anxious to resign. He admitted that he had got into a muddle. The outcries in the Chamber strengthened his resolution to retire.

Tristan Bernard claims that the whole thing was a plot by the reactionaries to get rid of the last remaining Republican officers, and that the anger of the Left Wing in the Chamber arose rather from this suspicion than from the actual remarks of Lyautey.

— There are some amusing incidents in the newspapers. Under the title "Thief but Patriot," the *Journal* relates that a woman has been stealing purses and handing in any gold she found in them to the Bank of France, in return for notes. She thus collected 119 certificates of patriotic zeal.

— The 16th. I have been given details about this morning's Cabinet meeting. Briand contemplated the resignation of the Cabinet. But had not the Chamber, argued Viviani, displayed its strong sympathy with the Government after the Lyautey incident? The Cabinet was stirred and convinced by his eloquence.

— Russia is understood to have sold to Germany, *via* Sweden, the pick of her wheat harvest, so her soldiers are said to be short of food.

— Bouttieaux has described to me conversations with General Mangin. The general is quite certain that he will reach Laon, capture the enemy's heavy artillery, and put all his troops to flight. He has faith in his star. He has always succeeded in everything. Nothing gives him any trouble. The objection raised by Bouttieaux, that a single machine-gun in action can hold up a whole

regiment, simply does not occur to Mangin. Nor does the obstacle of barbed-wire entanglements on that slope down into the valley of the Ailette. . . .

— The night of the 16th. Zeppelin alarm at ten minutes past four in the morning. The sky was covered with light clouds, but almost wholly dark. The air was full of the faint thunder of engines. You might have thought it the sound of threshing-machines in the country. The search-lights of half a dozen aeroplanes flashed about. Apart from that, dead silence, broken by the footsteps of early workers. Gradually the dawn came. The stars faded. Nothing was left in the twilit sky but the golden lights of the aeroplanes. . . . At nine o'clock I was told that a Zeppelin had been brought down at Compiègne.

— The 18th. Several events. In the morning the resignation of the Briand Cabinet. The Censor allowed the papers to publish the fact that this resignation is due to Painlevé's refusal to co-operate with the Cabinet.

Then, too, there is the recapture of Bapaume, Roye, and Lassigny. Newspapers enthusiastic : "The advance was not due to the acquiescence of the enemy. . . . It is a victory, a genuine victory."

Russia. In the message of the Tsar on his abdication, in the statement by the Grand Duke Michael, and in the proclamation of the new Government, the war takes a secondary position. Some observers wonder what action will be taken by the extreme elements, now set free by the Revolution : workmen, pacifist students, etc.

— The 18th. Two hours' conversation with Anatole France. He does not see anywhere the slightest indication of an early peace.

— The 19th. The capture of Noyon (famous for the phrase of Clemenceau : "And the Germans are at Noyon"), of Péronne, Nesles, and Chaulnes. "It was the guns that won," declares Ch. Humbert ; "the front is broken. Down with the pessimists, who wanted to avoid further sacrifices."

— The hot-houses in the Jardin d'Acclimatation. All the tropical plants, kept up at great cost, have perished owing to the coal shortage. It is a trifle, but how symbolical !

— The 19th. The newspapers lay great stress on the burning, destruction, and looting, and on the poisoning of wells, by the Germans in the area they have abandoned.

— The Ribot-Painlevé Ministry has been formed.

— The 21st. Once more theatres and cinemas are open every evening. But there has been no crowing over this partial recovery of normal life. It was introduced quietly and without publicity. Is that because they did not at the same time authorise the Métro to run after 10 p.m. ?

— The 21st. Lunch with Anatole France at the Hôtel Powers. He apologised for the restrictions of the menu. Over the stew and braised chicory, he exclaimed : " It is calamitous ! "

He declares that this is not an opportune moment for advocating pacifism as Séverine does. I expressed regret that no one utters the great liberating word, and I asserted that he himself was the most suitable person to do it. His housekeeper has the same opinion : " There is nobody but the Pope and you. "

— On the morning of Sunday the 18th, I was taken to the Avenue du Bois. It was like the promenade of a vast spa at the busiest hour. Nowhere are you more remote from the war. A vast flock of twittering birds. And you overhear nothing but phrases like : " Are you going to Cabourg this summer ? "

— Bouttieaux confirms the systematic looting by the Germans during their retreat. He has seen fruit-trees hacked to pieces. But the journalists have distorted this aspect out of all recognition. Everybody is laughing over the description of the roof of the town hall in Péronne—" Pierced by a shell. " Alas ! That shell was British !

— In his statement to the Chamber on the 21st, Ribot promised the abolition of the political Censorship. " And suppose we discuss war-aims ? " put in a Socialist. " We should not allow that ! " Ribot sharply exclaimed. A democracy not allowed to discuss the aim it is pursuing !

— The 24th. Boulevard Raspail. Two queues opposite one another on the two pavements. Both had the same dingy and humble appearance. One was waiting to buy potatoes. The other was waiting to take up shares in a new issue of bonds by the Crédit Foncier.

— I blushed when I saw the following incident : two gendarmes of the Garde Républicaine—tall, burly, comfortable fellows, fat as sausages—stopping a diminutive soldier, exhausted by three years of war, and asking him to show his papers. . . .

— In regard to the wells poisoned by the Germans : Deguise the Deputy, and Ernest-Charles, who meets Justin Godart every day in the Medical Department—all deny the allegation. And yet the Government has treated it as a fact in a Note to neutral countries.



— The 27th. Visitors to the restored regions are all struck by the emaciation of the population. "They have not ~~eaten~~ any meat for a whole year," Bouttieaux informs me in a letter. But people seem to forget that the blockade, in endeavouring to starve Germany out, must *ipso facto* inflict starvation on all who are under German rule, including invaded territories and prisoners of war. . . .

— The 1918 class were drafted into their units on April 6th. Flaming rhetoric in the Senate.

— The havoc wrought by the Germans in their retreat still impresses public opinion. Two different views are expressed by eye-witnesses. In some the destruction rouses a cry for vengeance. A cavalry trooper writes: "They have looted everything they could and burned nearly everything else." Others regard it as a strategic operation intended to slow down the advance of the Allies, and recall the fact that the Rumanians destroyed their own harvests and oil-wells, so as to leave nothing to the invader.

— The impulse to prolong the war indefinitely is very strong in many minds. If you put forward the theory that the German retreat has a diplomatic motive, and that Germany, once clear of French soil, will make the suggestion, "We are no longer occupying your country; shall we discuss peace terms?"—then that vigorous impulse at once retorts, "Ah! No! We must drive them out of Belgium."

— The 29th. It is fairly generally stated that some of the women taken away by the Germans in their retreat went of their own free will, since they had had relations with the Germans and did not dare to face their families again.

— An explosion in the town hall of Bapaume killed two Deputies. Absolute silence in the newspapers on the origin of the disaster. Rumour asserts that it was caused by a bomb left by the Germans. But it is curious that no definite statement has been made about it, as in the case of other acts of destruction, and that they do not take advantage of the incident to excite public anger.

— At the sitting of the Senate on the 30th, d'Estournelles de Constant tried to draw attention to the appalling spread of syphilis in the army, especially among the younger recruits. The *Official Gazette* mentions *sounds of conversation*. Those present were not listening. And, indeed, the speaker realised painfully that the question did not interest his colleagues. Is it not terrible?

— Visit from S——, who is in the cavalry, and advanced along the Saint-Quentin road as far as Saint-Simon. Orders were issued,

he declares, not to follow up the pursuit closely for fear of being enticed by the Germans on to a field of battle chosen by them.

He is surprised that the General Staff seems to have known nothing about the retreat. Colonial troops in the front line on the Somme were not aware that they no longer had any enemy troops opposing them until *twelve* hours after their departure.

S—— also mentions the extreme exhaustion of the German soldiers, who were so weakened that a retreat of twenty miles in twenty-four hours tired them out. Their only food was coffee (made with roasted barley and maize) morning and night, with a vegetable soup in the middle of the day. They tried to steal from the local population the supplies furnished by the American Relief.

The whole tract is a desert. Not a single animal left alive.

— The 31st. The city council contemplates lighting Paris with paraffin lamps.

## APRIL 1917

— THE 1ST. Three times in two days, in cafés and restaurants, I have seen soldiers, with the Croix de Guerre and the Military Medal, selling postcards or singing patriotic songs and then passing round the hat. The cashier gives them food tickets in exchange for the money collected.

— The 1st. The Senate has approved the posting up of fiery proclamations by Viviani and Chéron, the latter just back from a deputation in the liberated areas. In this proclamation they "hold up to universal execration the authors of the crimes committed by Germany in those regions." Chéron declares that "hatred of Germans is henceforth the holiest of duties."

— The 2nd. The latest meetings of the Reichstag, up to March 29th, have been somewhat influenced by the Russian Revolution. The parties of the Left are uniting in a demand for political reforms. A committee of twenty-eight members has been appointed for this purpose.

— The 4th. Wilson's new message to Congress seems very noble in its simplicity. It is the Charter of International Justice. The United States are actually coming into the war. For what diverse causes? Are they opposed to the ascendancy of Germany? And equally opposed to the ascendancy of Britain? Are they angry at the interception of their war supplies by the submarine campaign? Or have they succumbed to that martial mania which attacks nations like the plague—the *war fever*? Unless, of course, Wilson is also undertaking a "war to end war." All these motives possibly play a part in the sentiments expressed in his message.

Private houses have not hung out flags, despite appeals by the Press.

— People have only the feeblest conception of the enormous fortunes amassed owing to the war. Here and there a definite figure comes out into the open. A speech in the Chamber mentions profits of 2,000,000 francs a year received by a company with a capital of 125,000 francs. And what are we to say of those "metallurgical groups" which hold the monopoly for the manufacture of a particular model of gun . . . ?

— How Nicholas II must curse Delcassé for dangling before his eyes the glittering promise of Constantinople in 1913 !

— The 7th. Easter Eve. Left at midnight for Serbonnes on a crowded train. I listened to some women employees of the P.L.M. One of them—twenty years of age—remarked that she wouldn't even mind being a little older if only it meant seeing the end of the war sooner. All the other people in the carriage echoed her words : " Ah ! Yes, the end ! "

— The 8th. Wilson and Poincaré have exchanged letters. Wilson's letter ends : " In the name of the American people I greet you and your illustrious countrymen." But the self-centred, unbending and autocratic Poincaré ends with the words : " Pray be assured of my devoted friendship." I have heard many people express surprise at the contrast.

— How the war helps Catholicism ! For instance, I have heard of a soldier who made a vow before an attack : " If I get back safe, I will attend Mass." Then there is the case of that widow of a Flying officer. She was a free-thinker ; but, after her husband's death, she *heard his spirit-voice*, then became a spiritualist, then a Catholic. Or, again, there was the lady at the Gare de Lyon who rushed up to a cardinal just as the train was starting, and presented her humble but urgent plea : " Your Eminence, please say a prayer for my sons at the front. . . ." Must not His Eminence feel there is some good in the war ?

— I remarked to Tristan Bernard that, now that Cuba has declared war, there are thirteen nations on the side of the Allies. He explained : " Most unlucky ! One of them is sure to die within the year ! "

— Tristan also remarks that the comic result of the war is that nations are maintaining permanent armies chiefly for fear of revolution, and yet it was those permanent armies which entailed the war, which, in turn, entailed revolutions.

— The French offensive towards Laon was planned to begin on the 12th at nine in the morning. The British attack was to precede it by twenty-four hours. But, as Secret Service reports informed them that the Germans had no suspicion of it, the British advanced their attack by two days in order to procure the advantage of surprise. So our own G.H.Q. was tempted to begin the attack along the French front on the 11th, to avoid too great an interval between the two operations. But the narrow track used by the Ammunition Supply Column had been built during the winter on hardened snow, which melted in the thaw.

*This track collapsed.* The engineers demanded five days for its repair.

— The 12th. Gheusi tells me that the Laon offensive has been fixed for Saturday, the 14th. They rejected Friday, the 13th, on superstitious grounds. Faithful to the memory of Galliéni, Gheusi indulged in some reminiscences which he will doubtless put on paper. In his view Galliéni, though a confirmed pessimist, was a prophet. As early as the 2nd August, 1914, he deprecated the advance on Alsace. It was he who declared that the fortresses of Liège and Namur would not hold out more than a few hours. As for the Battle of the Marne, Gheusi naturally credits Galliéni with the decisive rôle, as he can prove from Army Orders, of which he has kept a copy.

On the 9th September, 1914, at nine in the evening, Gheusi telephoned from Paris to Millerand in Bordeaux, to report that Paris was saved. Millerand's first ejaculation was : " Good God ! " Gheusi believes that Millerand regretted the Government's departure.

— The 14th. In a letter received to-day Bouttiaux displays great confidence. Once more he seems to have succumbed to the general atmosphere of hope. He forgets all the opinions he has held for the last thirty months—his conviction that both fronts were impregnable. " All is ready, and I really believe that we have done everything we possibly could. I will send you a brief note shortly to convey, I hope, some very good news. This is the decisive blow. This is the big battle. It will succeed. Courage, then, and confidence ! "

— The 14th. The French offensive has been postponed to Monday the 16th.

— Joffre was walking in the Bois, wearing a tall *képi* with three rows of oak-leaves. He was handing out toy watches to little children. His sleeves carried such a galaxy of stars that one small urchin exclaimed : " Why, it's the Great Bear himself ! "

— The 14th. They have published an order for one meatless day a week, beginning on the 25th April, and two meatless days a week beginning from the 15th May. The middle classes consider there is nothing inconvenient in that. K——, the engineer, assures me that every Frenchman could safely lose half his weight.

— The 16th. There is a proposal to close the confectioners' shops. They are raising an uproar against it.

— The 16th. The 1918 class have been drafted into their units. Hervé exclaims : " How disappointed these boys would be if the

veterans won the great victory without them ! ” That remark has broken all the records of *bluff*.

— The 16th. Joffre and Viviani embark for America. Joffre is taking with him his Marshal's baton. They gave it to him recently for this very purpose.

— On the 17th the first results of the offensive became known—an attack from Vailly to Auberive, which began on the 16th, but has been predicted at frequent intervals for some considerable time. Some embarrassment on the part of military critics—allusions to the fact that the element of surprise was overlooked, and to the absence of any noticeable advance, give one the idea that this movement has not fulfilled the hopes which were placed in it. Since Monday, the 16th, at midnight, I have suspected this, as a result of a telephone call from Tristan, informing me of the first results. The modest *communiqués* of the 18th confirm the view.

— An impression is gradually gaining ground that the entry of the United States into the war and the Russian Revolution have made the triumph of democracy the real aim of the war henceforth.

— In the thirty-third month of the war, one dare not print, even in irony, the headline : “ The War is about to End.” One paper wanted to announce, under this headline, a ceremony at the church of Saint-Denis, intended to promote the end of hostilities. They were allowed to print only the following abbreviated headline : “ The War is about . . . ”

— The 19th. Our losses, in the first two days of the offensive, are said to be 72,000. Tristan declares they are 50,000. But in mentioning this figure over the telephone, he took care to say : “ as many people as there are in Troyes.”

— C—— still regards the American decision as one of those mighty impulses of idealism which sometimes grip both nations and individuals. In a sort of way that is quite a possible view.

— The 19th. At any time now they mean to introduce a petrol ration card. The Government intend to introduce it in this way without announcing any fixed date, to avoid hoarding and speculation.

— In the train from Versailles, some comfortable middle-class people were discussing the shortage of coal. “ Oh ! cold weather is the worst thing of all,” remarked the husband quietly. His wife was complaining of the difficulty of meatless menus : “ Do you really think we can live on artichokes ? ” But not a single word to suggest that they wanted this madness to stop.

— The 20th. It nauseates me whenever I hear people mouth the conventional phrases about the war. They swarm everywhere. They come gliding down from every eloquent platform. *Phrases of Death*. For it is they which send thousands of young men to the slaughter. And yet those who mouth them run no risk at all. To-day, in the presence of Poincaré and Millerand, we had Richépin reciting a poem about the “Kiss of the Flags”—about the entry of America into the war.

— The 22nd. A striking example of the universal insanity : a story has been going round the newspapers that the Germans have been extracting glycerine out of fat boiled down from the corpses of their soldiers. The story appears to arise from a mistake in the translation of the word *kadaver*, which applies only to animals.

— A soldier, on his way back from Craonne, asked me the way. We started chatting. Rather shyly he remarked : “Naturally, we want to get our own way. But as soon as we have finished one business, there’s bound to be another.” It was a Sunday evening, and he was shocked by the gaiety of Paris. I told him that men like him would have to speak out after the war. He replied that they knew nothing at all, that they were busy with their own little job, while those who would speak out would be the men “who read about the war in the newspapers.”

— A letter from Albert J——, the perfect type of the humble soldier : “We went out on reserve on the 10th at three in the morning, after eighteen days in the front line. On the evening of the same day we had to go back again to work in the front line. We could hardly stand up. We refused. . . . They threatened us with a court martial. But nothing could frighten us. They couldn’t make us more wretched than we were. While in the trenches, we each had a little bit of meat and a box of sardines, with a cupful of butter to share among fourteen men ! On that, we were expected to do sentry duty for a whole week without sleep. People who say that our morale is good never think of questioning the soldiers in the trenches. They treat us like anarchists. And we very nearly are. If they want us to stay in the trenches, it would be better if they gave us poison.”

But only the heroic letters are published ! And they deliberately overlook the real attitude of these poor fellows !

— First letter from Bouttieaux since the offensive of the sixteenth. It is dated the 17th March. “I have been utterly disappointed. . . . And yet our preparation was as complete as one could possibly have desired.”

— A play I saw finished—at seven p.m. instead of five—somewhat unexpectedly with the “Marseillaise.” A lady protested because some of the audience rushed towards the door before those unexpected strains burst forth. She declared “that one ought not to move while the ‘Marseillaise’ is being played.” In what church, and in what religious ceremony, would they prevent worshippers quietly slipping out? Really and truly, we are dominated by a new fanaticism, more tyrannical than any in the records of history.

— A paper has appeared with the title of *The French Rhine*.

— The 24th. The historian Aulard has published in *Information* an article of quite a novel tone. It is the first time that any of the papers with enormous circulations has printed such a note—the first time that the Censor has allowed it. I must quote some passages :

“The paramount necessity—especially for France, which has, so far, made great sacrifices for the other Allies—is that the war shall not last too long. . . . In the great peace for which we are preparing, we must not find France, protagonist of the Rights of Man, a mere anæmic invalid, but a stalwart worker for the justice of the future.”

— The 25th. An order this morning forbids meat every evening, starting from to-day—meat in any form whatever—and at all meals served in public. Butchers’ shops have to close at one o’clock. Thus only the restaurants are hit, while private households will buy their meat for late dinner during the morning. Thus injustice is piled upon injustice.

— The truth about the offensive of the 16th is beginning to leak out. . . . It seems that strong pressure was exercised by Poincaré in the Defence Committee preceding the attack. We can never escape this Poincaré ! He demanded an entirely French victory, *before* America’s entry into the war.

— The 26th. The Congress of Metallurgical Industries and Mines, at the Lyons Fair, has put forward the following resolution : “As France must import twenty-three million tons of coal a year, and since the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine will increase this importation to thirty-one millions (for they are restoring smelting-furnaces and ore deposits which have no coal basis), the Government is requested to demand the annexation of the Saar basin, which will bring up the shortage of coal to its present figure.”

Thus, apart from the injustice of annexation—an injustice



against which France is fighting—they are going on indefinitely killing fifteen hundred Frenchmen a day, to save France from having to purchase in foreign markets eight million tons of coal more than she purchases at present.

— Loyal to their habit of candour, the British have officially announced a heavy destruction of tonnage by submarines.

— The 28th. The thousandth day of the war. We see a certain number of marriages between elderly, but wealthy, hospital nurses and blind soldiers. At first sight that seems shocking. But, after all, the ladies will enjoy what they would not otherwise enjoy. And their husbands will never see the marks of age. . . .

— One ought to say : One and a half million dead *young men*.

— Gilbert, the Flying officer, was describing his escape to Gheusi, who has an idea of writing a description of it. I must mention two striking features of it. He escaped through the lavatory ventilation shaft (after two and a half months of attempted escapes—one escape which failed, and one hunger strike). He was concealed for two days in Zürich by a friend in his bachelor flat, and again in a cupboard. Gilbert prevented him from confiding the secret to the old housekeeper, a German Swiss, despite her loyalty. So, in the absence of his friend, Gilbert saw the old lady—through a hole in the lock of the cupboard—rummaging through the desk, taking notes, piecing together torn fragments in the wastepaper basket. A spy ! The second episode was a visit by his host's lady friend. His host, who knew that Gilbert was in the cupboard, was very secretive. It annoyed her. He suggested going out. She declared that she had not come for that purpose. So he had to pretend he had a headache.

— The 29th. Details about the attack of the 16th ; terrible muddle by the Medical Corps ; wounded men remaining thirty hours without attention ; and also the dreadful havoc wrought by our artillery among our own men.

— When the peace offer of the 12th December, 1916, was rejected, a provincial paper wrote : " At last we are freed from the appalling nightmare of peace."

— At the meeting of the Defence Committee, when they decided on the offensive of the 16th, Pétain declared that he did not believe in a strategic victory. Poincaré replied in his harsh voice : " Doubtless, General, that is because you have never won a strategic victory ! "

## MAY 1917

— THE 2ND. The masses have a vague idea of some set-back to the offensive of the 16th April, "because it was badly organised," but it believes that we shall immediately return to the attack and win. It goes from hope to hope. And what of the slaughter? All that merely bores them!

— At the cinema they threw on the screen the phrase: "Nothing is stronger than mother love." On the contrary, there is everything which allows war to exist.

— Meatless dinners in restaurants have been accepted cheerfully. People say: "It is healthier."

— The 4th. An announcement has been made that on the 10th bread will be reduced to eighty-five per cent of wheat—that is, brown bread. One feels there is a kind of sublime stupidity in the measures taken by the Ministry of Supplies. It springs from a conflict between the shortage of commodities on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the fear of disturbing public opinion and annoying the trade unions.

As far as wheat is concerned, Paris is living on the military stocks accumulated against a possible siege. Sometimes the amount in hand is enough only for a further five days. Then a convoy arrives and restores the reserve supply.

— At the meeting of the Defence Committee at Compiègne on the 6th April, Mangin showed the orders he was giving. He had planned to sleep at Laon on the first night. It was written in black and white, inevitable. . . . The aerial reconnaissance informed him on the morning of the 16th that the German defences had not been entirely destroyed. But Mangin is said to have replied: "Pooh! I said I would take my *apéritif* this evening at Laon. Come along!"

— The 4th. A revue at the Fémina. Bare backs, bare breasts, bare legs, in infinite perspective. There was one song which declared that, when peace and plenty returned, we should sigh for the days of danger. The auditorium bubbled over with enthusiasm at this idiocy. What heroes they feel when comfortably sitting in a *fauteuil*! There were mothers present whose sons are

at the front. I recognised some. What did they think about it?

— A wounded soldier was talking to us in the train. He has been discharged from the army as a man of the auxiliary forces of the 1898 class. He was wounded on the Somme and lives at Conches, some twelve miles from the spot where his regiment is in billets. But they sent him for the completion of his various documents (he was already in mufti, so that there was not even any question of handing over military equipment) to *Nice*, which is the regimental dépôt. That is to say, a railway journey of nearly two thousand miles ! That case is typical ; and we must multiply such useless journeys by hundreds of thousands to get an idea of the dreadful and foolish waste involved.

— A colonel in Air Force Group No. 1 went up in an airship. An N.C.O. climbed out along the stays, in mid-air, to test the screw carriages. His head was bare, and his hair was ruffled in the wind. So the colonel remarked to the airship commander : " That fellow's hair is rather long. We must draw his attention to it."

— Two o'clock in the morning. Melun station. Some Boy Scouts, from twelve to fifteen years of age, came on the platform. The scoutmaster, conscious of the stares of the soldiers in the train, barked out the orders : " By the right, dress ! Number off ! " The poor little chaps obeyed. There you have the essence of war in a nutshell ! The younger generations are being prepared for stupid slaughter to satisfy their elders' passion for display and militarism.

— Echoes of the mission of Joffre and Viviani have ended in outbursts of laughter. But it is an unfortunate kind of laughter. All those eager embraces—the reverent kissing of hands—this barrister whose indefatigable rhetoric is not understood by a single member of the audience. . . . And that remark of Joffre : " I do do not speak English. Vive l'Amérique ! " And that occasion when their train ran off the rails—but it did not deprive Joffre of his hearty meals. . . .

— Owing to the offensive the transmission of letters from soldiers in Champagne has been suspended for thirteen days. For thirteen days their relatives have been living in anguish from minute to minute !

— The Russian officers on the Inventions Board declare that they hear about events in their own country only through the French papers. How well informed they must be ! One of them who loves a joke, said to me : " We have four Governments : the

Provisional Government, the Duma, the Tsarists, and the Workers' Committee. And, even so, the latter has been split by a difference of opinion ! ”

— The possible restriction of the bread ration excites the peasant more than the danger incurred by his son in the army.

— The 9th. The attempt to prevent the International Socialist Congress at Stockholm is as terrifying as it is ambitious. Ah ! The war on peace is cleverly conducted ! Any and every device is permitted. There is some talk of refusing passports to the French Socialists. And the foulest abuse is poured upon them.

— We must realise that Germany, like the Entente, is divided into two camps. The governing classes declare for “ peace with annexations and indemnities.” The Socialists call for “ peace without annexations or indemnities.” *This opposition is the real drama of the moment.*

— The manifesto of a pan-Germanist league is identical in its wording with that of a pan-Celtic league.

— There is a song-writer in Montmartre who satirises the Empress of Austria *because she wants peace*. He declares that her Christian name, Zita, reminds one more of the Rue de la Paix than of peace. Does not this sneer establish a record of vulgarity and baseness ?

— The 13th. Walking back from Saint-Cyr to Versailles I met countless groups of soldiers. It was twilight on Sunday evening, and I could not help overhearing their conversations. “ My stripe . . . ” “ My position . . . ” “ My rank . . . ” “ My illness . . . ” Petty complaints, petty hopes, petty anxieties—every man is concerned with his personal case ; so narrow-minded, so short-sighted. And that is why this vast herd can be kept on the threshold of slaughter.

— I have been reading in a financial paper the annual report of an iron and steel company. They express their satisfaction at the opening of branches at Gennevilliers, Milan, and Moscow. And I recall the features of one of its two directors—heavy-jowled, coarse, and common, a positive gastropod, a mere embodiment of greed. It is only natural that such creatures should give their blessing to a nice long war ! Yes, yes, those are the people, above all, for whom fifteen hundred young Frenchmen are being killed every day. The only other cause is that conceit of patriotism, which our leaders know how to stimulate.

— After the offensive of the 16th April, a severely wounded German was brought into one of our hospitals. He was unconscious.

The hospital was visited by a general, who insisted that a case-sheet should be posted up at the head of each bed. The hospital orderly was very much perplexed because the German could not speak, and thus could provide no information. It would involve explaining the absence of a case-sheet. Ah ! Excellent idea ! He would improvise one. . . . So he scrawled the name Fritz Boche, invented a medical history of the case, and threw over the bed a greatcoat of the 317th Infantry. The general came round. The orderly mentioned the severity of the patient's wound. The general gave the order : " Military Medal ! " His staff officers made a note of it. So notification of an award to Fritz Boche is due to appear, I understand, in the *Official Gazette*.

— Near the Grand-Palais, where wounded men are given mechanical treatment, we have the most dreadful processions of cripples amid all this adorable spring weather. One of them walks with toe pointed like a ballet dancer, while another has his knees bent like a rheumatic jockey. And the children play about among these human wrecks, under the blossoming chestnut-trees.

— The 15th. The appointments of Foch and Pétain have just been published. What is one to think of Foch ? R—— describes him at the time of the Artois offensive in September 1916 as creating an impression of utter irresponsibility, when he hurled his troops against the German defences without previous artillery preparation. Moreover, he was ill, with a doctor in constant attendance to examine him every two hours.

— The 16th. An official French Note pours scorn and suspicion on the lists of German losses. Is not that the height of impudence on our part, when we have never dared to publish any casualty lists at all ?

— Lunch with Jean Longuet. In regard to Stockholm, he is awaiting the decision of the Socialist Congress of the 27th May. He is unaware whether the German Government has actually forbidden the German Socialists to visit Stockholm, as our newspapers declare. He showed me letters he has received : " Go to Stockholm . . . if you succeed, your name will be immortal," ran one. Another : " They will settle you as they settled Jaurès. . . ." The encouragements come from soldiers at the front. The threats come from civilians.

At the Society of Historical Studies, of which Longuet is a member, an effort was made to throw light on the attitude of Poincaré about 28th and 29th July, 1914, with his blunt and impetuous decisions. Poincaré heard of it. He wrote four pages of

exculpation intended for Longuet, and requested Sembat to hand them to him, and invite him to call at the Elysée. Longuet refused.

— The 17th. I spent the evening in the office of Gheusi, at the Opéra-Comique. It is a perfect Rumour Exchange within this temple of music. The night before, Deschanel had been, and chatted at length in this very office. He deplored the fact that we had not made peace with Austria, which is ready for it, owing to the influence of their Empress, and also with Turkey.

— Nine months ago, in No. 1 Balloonists' Section, new recruits were forbidden to wear belts of russet leather. It was a little fad they used to indulge by every kind of trick, though it entailed punishment. This year new recruits are punished *if they do not wear* that belt.

— The Censor has banned publication of the agenda of the Socialists' Federation of the Seine, which was promulgated on the 20th May for submission at Stockholm, and supported by 5,400 votes to 4,300.

— The 21st. Monday. First meatless day. On Sunday, the 20th, there was a rush to the butchers' shops to lay in stocks for two days. Uproar, assaults. The butchers sold their meat by auction. People stole odd pieces. As early as ten in the morning not a scrap was left.

— At the Théâtre-Français, lines of Corneille, such as "Conquest without peril is triumph without glory," are welcomed with thunders of applause.

— The 22nd. The strikes of "midinettes" are spreading. The appearance of their processions is quite novel. They are young women, mostly in navy blue costumes. They laugh. They sing. An enormous number of policemen keep them in order.

There were several disturbances. The newspapers say nothing about them. The Censor yielded to the temptation—the opportunity to forbid anything which might injure the Government, that might cast a shadow across the picture of Perfect Patriotism.

— Gheusi is full of gloom. The strikes threaten to spread, fomented by the C.G.T. [General Confederation of Labour]. At Ménilmontant and Belleville, the rumblings of revolt are already making themselves heard; luxurious cars are often stopped and turned back. The butchers' assistants are going on strike. Then, again, one party wants to have Joffre elected President of the Republic. The Russians are breaking up into Federated States. There is much fear of premature peace.

Then came Arthur Meyer, who visited Poincaré this very day

to invite him to a charity concert. One of Poincaré's anxieties is the selection of an Ambassador for Russia. Whom should he appoint ? Thomas ? Sembat ? Paul-Boncour ? Pichon has refused, after discovering the truth about the treaties between France and Russia. A serious matter, those treaties. In referring to them Arthur Meyer thinks that the Germans will publish them.

To fill in the outlines of this visit to Gheusi I must mention the lyrical outburst of a young actress of the Opéra-Comique just back from the Nancy front, where she sang *Manon* to the troops. Her impression of the war is a dazzling succession of choruses—the senile gallantry of generals—waltzing in the arms of an untiring major—amorous attentions from a noble staff—the dimples and lovely white hair of Paul-Boncour—tears dropped on the poor little graves of soldiers—the roar of cannon—the car dodging enemy fire—her visit to a ruined village eight hundred yards behind the lines—oh ! my dear ! . . . In a word, it was perfectly marvellous !

— A town in the North, behind the lines. The local G.O.C. received a deputation from the worthy burghers begging him to open a brothel, since the troops were pestering all their wives and daughters. So he opened one. Later a further deputation from the ladies of the town appeared before him, begging him to shut the brothel, since their husbands were spending all their time there.

— The 26th. The strikes. Two o'clock in the afternoon on the Boulevard. As you sit outside a café, you have to pay for your drink on the spot for fear the strikers might arrive.

Some broken-down old actors, supported by three wretched violinists, surrounded by a worshipful audience, were singing (and selling copies of) a song ending with the words : " Long live the strike ! "

Great excitement at the Labour Bureau. Endless processions of laughing women. A few men ; mere youths, invalided soldiers, men with medals. Placards and rosettes as a token of their common purpose. A crowd of them got together and compelled the cafés and restaurants in the Place de la République to shut. It was a swift move. The crowd shouted : " Off with the aprons ! " In a trice not a single customer was left on the terrace. A deputation went in. The staff at once went on strike. The news was announced by a strike leader standing on a table. He was cheered. The shutters were rolled down with a loud noise. The whole operation took only five minutes for each café.

Meanwhile, the women strikers lolled on the deserted terraces with an attitude of laughing independence. It made one think of the French Revolution, with the populace over-running the royal palaces. The police did not interfere.

— The 28th. The newspapers are unanimous in their claim that we must suspect foreign influence in the strikes. They all demand a firm attitude.

— The 29th. The Socialist Congress, with almost complete unanimity, voted in favour of the visit of French delegates to Stockholm, where each delegation must attend as a separate entity and submit a reply to a *questionnaire* drawn up by the Socialists of Sweden and Holland.

— The evening of the 29th. Orthodox circles have been profoundly disturbed by the Socialists' decision. Great excitement in the Chamber. I have heard it described as the most important event since the declaration of war.

— The 31st. Powerful influence is being brought to bear on Ribot to persuade him to forbid the visit of the French delegates to Stockholm.



## JUNE 1917

— THE 1ST. Most of the newspapers protest against the Stockholm Conference, using the argument: "It would be painful to meet the fellow-countrymen of our invaders at the very moment when our soldiers are fighting them. It would be insulting our dead." In that case, will peace ever be signed? Never was the gulf between the people and the governing classes so obvious.

In the Place de l'Alma I saw a lady, one of those "aristocratic" persons of the Avenue Bosquet, her head swathed in heavy mourning veils, her eyes bright, her lips pursed, an infatuate of faith—the embodiment of reaction draped in black. Her hand moved up and down like the blade of a guillotine as she remarked in a harsh and cruel tone: "They shall not visit Petrograd until the Germans have returned from Stockholm." That lady was tasting joy for the first time in her life.

— The 2nd. As to the secret session yesterday, Pétain is said to have brought strong pressure to bear on the Cabinet; according to him, Stockholm represents to our soldiers a hope of peace, and, if that hope were dashed, he could no longer answer for the army.

— The Press has stated that Russia pressed for the *status quo*, that is, a settlement of the war on the basis of the present territorial situation. But it appears that, while the news was in course of revision by the Censor, the two words *ante bellum* were introduced. One more forgery!

— The secret session of Saturday, the 2nd June. It was revealed that Doumergue, at the time of his visit to Russia just before the Revolution, placed before the Tsar treaties which allotted to us the Alsace-Lorraine of 1814 (the left bank of the Rhine, dream of the Steel Trust), Syria (dream of the Catholics and the railway contractors), and Kurdistan (where some of our leading families are understood to possess interests).

Augagneur made a pacifist speech, the first of its kind, which won applause.

— Sunday, the 3rd. The Fountain Display at Versailles. A sky like silk, boats on the canal, soaring plumes of water, café tables

where the New Rich drank champagne for tea, a brilliant display of festivity and pleasure, and the war so far away. . . .

Posterity, deriving its impressions of the war from newspapers and magazines of the period, will observe *that no Frenchmen were killed at all*. Never does a single figure, a single allusion to our losses, appear in the *communiqués*, nor is a French corpse ever shown in any picture of battle.

— Monday, the 4th. At the secret session Painlevé urged the Socialists to preserve the national unity. The agenda, accepted by all political groups except the Socialists, spoke of the Alsace-Lorraine of 1871 and narrowed down our terms to the restoration of that territory and to reparations in kind. It represents a trimming and pruning of our demands compared with the proposals for annexation submitted to Russia. But the public knows nothing of it.

However, fifty-two Socialists withheld their support.

— The 6th. Laval, the Deputy, read out a letter which caused a sensation ; it revealed the mutiny of a whole division.

— A hundred different rumours about mutinies at the front are going the rounds. Here it is a question of 300 soldiers granting themselves leave ; there, of a division, qualified for the Cord of Honour, wanting to march on Paris and being stopped by persuasion, cavalry, and threats. A general wanted to shoot every tenth man, but, apparently, gentle handling won the day. Soissons is crowded with troops kept in hand only by machine-guns.

— The Germans—and, therefore, their French prisoners of war—have only eight ounces of bread a day. A journalist has suggested that, by way of reprisals, German prisoners here should receive only the same amount of eight ounces instead of twenty-one. But he forgets that this reduction to eight ounces is precisely the effect of the *Allies' blockade*.

— The causes of mutinies appear to be :

1. Too protracted periods in the front line without relief, after the great offensive—for want (in many cases) of reserves to replace them.

2. Leave periods delayed for over four months, contrary to all regulations.

3. The moral effect of the set-back of the 16th April, and the troops' determination not to make further attacks.

4. Disappointment at the rejection of the peace offers of the 12th December, 1916.

5. The veto on passports for Stockholm.

6. The general war-weariness.

— The 10th. I have a horror of these "Flag Days" in which children, girls, and women waylay you in street, Métro, and train, collection-box in hand. This time they were collecting for the "Army of Africa." Surely, *with 115 millions a day*, the country is not reduced to begging alms for its army?

— Further notes on the mutinies. At one point a regiment sang "The Red Flag," and marched round with that emblem in front of them. Elsewhere the troops called for the appointment of delegates, on the Russian model. At another point they appear to have tied up a general and taken him into the trenches.

— Abdication of King Constantine of Greece. . . . The bourgeoisie is very pleased about it. They have "settled" one enemy of the Allies, though it is realised that it makes no difference to the war. It appears that it proved difficult to overcome the resistance of England and Italy before striking this blow.

— Victor Margueritte wrote in an article that Norman Angel was right, that the idea of achieving conquests by force of arms is indeed a *Great Illusion*. The Censor cut it out. They cannot allow war to be called an illusion.

— The 14th. In the Chamber, Viviani scored a triumph of oratory on the question of America. In addition to his old tag, "To the bitter end," he has delivered himself of a new idea. The real aim of the war is "that the sons of our sons shall not perish in similar conflicts." He prefers that it should be our own sons, of course. Always this same base inanity.

— Wilson is said to have promised Viviani a vastly fattened Alsace-Lorraine swollen with additional guarantees and stuffed with alluring truffles. And Viviani has come back transformed, intoxicated. Life seems quite different to him since he has cast a spell over a nation which could not understand a word he said.

This fellow, Viviani—an invalid, who uses stimulants to rouse him from the torpor caused by narcotics—is now hand in glove with Poincaré. It is a perfect nightmare.

— On the evening of the 14th, Gheusi assured me that they had shot four hundred men at the front, that Pétain would have resigned if they had not allowed him to carry out these executions, but that Painlevé wanted merely to deport the offenders.

— Mutinies continue. A case is mentioned of a mutineer who observed: "If they shoot me, I shall at least know why I am dying." The front line troops are said to have submitted a demand

that no more Annamite soldiers should be stationed in Paris to shoot down their wives.

— Professor L—— tells me that bread with only eighty-five per cent of wheat turns black owing to the growth of vegetable fungus, which produces boils and gastric disorders while destroying the nutritious elements.

— I am told by a peasant that he has kept two gold coins—one a Napoleon coined in the time of the Empire, and the other coined under the Republic—a male and a female, in the hope that they will breed !

— Among the auxiliary troops recently released I have been told there are some deaf-mutes.

— Aeroplane raids on London. More than a hundred dead. The dreadful hypocrisy of this war is glaringly revealed in the German *communiqué*, which records this raid as being “on the fortified town of London.”

— Oh ! The Boulevard, about seven o'clock on a summer evening. . . Prostitutes with hats as big as parasols, skirts up to the knee, bare breasts, transparent stockings, painted cheeks ; young officers with open collars and resplendent stripes ; Allied soldiers, the muscular British, the inoffensive Belgian, the unlucky Portuguese, the Russian with his impressive field-boots ; young men in close-fitting tunics ; noisy foreigners ; and, threading his way through this decadent crowd, the drunken soldier with one arm, begging for a copper or a cigarette, and mouthing the word : “Peace . . . peace . . .”

— What solicitude for our livestock ! The number fell from seventeen to twelve million head. Quick ! Let us have two meatless days ! We must think of the future, mustn't we ? But what about the human stock, the young men in our armies, you wretched hypocrites ! That has fallen from five to three million head ! Do you worry about that ?

— It is said that 350 Deputies are in favour of peace. The superficial appearance of debates hardly gives that impression. You only have to wave a toy flag to make them leap to their feet.

— In an obscure paper I notice the phrase : “The shameful premature peace.” Premature, after three years of butchery ? Is it not marvellous !

— The 22nd. The rebellion of our troops has at last been noticed by the newspapers, but only in order to ascribe it to German influence, and to demand harsh repression.

— The 23rd. Gheusi reminds me that Turkey offered a separate

peace in 1915, through Djavid-Bey. With the consent of Galliéni, Loti and Gheusi (both of them friends of Djavid for twenty years) had arranged to meet him in Switzerland. But opposition to the plan arose in influential quarters. So they sent a brutal and clumsy police official, and Djavid went off to Berlin. The British resumed their campaign. The cost was originally estimated at ten millions. Actually it will cost them thirty. And will they succeed after all?

— Music is coming back. Violins on café terraces, concerts in public gardens.

— Looking down those endless lists in the *Official Gazette* which notify the grant of pensions to soldiers' widows, when one compares our cherished war aims with the real aims—the re-arrangement of frontiers, and the formation of Customs Unions—one is appalled by the contrast.

— My son in Flanders fell into conversation with an American soldier, who declared that what brought his country into the war was the description of German atrocities.

— Montmartre at half-past eight in the evening. Countless bars and cabarets are open. All the way from the top of the Rue des Martyrs there is the most abandoned gluttony. Rowdy fellows in mufti, resplendent with their Croix de Guerre, loll about with flabby and crudely painted women, adopting all the old insolence of lords and masters.

— The soldiers complain that their *rest periods* are merely a resumption of barrack life, with drill and exhausting route marches.

— A German has delivered a passionate denunciation of war in a book entitled : *Mother !* The French Censorship has forbidden its publication here. They will not allow any mud to be thrown at the war. No stains on that noble effigy !

— Bouttieaux came on the 29th. He was present at a mutiny at Missy-aux-Bois (six miles from Soissons). Four hundred men barricaded themselves in that village, refusing to enter the trenches. They were surrounded by loyal cavalry. The soldiers were fed by the villagers. After four days, negotiations began. Then three soldiers, "who were priests serving in the ranks" (so the Catholic Bouttieaux assured me), broke out and denounced the organisation of the mutiny, whose real ringleaders sheltered themselves behind their spokesmen. The whole company surrendered on the fifth day. Six men were shot. Picked French troops carried out the execution. Twelve bullets were found in every body. All the mutineers had turned their rifles against their own comrades. "That's the end," remarked Bouttieaux, "of passive discipline.



## JULY 1917

— THE 4TH. A soldier has shown me his trench dagger. The manufacturer—I can swear the soldier did not do it himself—has engraved on the blade, as a kind of trade-mark, “The avenger of 1870.” Thus specimens of this knife, when found among the equipment of our dead or prisoners, will furnish evidence to the Germans that we desired Revenge.

— The 5th. Yesterday was held the celebration of Independence Day. That is to say, the anniversary of the day when the Americans achieved their separation from the English by force of arms. Surely the English must have felt the ceremony to be rather unpleasant? In any case, it emphasises the stupidity of racial hatreds and all that kind of humbug.

— Some people will remark: “But if the war were stopped now we should be ruined.” Monstrous stupidity! What! Are we to get money by killing men? And does anybody still believe that indemnities can even partially compensate for the expenses of the war?

— Echoes of the secret session which began on Monday the 2nd. They discussed the case of the soldier Lefèvre, aged nineteen, two mentions in despatches, his parents shot by the Germans. He was charged with uttering threats against his O.C. during the mutinies at Soissons. Efforts were made in vain to commute his death sentence. Mention was made of a general who remarked: “It’s his life or mine!” Reference was also made to the case of a lieutenant-general who reprimanded the members of a court martial for their leniency over this mutiny.

Painlevé, attempting to justify the executions, declared that at one moment there was only a *single* loyal division between the front and Paris.

— The 6th. Anatole France has published in the *Nation* a letter on the suppression of the political Censorship. With such a purpose and attitude, and coming from such a pen, this letter ought to resound throughout the world. But it is being ignored. A few meagre extracts have appeared in advanced papers. It is impossible to get hold of the current number of the *Nation*. I do not

know any more striking example of tyranny. But you have to stand outside the actual present, if you are to see the incident in its true perspective.

— Twenty thousand Americans have disembarked at Saint-Nazaire. A letter from my brother informs me that they are making a great uproar in the "Red Light" district of the town, and their Military Police have to use their truncheons.

— In Paris, American sailors loll about on the terraces of the boulevard cafés. They make gestures to all the women. One feels they believe that they have only to lift their finger to secure any Frenchwoman they want.

— Legend asserts that their General Pershing conquered the Philippines without spilling a drop of blood, by proving to the besieged enemy that they had no alternative but surrender. Why does he not apply this process to the present war?

— At the Independence Day banquet, a distinguished American declared that the crowning event of the third year of the war was the conquest of America by Marshal Joffre ! The hall rocked with enthusiasm. But Viviani looked very disgruntled. However, the speaker turned towards Viviani and added : " . . . and by Marshal Eloquent."

— The 8th. I cannot possibly imagine what inspires Ribot to speak of an immediate peace as if it meant a German peace, a shameful peace, such as no Frenchman, he claims, can possibly accept.

This is how peace was described at the session of the 7th, according to the *Official Gazette* for July 9th :

" A shameful peace which one dare not contemplate, which no Frenchman can possibly consider at the present moment. . . . A peace which Germany would be dictating to us. . . . A peace which would be a dishonour for France. . . . Peace which would be the tombstone upon our dead hopes. . . . A humiliating, or criminal peace. . . . Humiliation. . . . Abdication. . . . The most crushing, the most hateful, the most degrading of bondage . . . (all the Deputies leapt to their feet). The German Fleet would attack and defeat her enemies of yesterday . . . our working classes would be crushed. . . . Eager settlers would buy up at rubbish prices the soil and ruins of our devastated lands . . . (all the Deputies leapt to their feet). Prussian militarism would plant its heel on the neck of the free peoples. . . ."

— At this same sitting, much attention was roused by the witty allusions of the Deputy Jobert " to the maleficent genius who is



leading France"—that is to say, Poincaré—allusions received with good humour by the Chamber, and tolerated by its president.

— Further details about the Secret Committee. Someone read out a letter from a young corporal sentenced to death for mutiny, after drawing lots among ten of his comrades. In the letter he proclaimed his innocence. The letter went astray in the post. The corporal was executed. Painlevé, who knew nothing of this letter, wept when he heard it read. It was at this moment that Lasies proposed a free pardon for the dead man.

— I have forgotten to mention that, at the first meeting (on June 28th) of a Republican League intended to combat clericalism and Cæsarism, Caillaux demanded the insertion in their manifesto of a special phrase about the "reunion of the people of Alsace-Lorraine with the family of France."

— The German Catholics, under Erzberger, are joining the Socialists in a demand for a peace without annexations or indemnities. The Imperial Cabinet met, and dismissed certain Ministers. This news is startling. It is a sign of a breaking-up of the empire, perhaps of the abdication of the Kaiser. But Capus is wary. In the *Figaro* he once more throws suspicion on possible reforms. The danger is quite clear to him. Did not Lloyd George, in a recent speech, declare that the Allies would be more ready to discuss terms with a democratised Germany? So she is going to ake herself into the appearance of democracy!

— When you point out to some people the outstanding recent events of the war, when you try to insist on their recalling them, they never mention the German retreat, although it freed four hundred out of the 2,500 invaded parishes, nearly one-fifth of the occupied territories, which was represented by the newspapers as a military victory. . . . But is it not really a tremendous event, especially when you think of the value attached to these territories as bargaining counters?

— Visited a leading Jewish banker. They adopt the creed of the Government without question. They do not discuss, criticise or reflect. They do not ask where we shall end. They take no account of all the sorrow and death. They are determined to carry on indefinitely.

— A notice posted up in the shop of a greengrocer: "Do not indulge in censure or criticism which might undermine confidence in our leaders."

— The congress of the Union to Promote the League of Nations (the League of Nations of which the principle was mentioned in

a recent agenda in the Chamber), arranged to be held from July 14th-16th, has been forbidden. Long live Liberty !

— Young B——, a cavalry trooper, reports that they shot two hundred of the men who mutinied near Soissons, after surrounding them with fifteen regiments of cavalry. They executed them without formal trial ; and it was to cover the illegality of withholding their rights of appeal that they revoked the order—which was restored to-day—concerning the right of appeal.

— People are still talking of premature peace after three years of an unparalleled war ! Remember that the Germans, according to their official report, lost 28,600 in 1870. This time, they officially admit, up to now, a loss of 1,300,000. *Fifty times as many*. A war fifty times more brutal than that of 1870. . . . And yet peace would be premature ! Our descendants will laugh long and loud.

— Antonin Dubost, the senile President of the Senate, delivered a speech at a prize distribution at Saint-Louis. He warned the students “ against the pernicious poison of premature peace,” which has been poured out for us by Germany.

— The 16th. The principal private secretary at the War Office tells me that they know nothing there : “ For we receive only the official reports.”

— Joseph Reinach, military critic on the *Figaro* under the pseudonym of Polybius, declares this morning : “ Germany is defeated.” Very well ; but, if so, why are our leaders still incessantly proclaiming our own defeat ?

— The 18th. The *Temps* is warning us of “ a German trick.” It states that the Kaiser is proposing general and immediate disarmament, with a court of arbitration to follow. The *Temps* sounds the alarm with a kind of desperate fury and a wild spate of arguments.

— The 24th. On the 19th the Reichstag passed a reasonably worded resolution in favour of peace without annexations or indemnities. It was put forward by the Centre and the Left, and passed by 216 votes to 114. Naturally, over here, complete silence is still preserved about this resolution.

— In *Science and Life* for August 1st, 1914, General Percin calculated that in a modern war it would cost a hundred thousand francs to kill one soldier. Three years of war confirm this opinion. The Allies have spent three hundred thousand million francs to kill three million enemies. . . .

— On the 22nd the Senate rounded off its Secret Committee on the April offensive with a public session. Clemenceau and Ribot

poured out the vials of their senile fury on the "foul campaign" in favour of peace.

— Aeroplane alarms on the nights of the 27th and 28th July. The Censor forbade all news. But I am told that bombs were dropped on Aubervilliers, La Chapelle, and Le Bourget. The next morning's Press was full of brainless bragging: "We were not afraid, etc. . . ."

— The 30th. Still further mutinies. Perfect order was preserved by the mutineers; orders were given to remove hand-grenades and machine-guns, to deposit haversacks, and empty out all water-bottles, so that not a drop of wine was available, which might lead to drunkenness.

— In regard to the meeting at Compiègne on the 6th April, at which the offensive was decided on, I now hear that Nivelle submitted his resignation in writing, since he did not feel that he was fully supported. It was decided to resume the discussion after lunch, but Poincaré went off in his car immediately lunch was over. There was no sitting in the afternoon. Nivelle went away with his resignation still in suspense. The offensive took place and cost 150,000 lives, without achieving anything.

## AUGUST 1917

— THE 1ST. Yesterday, in the Chamber, Ribot defended himself against the charges of the German Chancellor Michaelis, who, with several inaccuracies, had revealed all that was said in the Secret Committee of June in regard to the annexationist aims of France—the left bank of the Rhine, Syria, etc. Michaelis even revealed the fact that Doumergue presented some proposals to the Tsar which had to be sent to Paris for signature.

Reflecting on this sitting of the 31st, I understand more and more clearly why the Government stands in horror of Stockholm, where every delegate would let the cat out of the bag !

— In this fourth year of the war, you can still see a splendid horseman galloping down the broad avenues of the suburbs, stopping at doors without alighting from his horse, ringing the bell, and delivering a theatre ticket.

— They have condemned the lovely dancer, Mata-Hari, to death for spying. She is alleged to have secured information from Flying officers.

— The Boulevard grows more and more putrid. Young men in officers' uniform with low collars and voluminous ties of white satin, legs encased in high brown top-boots, walk along arm-in-arm with bright little ladies, squeezing and hugging and whispering to them. . . . And every taxi is a travelling nest of love, with a window opening on the street.

— The figures reported in the last secret *communiqué* on the offensive of the 16th and 17th April are : 25,000 dead, 55,000 missing (?), 70,000 wounded. Thus in a single morning we lost as many as the Germans lost in the whole campaign of 1870 !

— The *Heure* for the 2nd August prints the headline : " We Must First of All Kill Plenty of Boches." That is the present ideal of humanity. . . .

— The adaptability of human nature plays up admirably to the tyranny now oppressing us. It has, for instance, bowed down passively to the postal censorship. People have cheerfully allowed private letters—letters in which you overcome your restraint more easily than in conversation ; letters in which you confide your

inner thoughts and your secret emotions ; letters which are often no less than a morsel of your very soul—they have consented to allow such letters to be opened by temporary clerks, people with whom they are possibly acquainted, who can thus satisfy their curiosity—a curiosity either vulgar, or cynical, or malicious, or censorious, and, in any case, official !

— I hear descriptions of houses where at present you can get a late meal after the cafés have shut at nine-thirty p.m. The hostesses are ladies of the underworld who have thrown open their flats. You pay for your meal, for champagne, just as you would in a night-club. Sometimes there is dancing. The *clientèle* embraces foreigners, officers on leave, and confirmed night-birds.

— Perhaps I shall be thought rather absurd for criticising these restaurants, when I used to eat there myself ! But one can speak only of what one has seen. What horrifies me is the contrast between the refinements there—whole fish on their bed of mashed potato, the choice *hors d'œuvres*, the finicking fads of the guests. The contrast of all that with the haunting thought of the trenches, those unspeakable hardships within the very presence of death. It seems to me that the war has magnified a hundredfold the injustice of the social system—the contrast between the life of the privileged classes and that of the proletariat.

— The Americans have rented the Hôtel des Réservoirs at Versailles for three years.

— Publication of the regulations for the bread tickets, coming into force on the 15th October. Since eating this bread many people have been ill. Some eat potatoes instead.

— An inspector in an American school put the question : “ Does anyone know who Viviani is ? ” One schoolboy put his hand up to reply : “ An Italian tenor.”

— Violent Press campaign against the proposed referendum for Alsace-Lorraine. It would involve, so it appears, a recognition of the Treaty of Frankfort. But what a weapon in the hands of the Germans—this refusal to consult the actual population ! Someone remarked to me : “ Should we ask Brest if it wants to remain part of France ? ” But, in any case, we should not be afraid to put the question to it.

— One still hears complaints about this black bread. All France is suffering from intestinal disorders.

— The remark of Erzberger, “ If I could have five minutes conversation with Lloyd George, peace would be concluded,” explains the repugnance of our leaders towards an international

conference. There is such a danger that misunderstandings might be cleared up, and, with them, their hope of a long war.

It must be added that the governing classes are afraid that the Socialists may be the first to make peace, thus snatching the laurels from under their very noses. Our Government has shown so little haste to snatch those laurels themselves that I am not very much convinced of the reality of this nebulous fear.

— Victor Margueritte informs me of the arrest of Almereyda, editor of the *Bonnet Rouge*.

— The terrace of the Taverne Weber in the Rue Royale, seven o'clock in the evening. An incredible display of gaiety and pleasure. Four months' accumulation of money and enthusiasm are being blazed away in one week's leave. Every race from Babel to Babylon. Two soldiers, one Belgian and the other American, but both drunk, leaning heavily on each other. Two officers come in, beaming with smiles, each with one arm lost. And an endless stream of cars goes by, with couples swooning with love or wine.

— I have been reading an analysis of pacifism, which states that the unpopularity of pacifism springs from the opinion that it arises merely from "a fear of being hurt." Such writers forget that the "hurt" they are discussing is being suffered by others. It is, in short, the wounds of others which these people do not fear.

— The Russians have abandoned Cernowitz. It is terrible how this town has changed hands in the last three years. The inhabitants must surely be utterly bewildered. Especially as the winning side always hangs a few of them.

— Tristan Bernard has remarked to me that there is always a woman of foreign origin fluttering about every one of our most important officials and politicians, and that "those diplomatic channels are still as open as ever they were."

— The English Labour Party has approved the proposal to take part in the Stockholm Congress by 1,800,000 to 500,000. That vote was chiefly due to the influence of Henderson, a Cabinet Minister. But, all the same, how much they conceal from us!

— Suppression of the Society for *Historical Study and Documents* which proposed to investigate the origin of the war. One day they found the door of their headquarters locked against them.

— The 14th. One sometimes hears an expression of the inhuman hope that future revolution will be avoided by the prolongation of the war, since all the potential revolutionaries will have died in the war.

— The 15th. Death of Almereyda in the prison at Fresnes. Some declare that he hanged himself to the rail of his bed with a shoelace. Others say that he was gently assisted to die before he had time to say too much.

— The 16th. A business man, interested in firms manufacturing shells, aeroplanes, and poison gas, mentioned in my presence the influence of the war in relaxing general morality. Apart from a few incorruptibles, Members of Parliament, he alleges, are prone to temptation. He mentions a certain aeroplane manufacturing company where one of the staff runs a regular bribery department. He knows those who can be persuaded by free luncheons, by feminine influence, or by a cheque, to secure a contract or curry favour with a committee. The Ministers are said to know the names of these venal Deputies but can do nothing to stop it.

On another aspect of the matter, he tells me that the worst profiteers are not the manufacturers but the middlemen who have elbowed their way in between the Q.M.G.'s Department and the actual producers. Such a middleman, after an initial success with, for instance, a purchase of macaroni, finds his appetite whetted, so that he extends his jobbery to all kinds of other supplies without knowing anything about them.

— They have suppressed the newspaper *The Republican Trench* and the periodical *The Nations*.

— The 16th. The peace move by the Pope has caused a sensation. For the first time Tristan Bernard sees a real chance of peace. He has sent me an express letter in which he remarks, with delicious irony, that "Catholicism and Socialism are the only two great parties which have any contact with the outer world." Catholicism, he adds, is afraid that Socialism may win the laurels of peace. So the Vatican is trying to steal a march on them. And the reactionaries, he says, have chosen "A Holy man of Straw."

The Note takes a broad and generous view. It recalls the messages of Wilson before he became involved in the war (for war transforms a man, alas ! and Wilson is the most striking example of that). But this document, received in silence by those who hoped for peace and are therefore compelled to keep their mouths shut, was overwhelmed with abuse and suspicion by the Allied newspapers on the very day of its appearance. They heap the foulest insults upon it. It is, they allege, inspired by Germany. (Eight months ago, they were describing Wilson as "more Boche than the Boche.") Even the Catholic papers, who are in a delicate situation, respectfully point out that the Pope is the spiritual

leader of Christendom, and is not competent to judge temporal matters.

— In the fierce greed of the business man to make his fortune through the war—that mean greed ranging all the way from the great manufacturer down to the petty profiteer, a greed which has been far too tenderly spared amid the general resignation—nothing is more repulsive than the exploitation of the fighting man.

— In many rich and conventional families I have seen one of these wartime “godsons”—a peasant or working man in civil life—entertained during his leave. He took his meals with the master of the house. I have often wondered: “What must he think when he sees these over-refined, prosperous, and comfortable bourgeois, perfectly safe, but all declaring that we must go on to the bitter end, that is to say, until he, poor devil, is killed.”

— On the 17th we dined at Armenonville with Gabriel Voisin and his family. About quarter to nine a Minister came along with two guests. The waiters formed up into line and bowed. He gave a brief little nod, ran up the staircase with hasty and furtive steps to the first-floor reception rooms. And in this elegant setting of Armenonville, before that charming lake, beneath that lovely August night, I suddenly thought of the savage ideals impelling this Minister to carry on the war; I thought of all the interests he is serving, and I set off against that, the deaths, the daily deaths, the endless anguish of kith and kin. And the contrast seemed so vile between that ambition, so vague in its outlines, so dubious in its aims, so basely encumbered with greeds and appetites and vanities,—the contrast, I repeat, between all that and the chill fatality of the countless tragedies thus entailed, that I seemed to see him, in a sudden vision, bowed down under a vast burden of guilt.

— The 18th. People still bristle with rage against the offer of the Pope. In the train I heard a lieutenant attached to a motor transport unit: “Every Catholic in France thinks as I do: in a word, this Pope is an Austrian.” They now realise that the viceroy of their God upon earth has a human and national origin! It needed a war to make them see that. Odd, this conflict between Patriotism and Catholicism. Hitherto, they have worked hand in hand. The war roused superstitions, increased enormously the number and influence of chaplains and nuns. All the regular officers belonged to the Catholic faith. And now these two



religions confront each other as foes ! The choice has to be made. . . . But, of course, it does not take long to make the choice. They have simply jettisoned the Pope, since he desires the end of the war.

— They are releasing the '88 class (men of forty-nine) beginning with those who work on the land, and then proceeding by occupations "according to their utility for national service." The classification has appeared in the *Official Gazette*. Right at the bottom of the list you read : "Art and letters, porters, bath-attendants, hairdressers, night-watchmen." Whereas French prestige abroad used to be maintained chiefly by her eminence in literature and the arts, behold to what a level they have now been reduced !

— The 26th. The death of Almereyda remains a mystery. The experts have given a verdict of suicide. The warders and doctors have been punished. But friends of the dead man declare he was not the sort to take his own life, and that he knew that he would soon be let out on bail. Many people declare that a morphinomanic deprived of his habitual injections is liable to commit suicide. I am assured—contrary to my former opinion—that Viviani was opposed to the arrest. The decision was taken by Ribot, doubtless at the instigation of the demented patriots of the Clemenceau type.

— Some newspaper circulation figures : *Le Petit Parisien* : 2,500,000. *Le Matin* : 1,300,000. *Le Journal* : 1,100,000. And the evening papers, *all reactionary*, reach circulations of 200,000.

Anyone who compares those tremendous figures with the tiny circulations of the advanced papers will understand the state of mind in which the masses have been kept during this war.

— All the letters from Bouttieaux display the same mark of crystalline sincerity. They have, so to speak, a barometrical value. They register the curves of a mind frankly and sensitively responsive to events, especially military events. His last letter, dated the 13th, shows that curve at its lowest point. Here are some passages :

"Skirmishing continues on the Chemin des Dames, without any possible results.

"The worthy *poilus* are finding it wearisome ; the improvement of food, the grant of leave for ten days with permission to visit two separate places, the provision of soldiers' recreation huts, are not enough to settle the discontent.

"Everybody declares the necessity of continuing, without

knowing how or how long. But everybody wants peace and would like to discuss it, even if it were only at Stockholm.

“ Apart from the professional soldiers, of whom I am one, everybody has had enough.

“ And the operations now proceeding or being prepared will have no greater success than those which went before.”

— Here is one of the phrases coined to denounce the war : “ To secure reparations, we are doing damage that can never be repaired.”

— The tango has been banned at the Casino at Deauville. One evening, some English generals, very drunk on champagne, created a scandal there. There was a violent quarrel on this point at a recent Cabinet meeting.

— The 24th. Resignation of Leymarie, Director of the Sûreté Générale, over the Almereyda incident, which has been handed over from the civil to the military authorities. Much rumour. There is a plot against Ribot on the part of the Clemenceau group, which suspects him of concocting peace plans. Indeed, I have been assured from two different quarters that the Government has taken the Pope's offer more seriously than the attitude of the Press would lead one to suppose.

— The 24th. The women selling evening papers are wearing a placard pinned in front of them : “ Hill 304 Captured ! ” So it appears that we had lost it.

This struggle over Verdun is a perfect proof of the hideous futility of war in itself. For, after eighteen months of fighting, the two opposing armies are back exactly where they began. It is just as if they had never fought at all—except that now there are two hundred thousand corpses on that small plot of earth. General Pétain has been made a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. . . .

— There is not the least doubt that the desire for promotion, for decorations, and for *strings* (the army slang for stripes) plays a definite part, in every stratum of the military hierarchy, among the motives which lead to these offensives. If the condition of stalemate continued, there would be no opportunities for distinguishing oneself. *All* my officer friends whom I have met during this war have been eaten up with the passion for promotion. It bursts forth suddenly in their conversations, which grow animated only on this subject. We see there a kind of professional distortion, which sticks at nothing, and of which nobody can form an exact conception without having actually come in contact with it. It explains a good many things. . . .

— Last winter, at Verdun, a regiment of Zouaves had to halt in shell-craters before an attack, on a night of bitter cold. The colonel telephoned to the general that his men would soon be frozen and be unable to march. The general, snugly ensconced in his quarters, insisted on their remaining where they were. There were 1,200 cases of frozen feet and 600 amputations.

Countless similar incidents will come to light after the war. If they do not make the world disgusted with militarism, we shall finally have to despair of human nature.

— Think of the *communiqué* which twice a day for more than one thousand days has been repeating that “all our attacks succeeded,” while “all the enemy attacks failed beneath our fire.” Not a single exception to the rule ! Not one. How can anybody who reads them preserve his sanity ?

— Captain V—— tells me this story : one of his men tried to desert to the Germans. He was captured by a neighbouring regiment which held a court martial on him. His execution was certain, inevitable. So V—— took him into a wood, handed him his revolver, and gave him five minutes to shoot himself. They would thus be able to assure his aged mother that he met a glorious death. When the five minutes had elapsed, V—— went back. The poor fellow was in tears. He could not do it. V—— gave him another three minutes, but found him still alive. So then he shot him.

## SEPTEMBER 1917

— AN OLD lady of strong religious views, whose five grandchildren have been killed, remarks : “ How we must have needed divine chastisement ! ”

— Five hairdressers have opened establishments near the Citroën factories, where thousands of women are employed.

— The difficulties experienced by Ribot in his vain efforts to form a ministry after his resignation—and by Painlevé, who has failed to secure Socialist support—clearly demonstrate the conflict which is growing between the two schools of thought.

— The 13th. The Painlevé Ministry has been formed, including Barthou, Doumer, and Ribot, but no Socialists.

— The dictatorship of General Korniloff, who is now marching on Petrograd, has excited public opinion, despite its sluggishness. Most people hope that he will play the part of the Bonapartes on the 18th Brumaire. Patriotism has won the day over Republicanism. In a word, the majority of Frenchmen desire the overthrow of the Russian Revolution.

— Strict orders against criticising Poincaré's headgear in the newspapers. Hitherto, the symbol of tyranny has been Gessler's hat, which we were expected to revere. What is there to be said for Poincaré's hat that we must *respect* it ?

— Two ladies in a suburban train : “ My dog has had a terrible attack. I thought he would die ! He had fourteen attacks. It is so painful, etc. . . . ” I thought of the trenches.

— The 14th. Lunch with Anatole France at the Palais d'Orsay. He remarks that everybody wants war and fears peace ; especially women, who are afraid of the return of their husbands ; and, generally speaking, everybody with a high salary.

He drew my attention to this perfect gem, extracted from a military criticism of the last offensive : “ Our losses were ridiculously light.”

He does not contemplate any immediate trouble about manpower. But he declares that the soldiers have had enough. Wilson's reply to the Pope, in which he refused to make peace with the Hohenzollerns, filled him with anguish.

He is afraid of being persecuted. The *Republican Trench*, now suppressed, published without his knowledge his letter to Richtenberg in which he poured scorn on a peace whether with or without victory.

I tried to comfort Anatole France and assured him that his great reputation would prevent any outburst against the people who signed (and he was one of them) the "Appeal to Women" which was published in *The Nations*.

— A lady was discussing the war with the poet Raoul Ponchon. She was deploring the horrors of these days. "And what are you doing, M. Ponchon?" "I? Oh! I have to earn my living. I write." The lady replied: "Yes, in these times you never think!"

— In Painlevé's statement as Premier, there is one word which roused hope: "The liberation of Alsace-Lorraine."

— The 21st. Attention has also been drawn to the following phrase by Painlevé, criticising his Ministerial statement: "The conditions of peace are independent of the result of battles."

— The 23rd. The German reply to the Pope has appeared. It confines itself to misleading generalisations, but makes it quite clear that the motive of the Pope was far from being inspired by Germany.

— Bernstorff, the German, has been accused of promising 60,000 dollars to sway the American Congress. (It is not very much!) So, declares one member of that Congress, every Congressman or Senator with pacifist views must be suspected of receiving some of it. He was speaking without ironical intention.

— If one were allowed to express one's views, I should write an article entitled "The Vintage," portraying the younger generations flung into the winepress, crushed, with the incessant gurgle of streaming blood—pale, frightened mothers looking on—while the levers of this winepress would be forced down by the unwearied arms of the ambitious politicians, the Chauvinists, the profiteers, while the idiot mob cheered them on. . . .

— The 25th. In the corridor of a train I met an old friend, now a general. Two of his brother officers were with him. We chatted all the way from Fontainebleau to Paris. They regard Joffre with the waggish contempt of schoolboys towards an old master. As for the war, they discuss it as if it were merely a more splendid kind of manœuvres. Indeed, to hear them talk, you would fancy that the dead men would rise again. Yes, merely manœuvres—that's all. They take my mind back to the brainless chatter I heard in an officers' mess twenty-five years ago.

— The 27th. On the question of the quarterly financial vote, Barthe, the Deputy, proposed to reduce Poincaré's entertainment expenses at the front. He was actually allowed to mention Poincaré's dress "which reminded one both of a naval officer and a chauffeur"; he was actually allowed to criticise "this fellow who has done so much harm to my country." A sign of the times! But it was not noticed; the newspapers have been too well enslaved.

There was also an outburst by Brizon, who estimated that the cost of the war, so far, for the belligerents as a whole, amounts to 1,900 thousand million francs.

— The 27th. In the evening, there were rumours of fresh arrests. And so there ensued telephone calls from house to house, a whole network of invisible threads, in which they tried to ensnare the quivering truth. But they caught nothing.

— The 28th. Yesterday evening there was much talk about M——, the judge. He was arraigned before his colleagues on the ground of professional misconduct. I believe he was accused of having stood security for Bolo-Pasha with the people from whom the said Bolo wanted to purchase the control of newspapers. I am also told that he himself drew up the contract between Humbert and Bolo for the loan of five millions, and that he earmarked for himself a position on the Board of the *Journal* on his retirement from the service. It is really terrifying how virtuous we are becoming.

— The 28th. My wife and I left Paris to spend a few days with Anatole France. We reached Tours at noon. Anatole France was waiting for us when the train stopped. We were taken in a car to "La Béchellerie," some three miles out of Tours, in the parish of Saint-Cyr-sur-Loire, an estate purchased by France in June 1914.

A wholesale clothier of Tours, who came to lunch, declares that the vast majority in Tours are anxious for the war to go on, owing to the high wages and increased profits secured by workmen and dealers. The bourgeoisie, whose mental pabulum is provided by the reactionary newspapers, has been entirely won over to the prospect of war without end. In short, he declares, only the front is pacifist.

The afternoon slipped away in the library, a separate building in the garden. The artist Steinlen was there with his daughter and his son-in-law, Ingelbrecht. Conversation turned on the war. France was struck by Wilson's statement refusing to discuss terms with the Hohenzollerns. But has this document been correctly

translated ? Renaudel, the Socialist Deputy, whose paper *Humanité* has published the actual text of this document, has protested against the official garbling of it. If his statement is true, what a barefaced poisoning of public opinion it is !

I drew attention to the latest claim of the Entente not to make peace until Germany has evacuated Belgium and Northern France. We must take care ; in its anxiety to prolong the war, the Entente advances fresh claims as quickly as our enemy appears to relinquish its former claims.

France is also disheartened by the memorandum accompanying this reply to the Pope. It discussed the future of Belgium with astonishing detachment—Belgium whose neutrality was brutally violated. But, here again, the Germans disown this memorandum. I should really like to know who is being deceived.

A short evening. Splendid moonlight bathed this lovely corner of Touraine.

The afternoon of the 29th was taken up by a dress rehearsal of *The Corinthian Marriage*, the play written by France, and set to music by Busser, the conductor at the Opéra, who worked on it for three years. Yvonne Gall, of the Opéra, will take the leading female part. Our audience comprised Courteline, his wife, his sister-in-law, the loyal Dubiau and his wife, M. and Madame Ingelbrecht, and a Treasury official named Launoy. Lucien Guitry, who lives at Luynes, was expected. But he himself was entertaining nine guests ! At the lunch preceding the performance at "La Béchellerie," Anatole France drank a toast to "Peace." But on the quiet protest of one of the ladies, he added : "... and to victory after that." The opera was then performed by Yvonne Gall and Busser, with piano accompaniment.

Courteline, whose work is so fundamentally anti-militarist, has been captured, so it would appear, by the war mind. He is annoyed when the *communiqué* is unfavourable. He crumples up his newspaper and throws it at his wife, the long-suffering Marie-Jeanne, who whimpers, smooths out the paper again, wipes her eyes, reads the *communiqué*, and then, trying so hard to calm him down, sobs out : "But ... but ... it is not so bad as all that. ..."

France describes how he left Versailles at the end of August 1914, for "La Béchellerie," on the urgent appeal of the prefect of the department, who feared that Versailles would be invaded and France arrested as a hostage.

We discussed America's entry into the war. Many young officers are expressing the following hope : that, in the spring of 1918, the

Americans will take over a sector of the line, that they will suffer a defeat, lose 50,000 men, and then, angrily determined on revenge, bring up enormous reinforcements. That reminded France of the story of Manfred's flag. Manfred lent his flag to a neighbouring community for use in a festival. The flag was insulted—they tied it to the tail of a donkey and dragged it in the mud. Manfred sent his whole army to avenge that insult to his flag.

He believes that many politicians are afraid that Caillaux may bring the war to a sudden end, just as he avoided war in 1911 by his settlement of the Agadir incident.

On Sunday afternoon, several people from Tours came to see our host and discuss events. This time they were wondering what could be the reason for Bolo's arrest. He was ill. The crowd shouted "Kill him!" round the stretcher as it was put into the ambulance. Everybody agreed, more or less instinctively, that we must attack pacifism at the weaker points, in order to paralyse its stronger supporters.

The war has really profoundly affected Anatole France. As he muses under the moon, or sits dreaming in the sunshine, his thoughts constantly revert to the horror of the trenches. Never have I seen a man without relatives at the front so sensitive to the horror of this long-drawn and calamitous folly.



## OCTOBER 1917

— THE 2ND. Dinner with Caillaux, Laval, Victor Margueritte, and Ernest-Charles. In regard to the arrests, Laval asserts that they are not part of an organised campaign, that they are not elements in a general scheme, such as a massed attack on pacifism, or an attempt to divert attention from the events of the war.

— The 4th. The G.O.C. of an army, after an attack, noticed forty infantrymen trudging back, sole survivors of a company. So he said to them : " Ah ! there are the forty cowards who refused to die ! "

— The 6th. We were travelling with four soldiers of a motor transport unit. One of them was reading to his comrades a tract entitled *The Evil Genius*, an extract from Jobert's attack on Poincaré. Bolo intended, it appears, to subsidise not only pacifist newspapers, but also the *Journal*—with its constant cry of " More guns ! More shells ! "—together with the *Rappel*, advocate of " the Left Bank of the Rhine." A connection has been established between these two inconsistent policies. By calling for peace he was undermining French morale. By supporting French ambitions he was strengthening the morale of Germany. Actually many people believe that Germany intended to secure control of certain newspapers as a vehicle for their own wartime propaganda, and for an economic campaign in their favour after the war. And Bolo, they believe, is merely a common adventurer, who drew a number of millions, distributed some, and kept the rest.

— According to Humbert, the whole tissue of these scandals has been fabricated as an attack on Caillaux and himself. (Poincaré cherishes long-standing grudges against Humbert. One must remember Humbert's letter to Poincaré in regard to the conferment of a decoration on Verdun.)

— The 9th. My son informs me, in a letter from the front, that his comrades, even while denouncing the newspapers for " stuffing them up " with " nothing but a pack of lies," swallow the charge against Malvy whole. Alas ! Treason, in France, and in wartime, is always greedily welcomed. It soothes the wounds of patriotic

pride. "It is not surprising that our attack failed on the 16th April, for Malvy had warned the Germans!" How simple it all is. . . . And the military leaders themselves must be anything but annoyed when they see the outrageous myth gain credence.

— At the *Sûreté Générale* it is confidently stated that the mutinies were fomented by agents who, when questioned by officers, displayed their official authorisation. *Agents provocateurs*, obviously, who were trying to discover the real ringleaders.

— Here are some extracts from a letter from Anatole France, in reply to my note of thanks for his hospitality at "La Béchellerie":

"Léon Daudet's letter has awakened the Republicans in the Chamber. In the opinion of everybody *our friend* has been weak, and if the days of his Ministry were numbered before that unfortunate session, the number is now still less. You mention possible successors, but I would also add a possible Briand-Caillaux Ministry. I mention this solely because it was proclaimed by Briand's tool, and that in itself makes one think.

"I am told that the Pasha had friends even in those Fields<sup>1</sup> where the Ancients placed the abode of the shades of the blest, and that a single word from this Pasha might shake the most exalted seats. . . .

"But let us not think of anything but the war. They are trying to prove too much. One of my friends in Tours, to prove to me how savagely the Americans mean to fight, was telling me yesterday that some of them are busy building a large artificial leg factory in France."

— The 13th. At Gheusi's. It was to-day they shot the lovely Mata-Hari. General Vialon, who came to see Gheusi during the interval, brought the news. Germany offered to liberate from ten to twenty French officers, prisoners of war, if they would spare this woman. Her counsel, Clunet, an old man touched by her beauty, pleaded her case movingly, invoking the memory of his own son killed at the front. Some officials, said to have been her lovers, also made appeals on her behalf. Someone remarked that the G.O.C. of an army corps gave her a disease seven months ago at the Grand Hotel, and that she had to be treated for a serious malady—which delayed her execution!

I made enquiries, and discovered that all those petitions were finally referred to Poincaré. It is he who decided the case in the

<sup>1</sup> A sly allusion, of course, to the Champs Élysées, on which abuts the Palais de l'Élysée, the President's official residence.

last resort. The Reprieve Committee is no more than a registration and information bureau.

— Session of the Chamber on the 12th. Leygues put down a question on foreign policy. Special interest was roused by the return of Briand. In his speech he declared that "we have victory in our hands." That struck me forcibly.

— The 15th. After the sitting of the 12th, in the lobby of the Chamber, Briand made a statement, before sixty or eighty Deputies, to the following effect : That Ribot had referred in his speech to "subterfuges"—to the "clumsy snare" spread before us by Germany in promising us Alsace-Lorraine. Now these offers, Briand declared, were serious. They had been laid before him personally.

— The 16th. The English Member of Parliament, L——, declares that the English newspapers are just as lying as the rest, and that the aeroplane raids on London cause ten times as many deaths as the newspapers admit.

— There is talk of a further strategic retreat by the Germans. "Let's hope we don't pursue them!" exclaimed Tristan Bernard. "It would prevent them clearing away!"

— I was trying to convey to Tristan over the telephone the name of Franklin-Bouillon without actually saying it. (This war, observes Tristan, has developed our taste for metaphor.) So I mentioned to him a name made up of two separate words. The first was the name of the street where Clemenceau lives. Tristan did not know this. The second, I said, describes the most common kind of soup. Whereon Tristan asked : "Petite-marmite?"

— The Chamber has discussed the Ribot-Briand incident in secret session. Briand appears to have received from M. de Lancken, who was sent by M. de Brocqueville, a document setting forth the German war aims : the immediate evacuation of the invaded territories, the inviolability of the Left Bank of the Rhine, free discussion of the Alsace-Lorraine question, perfect economic freedom. It was promised that these proposals would be confirmed by the signatures of the Kaiser and Hindenburg. Briand revealed the matter to Painlevé, who passed it on to Ribot. Briand offered to follow up these proposals in person. Ribot consulted the Allies, but in such a way that these overtures were rejected, while Briand was given no authority to pursue the matter. Briand declared that he had intended to keep the whole matter secret. But Ribot, in his speech of the 12th, had referred to a "sinister offer," while Clemenceau in his paper had

denounced "an ignominious peace." That is why Briand broke his silence.

— What must be the thoughts of restaurant porters, resplendent in their Cords of Honour and Croix de Guerre, when they open the door to guests who are no more than vast embodied appetites rushing to their trough?

— The attitude of resignation towards the fourth winter is still more abject than it was towards the third. Life in Paris is more vigorous than ever. There is plenty of everything. But it is quickly snapped up despite the fantastic rise in prices. The name of the profiteer is Legion. It is a novel type. Many of these upstarts have had their heads turned by their sudden fortunes, and by the pleasure of spending them. They have not displayed that discretion, modesty, prudence—one might even say, that generosity—which ought to be the ransom of fortune.

— We are living in a time of revolution. The only difference between the present period and 1793 is that we no longer murder our leaders. We only commit moral murder. That letter accusing Malvy was a kind of bloodless guillotine. The charge is that he has taken bribes. We leave their heads on, but remove their honour.

— It seems that the execution of Mata-Hari was delayed in order to drag from her some revelations about the Bolo incident. She gave information. Doubtless she was hoping. . . . But they executed her. . . .

— The 20th. Another stormy session in the Chamber on the 19th, when Painlevé made a statement on the Malvy incident. His speech was honest and laborious, as unadulterated as pre-war bread. His fate, however, still remains in the balance. But one incident occurred (not noticed in the newspapers) during the debate on the agenda, and it had a decisive effect on the vote. Labroue, the Deputy, asked Painlevé if it was true that Colonel Helbronner, Secretary of the War Council, had German parents. Angry gestures by Painlevé—brother killed at the front—parents born in Alsace-Lorraine—quite enough mud had already been cast, etc., etc. Only five lines in the *Official Gazette*. But it was quite enough to turn over a good many votes.

And, of course, some members invoked the terrifying spectre of his possible successor—Clemenceau.

— In a certain restaurant a diner was gobbling down some fine Marennes oysters, duly seasoned with red pepper and lemon juice. Between one oyster and the next he remarked to his friend :

"Ah! It's the Russians who are letting us down." At the time it seemed quite a natural remark. But, on reflection, it seems appalling that these people should be wallowing in comfort and security, gobbling oysters, while at the same time they pass severe criticisms on the Russians for refusing to be killed!

— The 21st. At midnight Tristan informed me of the adventure of some Zeppelins which drifted over from England, and were compelled to land—or were brought down—in France. Mysterious objectives have been ascribed to them, such as an attack on the Creusot factory, although they had already used up all their bombs. Tristan chuckled over the distress of the peaceful burghers of Sisteron at the fearful thought that a Zeppelin crew had escaped in their neighbourhood—that there were real live Germans at large, on their very doorsteps.

— The 21st. The Ministry has resigned. At first Poincaré refused his consent, then invited Painlevé to reconstruct it. This fresh side-slip—for it is not exactly a collapse—is due to Socialist hostility towards Ribot. They bear him a grudge for having failed to express unqualified repudiation of the annexation policy, and for his veto of their visit to Stockholm. Nothing short of wholesale resignation could have torn Ribot from his beloved portfolio. But what will Painlevé do? He is too much of a casuist to be a tyrant. He is so fond of shaking hands . . . that he has lost his grip.

— In the progressive weekly paper *Men of To-day*, the artist Gassier has started a very amusing series in which he attributes all our own tragi-comic experience to a tribe of savages called the Empapahoutas. When his satire is thus disguised the Censor more frequently lets it through. Here is a specimen of these cartoons: Two chiefs of the Empapahoutas, black as their own top-hats (their only clothing), are pointing to an old man sitting on a rock quietly smoking his pipe: "Dat fella ver' dang'rous! Dat fella am pacifis'!"

— Painlevé has re-organised his Ministry with Barthou in place of Ribot.

— *Information* publishes a leading article in support of economic victory, quoting documents in support of that fruitful thesis. But all that leaves the public cold. For the great heart of our people hungers for guns and flags and blood. . . .

— In the streets, you hear people making their little plans. They often remark: "After the war, I shall . . ."—in the same placid tone in which they might say: "After the shower . . ." They

classify this world-shattering calamity merely in the category of natural accidents. They never suspect that they could stop it, that it draws its parasitic life only from their own consent.

— The 25th. Arrest of Lenoir and Desouches, accused of having attempted to purchase the *Journal* on behalf of Germany. Desouches, a former solicitor, was very well known in Paris middle-class circles, and I notice that his friends are displaying anger and indignation about it. It seems that these arrests were ordered on information given by a former chauffeur. His mistresses were also called in evidence. What intimate dramas. . . .

— It is also said that they are going to arrest Charles Humbert. But they would first have to secure the suspension of his Parliamentary immunity. Moreover, he is putting up a defence, breathing threats against *Le Matin*, his colleagues, and the Ministers.

— The 26th. First appearance of Barthou in the Chamber on the 25th. Augagneur and Jobert strove in vain to drag out of Painlevé the secret reason for his replacing Ribot by Barthou. There was a duel between A. Thomas, champion of inflexible justice, and Barthou, the supple supporter of the policy of "possibilities," of an elastic peace which could be adapted to the scale of the actual victory attained. I wrote to my son : "Moral : Briand is the man who will pull the chestnuts—and the troops—out of the fire."

— A friend rang me up on the telephone to reproach me for my extreme views, for wanting an immediate peace—immediate, after forty months !—and for not realising that it needs at least five months to prepare public opinion for such a step. My reply was : "The masses share my views, for they are all tired of it, to a man." But, he retorted, it is not a question of the masses, but of the two hundred thousand people who lead them. Delicious antithesis !

— At the beginning of the war, Charles Humbert made a purchase of army blankets in America to cover the troops. So people are saying that he was buying blankets to cover the forces, when he ought to have been fighting with the "covering force."

— Rumour of a fresh "rectification" of the German front by abandoning either Laon or Saint-Quentin. People appear to have heard significant explosions which suggest the destruction of defence works.

— Here follows—according to the version given by his friends, Gauthier and Tissier—an account of Briand's effort towards peace, an effort which I still regard as supremely important.

It was at a reception—perhaps one given by Madame Gref-fulhe?—that Briand was first informed by Madame de Mérode, a leader of Belgian society, that the Germans had agreed to allow her to visit France on condition that she undertook to discuss peace terms with Briand. She assured him that, owing to his present and past influence, he was the only man who could arrange peace. She detailed the conditions to him. They were examined by higher authorities. Then a Belgian manufacturer, M. Coppée, released on the same conditions, renewed the attempt. This time, Briand made enquiries of the King of the Belgians and M. de Brocqueville about this intermediary. Their reply was very favourable. It was just then that the attacks on Briand began. Shortly afterwards, M. de Lancken, entrusted with this mission by M. de Brocqueville, took the place of the former emissaries. Briand got in touch with Lausanne. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs intercepted his letter and followed up the case with close interest. The peace offers assumed a more definite shape. Briand was assured that, if the appointed intermediary was inadequate, they would send to Lausanne either Michaelis or Bethmann-Hollweg or Von Bülow, or even a more important person. There was some question of deputing Prince Henry of Prussia. Briand fixed his conditions, stipulating that there could be no question of a separate peace, that the Pact of London must be duly observed. He was given a reply in the affirmative, coupled with a request that negotiations with Russia should be amicably conducted. Thus forewarned, Briand saw Painlevé, who became very excited and sent him on to Ribot. The latter requested Briand to draw up an unsigned minute on the matter. Briand was filled with distrust, and wrote a letter—which will perhaps become historical, and which is said to be a brilliant production—in which, after some general remarks, he placed before Ribot the whole situation and the steps he proposed to take.

But Ribot, convinced that Briand was being tricked, and perhaps personally favouring the prolongation of the war—blood is the milk of old men—perpetrated a kind of *suggestio falsi* by transmitting to the Allied Governments a summary of the case, in which he *omitted to mention Briand*, or to make it clear that the Pact of London would be duly observed. The Allies simply spurned this nebulous “scrap of paper.” Three days later, with vindictive malice, Von Kuhlmann declared that Germany would never give up Alsace-Lorraine.

Parliament took a very weak line, and scarcely expressed any

anger at the part played by Ribot. It was quite prepared to overlook the matter.

— We now have a Red Cord of Honour, the same shade as the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. What a satisfaction for the braid manufacturers, all this resplendent efflorescence of decorations !

— Meanwhile, the theatre revues, which are all the rage, display such titles as *Ravishment* and *Calf Love*. There is some talk of re-opening the night-club known as the Abbaye de Thélème.

And you may see on the walls the notice of a play at the Grand Guignol : *The Great Fear*. But it does not deal with the war. People have entirely forgotten that war is the Great Fear. . . .



## NOVEMBER 1917

— THE 2ND. The Germans have fallen back to a depth of one thousand yards on a front twelve miles in length, surrendering the line of the Ailette. But the outburst of enthusiasm in the Press has been cooled down by a recent Italian retreat (there is mention of 200,000 prisoners, and it is not known whether the Italians will stand firm on the Tagliamento).

— The 3rd. In company with Pasquet, General Secretary of Posts and Telegraphs, I visited the Central Military Sorting Office, installed on the top floor of the General Post Office, where a thousand women sort the four million letters addressed to the front every day. As we left, Pasquet informed me that Painlevé has ordered Foch to enquire into the responsibility for the defeat of the 16th April and the ensuing slaughter. Generals like Mangin have emerged from the enquiry white as snow and haloed with glory. The cause of the set-back and the terrible losses, the enquiry concludes, was the order to suspend the attack issued at noon on the 16th April.

— The 4th. Lloyd George and Painlevé have gone off to Italy. Are they trying to keep her head above water?

— About Russia. Kerensky is said to have declared that Russia is leaving the burden of the war to the Allies. She helped France at the beginning of the war, but she has now played her part. America deprecated this statement. But one still retains the impression of a tacit armistice between Germany and Russia.

— Clemenceau, on a recent visit to the front, was heard to exclaim, as he nimbly jumped across a ditch: "It's my birthday to-day. I've been plaguing the Boche for seventy-six years!"

It is Clemenceau, too, who now writes, in his articles, that all is for the best in the best of all possible General Staffs. For a long time he has been writing just the opposite. He is credited with the intention of restoring Nivelle and Mangin to favour and urging them to undertake immense offensives.

— The 5th. There is talk of a report by Henry Bérenger, issued

in the name of the Committee of National Safety. It appears to perform the same sort of functions as the Aliens' Control Board. The report is said to read like nothing so much as a speech for the prosecution. It puts down no less than 155 questions, and calls for legal action against several Parliamentary leaders. We are back in the Reign of Terror. . . .

— The 7th. Every day, Ministers are supplied with a digest of the German Press, of which it gives a very different impression from that presented by our own newspapers, with their hackneyed abuse of our enemies. Recently, there was one extract portraying Barthou as nervous, deliberate, and precise—a man who never forgets anything, not even the occasion when Anatole France embraced him.

— Ah ! What a wonderful article I could write—if only it were possible to publish it—on “ The Crime of the Academy.” I should show what a curious effect the desire to get into the Academy exerts on the conduct of a man like Bourgeois ; I should mention how Bourgeois remarked to Anatole France that he did not care a damn about the Presidency of the Republic, since his sole ambition was membership of the Academy ; I should show how Poincaré bought off Bourgeois (at the time when both of them were standing for the Presidency) by promising him his influence with the Academy.

— The 8th. Lunch with Anatole France at the Hôtel du Palais d'Orsay.

“ Peace is easy enough,” remarked Anatole France, “ when it is not obligatory, but difficult when it is forced.”

In his letters there are precious phrases which deserve the setting of a gem. Here is a fragment, dated on All-Saints' Day : “ I am writing to you on a public holiday when a downpour of rain calls forth an infinite melancholy. There is no postman to-day, so that I have not got any further with the news than the occupation of Udine. That is a charming town where I have spent some delicious hours of peace. I have written a letter to Madame T—— which she will scarcely enjoy. But I cannot bring myself—like the worthy Colonel Rousset—to say that the Austro-Germans must obviously be exhausted when they launch such a furious attack, and that such unbridled energy is a sure sign of weakness. . . .” In a letter of the 4th November, he writes : “ Tours is a fortunate place. . . . It displays striking symptoms of pleasure and prosperity. The Censor and paper money are two excellent things. The terror inspired by our Senegalese is a third. The war

might easily last ten years. And Clemenceau might easily come into power.

"However, even amid all these painful and anxious reflections, I do not forget the fact that Ribot has fallen and that a gleam of hope arose when he fell."

— Official confirmation has been given of the seizure of power by the Russian Bolsheviks, who demand "a just and immediate peace." But the Censor has not yet allowed the revelation of another demand by the new Government—a fortnight's Armistice for *all the belligerents*. I fancy it will be received here either with scorn or silence.

— Tristan tells me that, before the United States came into the war, he saw the following pacifist cartoon in an American paper. Schwab, the steel king, was handing some guns to Wilson: "Buy these guns from me!"

"But I have no enemies!"

"Never mind! Just you buy these guns, and I will soon find you some enemies!"

— At the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, a league has been distributing tracts to the students with a request that they should hand them round among their acquaintances. The war-aims are stated in this tract as comprising the left bank of the Rhine, the dismemberment of Germany, the restriction of Prussia to its original boundaries, and the imposition of indemnities.

— Leymarie has been accused of being an accessory in communication with the enemy. Monnier, the judge, has been tried by the Court of Appeal and awarded the severest penalty—dismissal. The bloodless guillotine is still at work.

— The 9th. Lunch again with Anatole France. Barthou recently informed him in a letter that they had discovered the secret of making attacks without losing men. France often repeats his opinion "that they can maintain the public morale with paper money and black troops." He also declares that they arrested Turmel for having sold information about the Secret Session, but that they discovered afterwards that he had merely been selling cattle. The same applies to a number of arrests. They lodge their accusation first, and justify it afterwards on entirely different charges.

— C—— portrays the ramifications of the great steel firms (they also have their Internationale!) which used to spread alarmist rumours before the war, in subsidised papers, to increase the demand for armaments. Thus, Krupp used to bribe the *Figaro*.

And if these transactions are brought to light and proved after the war, what profound disgust will overtake the nations flung to the slaughter under the spell of fine phrases but only to serve base interests !

— The 9th. At Victor Margueritte's, I met a sculptor who joined a machine-gun unit as a second-lieutenant. According to him, German militarism insisted on precipitating the war in order to justify its own existence. He confesses that he can no longer do any creative work—that he is astonished at the mere sight of his studio. "What ! am I the man who carved all those creatures with their stereotyped attitudes ?" He dreams of an art freed from dead conventions. Finally, he asserts his passion for peace, to which he found himself especially sensitive at night, in the trenches, beneath the open stars.

— The 10th. The Italian retreat and the Bolshevik victory have infuriated our Chauvinists. They offer a pathetic spectacle of angry fear blended with despairing determination. You might think it was August 1914. More than ever they insist on "going on to the bitter end." But they have never been more vague as to the nature of that end. "Why !" remarked an ardent patriot to me, resplendent in all his decorations, but his cheek greenish-pale with passion, "Why ! If we were to make peace now, Germany would emerge from the war stronger than ever. So we must persevere until we can impose on her the most rigorous economic conditions." And throughout his meal—which included the most sumptuous game-pie—this fire-eater kept on brandishing the funeral torch of unquenchable war.

— On the 9th, Anatole France dined with Barthou at the Restaurant de Lapérouse. Barthou talked little about current scandals. He did, however, remark that it was he who drew up the official minute which cleared Malvy. He recognised that the situation was more serious than ever.

— When the British delegates visited the Russian front after the Revolution, they were frequently asked : "What are you going to do with the German colonies ?" At first, they replied that they meant to keep them. Then, in face of the hostile reception of this declaration, they modified their statement : they would keep them as a guarantee, until Germany completed payment of her indemnities.

— The 12th. The papers have published the demand for an armistice made by the Bolsheviks—but have added their own abusive and contemptuous comments.

— A priest of the Saint-Germain quarter mentions the blood-thirstiness of the old dowagers, eighty or ninety years of age, who exclaim, as they poke the fire, "We must keep on killing them, killing them." Those who have lost a grandson insist that their neighbour's grandson shall die as well. The war has let loose such a flood of wickedness and cruelty as we have never seen before.

— The 12th. Jean L—— is lodging near Villers-Cotterets, with a school-mistress who has remained human, as all women ought to have remained during this war. (For, in their case, there was no question of accusing them of cowardice.) She was an eye-witness of the May mutinies. Foreign influence played no part in it at all. Simply a case of soldiers who had been promised leave for eleven months, but had been kept in the trenches. So loyal were they at heart that some of them, even after the mutiny, took part in attacks and counter-attacks. This lady saw some soldiers debag a major, give him a good thrashing, and send him back to his quarters. One general had to run the gauntlet between two rows of hooting troops.

— The 13th. Caillaux is still bitterly attacked. In the lobbies of the Chamber they are much more concerned about his possible arrest than about events in Italy and Russia. He is putting up a defence in the papers, replying to Clemenceau and Barrès, his two chief opponents. His first letter to Barrès—a complete exposition of his policy—is very fine, although he really adopts much too courteous a style towards so savage and sinister a foe.

— In a café I heard, from behind a screen, some of those dull commonplaces by which the destiny of nations is decided. "Japan will attack them." "It won't happen like that." "Russia will recover." "When the Americans once undertake anything . . ." "the Italians on the Adige. . . ." Immediately afterwards, I heard the shrill voice of their little girl who was doing her homework. In a single phrase she summed up our complacent and unfathomable ignorance : "Mama, is Jerusalem in Italy ?"

— The 14th. Yesterday, at the Gare du Nord, I wanted to reserve a seat. "Where are you going, sir ?"

"To Dunkirk."

That town has often been bombarded by aeroplanes. So the clerk replied, with perfect detachment, "Oh ! You don't need to book a seat. There'll be plenty of vacant seats !"

— The 14th. The Painlevé Ministry fell on the 13th, at ten

o'clock in the evening. It is the first Cabinet during the war to be defeated on a division. Painlevé has fallen a victim to his friendships.

— The military enquiries into the "defeatist" activities of Caillaux in Italy, and of the part played by Malvy in the mutinies at the front, have resulted in proving that neither accusation has any basis. But this conclusion is being kept secret. In regard to the second incident, it was only the intervention of *agents provocateurs* which gave the least semblance of truth to this slander.

— The following couplet has been composed about Briand :

*Our Aristide's sins are washed whiter than snow ;  
He's come back from Stockholm, although he didn't go.*

— More about the death of Mata-Hari. She asked for her loveliest evening-gown, the corset essential for its proper fitting, her violet stockings, and her smartest hat. And she threw a farewell kiss to Clunet.

— Eight o'clock in the evening. A man in overcoat and felt hat accosted me in the Rue Saint-Lazare : " Would you like to do a good stroke of business ? I have just come from the front. I will sell you a stone, beautifully cut. . . ." Was it mere paste, or a stolen diamond—or taken from a corpse ? I did not enquire, and passed on hurriedly. But what an indication of the present greed for possession, the febrile passion for money, which gains in extent and depth every day. . . .

— The 17th. The Clemenceau Ministry has now been formed. It was called into being by the desires of the bourgeoisie—of the reactionaries, the kind of people who frequent the smart cafés—in their hatred for Socialism, their longing for a leader, for a strong hand, and a clean sweep.

All the same, I should like to see the expression on Poincaré's face when he meets in the Cabinet his former enemy Clemenceau and his recent rival Pams.

— Recently the staff of the Inventions Board were informed that on a certain day, between eleven o'clock and seven minutes past, someone telephoned from this office to G.H.Q. to enquire whether it was true that thirty regiments had been sent off to Italy. Severe rebuke. Moral : Some telephonist or other has official instructions to listen in on telephone conversations.

— Troops in the trenches are often replaced owing to fear of

fraternisation with the enemy. What a light that throws upon the war !

— A lady who was being told the story of how Joffre was once discovered in the forest of Fontainebleau in a state of collapse, broke in with the comment : " So soon ? "

— Letters from the troops reveal that they have been disheartened by the recent scandals. " What is the use of all our hardships and dangers if we are to be stabbed in the back ? "

— The 18th. Someone has described to me the gay scene when Clemenceau and his staff installed themselves in the Ministry for War. Surrounded by photographers, they displayed the high spirits of soldiers in a conquered country, as they faced the painless bombardment of camera lenses and the harmless machine-gun fire of the cinema operators.

— The 19th. Two schoolmistresses have been arrested on a charge of pacifist propaganda. They are the first militant women pacifists to suffer from official persecution. The magistrate spent two months over their cross-examination. This arrest is a kind of present to celebrate the happy accession of His Majesty Clemenceau.

As his paper, *L'Homme Enchaîné*, has resumed its original title of *L'Homme Libre*, I remarked to Marcelle Cappy, who expects that she will be singled out for persecution, that we shall soon see " Mankind Free," but " Womankind in Chains."

— The campaign in England against Caillaux is headed by Lord Northcliffe. It is the hostility of the man of war towards the man of peace.

— I have been told of the effects of poison gases, which even burn their way through clothing and infect half the victuals brought up to the trenches (so that they have to throw them away), —poison gases whose baneful effect remains pitilessly active even after long intervals. . . . After that, you realise, if you keep your ears open, *that the people know nothing about the war*, and that the future description of these horrors ought to make any return of war impossible.

— The Third Loan—floated this time by Klotz. Every financial house has produced its own special poster to boom it. A positive competition. One of them shows a peasant woman shouldering the rifle of her soldier husband. Another shows a soldier planting a flag of freedom on the globe. Then you have a row of the coats of arms of all our provinces. The Statue of Liberty, on another poster, is shown half submerged. Then you have the stalwart

Algerian sharpshooter, urging his family to buy these bonds "to hasten my return and victory." Finally, you see a mother hugging her child in the cradle: "Buy War Loan so that He shall never Know the Horrors of War." Thus does the great fallacy cover every wall with its coloured pictures. But, God knows! they ought also to present a picture of a mother whose son is in the army. For they will waste no time in killing her child. . . .

— On the 20th, Clemenceau read his Ministerial statement. As a piece of patriotic eloquence it was not so good as Viviani's. What is so horrible, is this antiquated point of view which will be our ruin; this cynical outlook of dotage; this unquestionable faith in armed force; this illogical ambition for conquest; the derisive disregard of all the other influences at work in this unprecedented war; the sneer at the proposed League of Nations; the scoffing at the hope that this is the "war to end war"—a scorn of anything that might relieve the stoical suffering of the masses. The Socialists alone displayed hostility. The rest cheered: "At last we have a strong leader!"

— The photographic unit of the army took some films of ruined villages recaptured on the Somme. When the films were shown, the official in the Censor's office vetoed the exhibition of the quarters of these villages which still remained intact. On each occasion he gave the order: "Splice it!"—by which he meant that the film should be cut in order to display one heap of ruins following upon another, and thus give the public an impression of unbroken devastation.

It is the Censor, too, who suppressed photographs showing lightly wounded French soldiers helping German wounded. No fraternisation at all costs!

— The 23rd. The Kaiser is said to have remarked to the King of Spain, that Parisians must send their wives and children into the country, since a whole swarm of Gothas is going to smash the city to atoms between the 15th and 25th November.

— The 23rd. Left for Armsbout-Capell, in Flanders, where my son is in billets. . . .

— A certain Deputy was telling me that if a General Election were held five hundred pacifist Deputies would be returned. "In that case," I commented, "the present Parliament does not represent the nation." He agreed.

— When various persons were suggested to Clemenceau as Under-Secretaries for the Ministry of Supply, he rejected them all: "He's too stupid." Finally, someone mentioned Vilgrain to him.



He at once flashed out : " Vilgrain ? . . . Grain ! Supplies ! Excellent ! " Vilgrain was rung up on the telephone. When he came in, five minutes later, Clemenceau blurted out to him : " My dear sir, you are now an Under-Secretary of State ! "

— Who could possibly count the people who have made fortunes out of the war, apart from the recognised army contractors ? It would be simpler to count the *exceptions*—those whose wages have scarcely risen at all ; those whose salaries have dropped ; the liberal professions, civil servants, soldiers whose only resources are their pay or their family separation allowances. . . . Those are the only victims. But they are dumb.

— *Information* for the 23rd. The headline reads : " Bombardment of Venice." But in the text it states : " No shells have fallen within the city boundaries." That is how we have been deceived for the last forty months.

— In the Ministry for Foreign Affairs there is a file dealing with Caillaux's activities in Italy. It was on the special request of Clemenceau, at that time still a militant journalist, that this file was placed in the keeping of Captain Bouchardon. The latter handed it over with the remark that it contained nothing incriminating. But, of course, what they will actually say will be : " It contains nothing concerning the Bolo trial."

— The 26th. The Russian Bolsheviks are publishing the secret treaties of the *Entente*. The intention to demand annexations is very obvious. They reproduce the proposals made by Poincaré and submitted by Doumergue to the Tsar. Italy is to extend her colonies : England and France are to retain the German colonies.

— Augagneur, whom I met at Accambray's, described his interview with the King of the Belgians. He was visiting him, before the Battle of the Yser, to implore him in the name of the Government to hold on for two days until French reinforcements could be rushed up. At the Belgian H.Q. he met a tall officer, and told him that he wanted to speak to the King. " I am the King," remarked the tall officer. The King gave him the impression of being a very good sort, although it was impossible to find any definite expression behind those eyeglasses.

— The 28th. The Bolsheviks are discussing terms with the Germans. The newspapers are showering abuse upon them.

— The 29th. Opening of the Inter-Allied Conference. A few loungers outside the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. The most striking result of this Conference is the letter of Lord Lansdowne,

formerly British Foreign Minister, who suggests making it clear to Germany that we have no designs against her political and economic existence—that it is simply a question of establishing justice. This attitude has roused the fury of the orthodox newspapers in England. I regard the event as highly important.

## DECEMBER 1917

— SHOPKEEPERS are changing their price-tickets frantically from day to day. It has become their chief concern. They can hardly keep pace with the rising prices. The effort is tiring them to death. We were already familiar with "writers' cramp." But now we have "shopkeepers' cramp."

— The 2nd. This is the day when the Russians are due to sign the armistice and propose a general peace. But we have little information about it.

— Clemenceau has invited the author Paul A—— to Paris, to join the Press Bureau. Clemenceau informed him that there was no more censorship, except on the diplomatic and military sides. Any paper, however, which said a word in favour of peace would be brought before a court martial !

— Painlevé is complaining of unfair comment. People forget, he urges, that it was he who brought about the abdication of King Constantine of Greece ; the Rapallo Conference, resulting in the Single Command for which he had been working so long ; the Franco-British agreements ensuring our food supplies ; the selection of Pétain ; the wise moderation in suppressing the mutinies ; the arrest of Duval and Bolo ; the prompt despatch of French troops to Italy, etc., etc.

— The 6th. Some remarks by Clemenceau. The first day when he convened his Cabinet in committee, chance left him, after several changes of seats, sitting next to Poincaré. Awkward silence. Then Clemenceau exclaimed : " Well, my dear Raymond, are we going to make love ? "

The Cabinet was discussing the fate of French subjects in Petrograd, especially that of our Ambassador, Noulens. Fears were expressed that they might be molested. Clemenceau commented : " If they kill them, they will eat them up, as they're starving." He mused for a moment, and then went on : " Perhaps Noulens would be very tasty."

— The Inter-Allied Conference produced no result. It recalled those music-hall sketches with a lot of banging doors. Lloyd George left before the end because England possessed no more

influence there than Serbia. Cadorna followed suit. He did not want Castelnau in place of Foch on the Inter-Allied War Council. Finally, there is a persistent rumour that America, represented by Colonel House, will not agree to the question of Alsace-Lorraine forming an indispensable preliminary condition of peace. It is said that Clemenceau, who was so confident that he would make everybody accept his own opinions and nominees, is bitterly disappointed.

— The 6th. Wilson has recently issued a further message. The French translation appears to have been cut and garbled. But it seems to come down to the formula, "Peace without annexations or indemnities," supported by the Reichstag on the 19th of last July. It seems to suggest that the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine will no longer form a *sine-quâ-non* condition of peace. Some consider this message the prelude to actual negotiations.

— It is said that there is an enormous amount of robbery with violence, that there are gangs of deserters organised for these robberies. They stop short at murder, since their victims hand over the spoil without resistance. I suggested that perhaps it is a method of enforcing subscriptions to the Loan. . . .

In regard to that Loan, copying the methods of England and America, we have opened subscription offices in a tank and a Zeppelin cabin in the Invalides square.

— It is said that Almereyda, already half dead with cancer of the liver and suffering from deprivation of morphia, found the door of his cell open one night, slipped out, secured his shoe-laces and hanged himself to the head of his bed. That is how the warder found him in the morning. They ought to have shut the door of his cell, removed his shoes, and kept him under close watch. So they tore his shirt into shreds and thus faked the appearance of a suicide, that he might have been expected to commit in the normal course of events. Their object was to cover up their dereliction of duty.

— The 8th. A motion by Herbaut, the Attorney-General, resulted in the suspension of Humbert's parliamentary immunity.

A group of sub-editors on the *Journal* have issued a bitter denunciation of their former chief. This gesture has had a very bad reception.

— Some letters from Anatole France. Here is one at the beginning of December. "If you want my opinion, dear friend, I do not think—contrary to the belief of the general public, that solemn and sovereign arbiter—that Malvy and Caillaux have prevented

our valiant generals from chasing the Germans out of France and Belgium ; I do not believe that the shady transactions of this handful of financiers and business men, who are to be tried with extreme military rigour, have exercised much influence by their villainies on the progress of the war. I do not believe that the poor school-mistresses and the ingenuous seamstresses, who are being handed over to the harsh justice of courts martial for their sole crime of pity, have roused any rebellion in the heart of our soldiers. But the average bourgeois firmly believes it. And if Clemenceau does not hasten to ensure victory by torturing the millions of traitors whose grim spectres haunt the nightmares of hall-porters and landlords, he will soon be regarded as a traitor himself. Or, at least, as a weakling—and that process is already beginning.”

— Another letter, received on the 9th December : “ You have realised, dear friend, that President Wilson has his own plans, which are not the plans of England, France, or Italy. He is making war on Germany for their moral improvement. He will never lay down his arms until the Boches—a nation restored to righteousness—are marching in the ways of the Lord, beneath leaders inspired by heaven, like the Judges of Israel or the Presidents of the United States of America, following the sacred precept of a second Gideon or another Wilson. He is praying his God to achieve this marvellous transformation without delay. Meanwhile, William is imploring his own God not to allow the German people to bow their necks to alien races. The God of William and the God of Wilson are two potent deities, whose lightnings may long clash their rapiers above our heads. Lord Lansdowne wants to prevent this ominous prospect. His letter has roused the anger of the English, of which our own Press has made a great display. They have not informed us of the approval accorded by Liberal papers to the views of this veteran Conservative leader. Besides, we really know nothing about English politics.

“ Dr. Boigey, a man of intelligence, who (after three years in the trenches) has some experience of the war, has expressed the same opinion of the strong public feeling as you have done. That makes me all the more impatient to hear the result of your reflections.”

— The 11th. Two schools of thought are assuming shape in the Press. The overwhelming majority expresses the desire to wait for the full effect of American military aid (although well-informed people are aware that the United States will not contribute more

than half a million men in 1918). And there is a minority which wants to treat the Russian peace as a peg on which to hang a general peace.

— The 11th. Capture of Jerusalem. In London they rang their church bells for the first time since the war. It throws a heavy advantage into the scale of England, and gives great satisfaction to our Catholics.

— In theatre revues, the actress who represents Russia is hooted, and refuses to make her entry on to the stage unless she has England and America on each side of her.

— The 12th. The clamour for prosecution of Caillaux has broken out. It is a stupefaction for the supporters of his policy. The petition for suspension of his Parliamentary immunity was signed by Dubail. Its tone is astonishing. It accuses Caillaux of having remained loyal to Almereyda and Bolo after their prosecution. But was there not something magnanimous in that loyalty? As for his conversations with enemy subjects in Italy—the second accusation—these were reported by naval and military attachés in Rome . . . people inevitably hostile to Caillaux.

The origin of Caillaux's unpopularity was the income tax. It is indeed farcical when one reflects that the war, welcomed and glorified by the wealthy, will increase the total of their taxation fivefold.

What are Clemenceau's motives? His Chauvinistic hatred towards the apostle of a reasonable peace, the necessity for a man in power of possessing a hold over leaders of the Opposition, the belief that he is bowing to public opinion (which he himself helped to create by his attacks), and, finally, the opportunity of thus retaining his ascendancy.

— This Caillaux incident, with all the hatred directed against him (more on the part of the lower and upper middle-class, it is true, than on the part of the organised workers), reveals unsuspected depths of human stupidity. It plumbs abysses hitherto unexplored.

— Dubail is protesting that he did not sign his petition without reading it. It is very probable that it was mainly composed by Ignatius, Under-Secretary of State in the Advocate-General's Department, who is nicknamed "Ignatius of Loyola."

— The 16th. Lunch with Anatole France. In regard to the Caillaux case, he expressed the decided view that, all things considered, it is better that the hatred against Caillaux should be crystallised into a public accusation. Perhaps the two great

parties represented by Clemenceau and Caillaux are going to array themselves in two separate camps, each under its own flag.

— The 17th. The Loan was closed on the 16th. Right up to the end they displayed fresh posters. Wild-eyed and strident figures of Victory, flags fluttering in the wind. In the cinemas they threw on to the screen views of an immense military cemetery, with an appeal to avenge our dead. I was told that they even granted leave to soldiers who wanted to apply for shares in it.

— A dark cloud of heavy fear lies brooding over our city. Perhaps people imagine that the German troops set free by the Russian armistice will immediately be rushed across Germany and flung into the fray?

It was on the evening of the 16th that news came of the signing of that armistice, one of the most important events of the present war. But people avoid any reference to it, as they would avoid referring to a bereavement.

— It is said, on the other hand, that the tension in the inner circles has somewhat relaxed. The Cabinet, it appears, has decided to allow Caillaux to appear before the High Court, as being apparently less dangerous to his personal safety than the court martial.

— The 18th. Lunch with Painlevé. He at once began to expound his Ministerial career: "I was born weak. . . ."

— The 19th. C—— gave me details about the accident at Saint-Michel-de-Maurienne in which 439 men on leave, on their way from Italy, were burnt to death when their train was derailed. Half of them cannot be identified. It has been decided to inform their families that they died "gloriously" in battle. Compensation for the families and the railway company. The newspapers have preserved a religious silence about the whole incident.

— At Victor Marguerite's with Anatole France and Accambray. After lunch, France settled down on a sofa, leaning against two cushions with a young woman on each side of him. And how magnificent he was—inspired as any prophet, his dark eyes gleaming, his white beard wagging vigorously, his tone of voice more clear-cut than usual.

Steeped as he is in French Revolution history, he insisted on drawing parallels with the present crisis, with Clemenceau as Robespierre and Caillaux as Danton.

One of his epigrams: "The soldiers always find the criminal. But they never find the crime."

— On the 20th, Anatole France called for me at ten-thirty.

I went with him to the Pathé factory, where they were making a close-up of him, to serve as introduction to the film version of *Thaïs*, shortly to be shown in America. A workman remarked to me : " You'd think he'd been doing that all his life ! " Afterwards we visited the department where they produce films and gas-masks. At half-past twelve we were at the *Canard Enchaîné* by invitation. A curious lunch in the common-room of that humorous paper. The lunch was served by the wife of the editor, Maréchal, " so that we shall not be overheard by the servants," remarked France ; " just as in the eighteenth century, when they sent their footmen out during meals." There were present Tristan Bernard, Jean Longuet, Victor Snell, and La Fouchardière (whose war novels have managed to present the truth by cloaking it in humour). . . . Tristan Bernard rang me up in the evening to give me his impressions of the conversation, which was at once witty, wise, and versatile, and thus so different from that of the typical middle-class luncheon-party.

— To-night I read the report by Paisant, of the Committee of Eleven, appointed to examine the charges against Caillaux. It contains the petition by Dubail, the verbatim shorthand report of the sittings, and the supporting documents. Caillaux's defence is bold and uncompromising, enlivened by witty anecdotes. The statement of Clemenceau leaves one wondering. The gist of it is : " We must reassure the troops, who think they have been betrayed. We must throw all possible light on the situation." He forgets that it was newspaper articles, especially his own, which created that very atmosphere of suspicion. He seems to be following an honest conviction. But is he not rather following his desire to crush a policy hostile to his own ?

Ah ! How right was Anatole France in his recent declaration that this case is a second Dreyfus case ! And has not Clemenceau just increased the resemblance by his talk of " secret files " which he cannot reveal without the consent of the Allies ?

— The 22nd. Air-raid warning at eight-twenty in the evening. After various telephone calls I realised that people were not at all anxious, but calmly going on with their dining, their reading, etc. At nine-fifteen came the " All clear." I informed our maid that it was all over. She replied : " Oh, I wasn't afraid, sir ! " How significant ! . .

— The same evening, I was given over the telephone some impression of the session of the Chamber at which Caillaux made his defence. According to people present, he won a real triumph,



reaching the very pinnacle of his political career by his bold refutation of the charges brought against him. Some fear had been felt of outcries from the Right, and from the front bench. But there was dead silence, even on the part of Clemenceau. The Left applauded. Caillaux found himself once more the centre of cordial congratulations. Renaudel also surpassed himself, accusing Clemenceau of making political capital out of the scandal.

— The 25th. Publication of the Bolshevik peace proposals. They clearly demand the right of all peoples to self-determination, to coalesce according to their racial origin. The newspapers are already denouncing it as "a trick" of the Germans, who are thus attempting to extend the Russian peace.

Our Ambassador, Noulens, gave an interview to Trotsky, the present dictator in Russia. Immediately we were officially informed that the interview was merely superficial. Ah, how terrified our masters are of peace !

The Russians demand that Allied representatives should be present at the negotiations. "A trick !" shout our newspapers.

— A puff of the revue at the Casino de Paris : "A hundred and fifty women walking in mid-air. Sixty-four wonderful blossoms. Thirty-two illuminated legs, etc." The lighting, the dresses, the whole atmosphere of the auditorium dazzles the eyes with an insolent display of luxury. Seats have to be booked three weeks ahead. The Rue de Clichy is closed to traffic. One of the authors is Bousquet, who was wounded while serving as second-lieutenant in a machine-gun section, and has still a shell fragment in his liver. . . .

— The English apply the term "Never-endists" to the people whom we describe as "*Jusqu'aboutistes*."

— There is no longer any thought of reduction of armaments. Will it be included in the covenant of the League of Nations ? The suggestion has been one of the few crumbs of comfort in this cataclysm.

— The paper *Notes of the Week* relates that Poincaré was present, reverently kneeling, at a *Te Deum* at Notre-Dame to celebrate the capture of Jerusalem.

— The 27th. The conference of the C.G.T. at Clermont-Ferrand passed a unanimous resolution deploring the attitude of the Press, the vagueness of our war-aims, and demanding peace conditions according to the formulas of Wilson and of the Russian revolutionaries.

— The 29th. A day of sorrows. Questions were asked in the

Chamber on our war-aims and on our attitude towards Russia. As for the war-aims, Pichon promised nothing. Merely a few invertebrate and equivocal phrases. As for the Russians, Sem-bat shouted : " Do not leave them at the mercy of the Germans ! They regard France as the mother of the Revolution." He offered to visit Russia in person. And, to anyone who knows his comfortable life and his frail state of health, it must be obvious what supreme importance he attaches to such a mission. Even without consultation with the Allies, Pichon refused to examine the peace proposed in the Russian negotiations. Ah ! What a misfortune for the country that Clemenceau is in charge of its destinies when this opportunity has presented itself ! Could anyone estimate the cost of his blind obstinacy ?

— The 31st. The Chamber passed the constitutional amendment which the Senate had to introduce to enable former Ministers to be brought before the High Court. It was designed to provide for the case of Malvy, who is still waiting. . . .

## JANUARY 1918

— A SOLDIER has sent me a copy of the *Journal des Ardennes*, a paper published in the occupied territories, under German influence. It is from there that I learn that the Germans made peace overtures to England in September 1917, on the instigation of a neutral country which suggested that there was some reason to hope for a favourable reception. But this attempt produced no result.

— In my compartment in a train there was a notice in three languages : " Spitting is forbidden." But the German version had been pasted over with a strip of paper. A lady in the carriage blandly remarked, without a trace of irony : " Why, of course ! We mustn't give them any information."

— The 5th. Clemenceau is credited with the intention of imitating the tactics of the General Staff in the Dreyfus case by making use of a despatch from Sonnino intended to crush Caillaux.

— In the present war the erotic psychology of young women seems to present two different facets. In the middle classes, there seems to be no revival of the tendency towards amatory escapades. Perhaps that tendency had gone as far as it possibly could. Moral laxity appears to have increased only in the proletarian strata, especially under the pressure of necessity, which seems to have transformed many women into temporary prostitutes.

— The 5th. Interview with Clemenceau in the *Petit Parisien*. His sole aim, " To win ! " He repeats the word just like a little child proud of uttering its first syllables. To win, to win !

— The 8th. The son of a director of certain large stores has come back from Russia loudly proclaiming admiration for the Bolsheviks, for their ideals and their energy. They alone, he asserts, were capable of taking over the Government. That account is very different from the reports given in our newspapers, with their dreadful campaign of hatred against the Russian Revolution, as exemplified in the headline I read yesterday : " Why Bolshevik ? Merely Bochevick."

— The authorities have abolished absinthe.

— The 9th. At noon there was published a message from Wilson

laying down fourteen peace conditions. It is the most important document of the war. After forty-three months, here is a man who dares to say what ought to have been said on the very first day : he clearly states his war aims.

— The 10th. There is a widespread rumour of the impending arrest of Caillaux. It had been already decided before the speech he made in the Chamber in his own defence. But after the success of that speech they gave up the idea. Clemenceau and Ignatius, however, have been putting their heads together. And some of his enemies are whispering that the examining magistrate complains that he can get nothing out of the witnesses ; perhaps they will open their mouths once Caillaux is arrested.

— For forty-three months we have had a moratorium of Reason.

— There are still rumours of a vast German offensive. It seems that it will be a desperate attack. Some writers allege that aerial warfare will play the leading part. I expressed my surprise that the Press, which has made such efforts to keep up the general morale, should continually echo this fear. The reply given to me was : " The reason is that Frenchmen never yield to threats."

— Our Minister for War has forbidden the wearing of mufflers " except for soldiers in poor health, who must conceal them underneath their coats." There have been eighteen degrees of frost.

— The struggle between Imperialists and Socialists, which will become universal, is acute in Germany. The real nature of this conflict is growing clearer : the devourers against the devoured.

— Forain was walking in the Bois in the days before he had become a fervent nationalist. An old general went by on horseback, all gouty and doddering. Whereon Forain remarked : " He couldn't even run away ! "

— Someone has remarked to me : " France stood by Russia when she was involved in the Serbian dispute with Austria. Since France followed Russia in making war, why can she not follow her in making peace ? "

— One more sitting of the Chamber against which we must put a black mark. That of the eleventh. The Socialists, strengthened by Wilson's pressing and tender invitation to go to the help of Russia, have striven in vain to secure from the Government passports for Petrograd. Unflinching refusal ! They secured only 113 votes to 377. Pichon reproached the Bolsheviki with being the enemies of France. He is determined to avoid being dragged into a general peace.

— The 14th. The negotiations at Brest-Litovsk are still continuing, stormy and obscure. In swift alternation they are first broken off and then resumed. It might almost be a lovers' quarrel.

— I was forgetting that at this ominous session of Wednesday, the 11th January, 1918, the disharmony between the Allies was very marked. Alsace-Lorraine still seems the point on which things are hung up. "Restoration first of all," says France. "Discussion in the course of negotiations," retort the Allies.

— The 14th. During the afternoon, news came round of the arrest of Caillaux. People who have retained a spark of reason are stupefied. The rest are delighted. The newspapers announce the item in enormous letters. It might almost be the crowning event of the war. It is the sole subject of conversation. Nothing else has any real existence.

— The 15th. Further reasons are being brought forward for the arrest of Caillaux. A safe in Florence, letters from Luxbourg, the German Minister in the Argentine. The most fantastic assertions are welcomed by the newspapers, and *must therefore have received the consent of the Censor*. Details of the arrest are also given; the usual formalities—how he was searched, and his measurements taken—none of which could have been avoided, although they are a more humiliating ordeal for a member of the privileged classes than for the poor.

— Conversation turned on the offensive of the 16th April, 1917. Painlevé still declares that it was not he who suspended it. Someone reminded us that Nivelle equally denied any such action. So another commented: "Well, then, who *did* stop the offensive?" "Why, of course," gently put in S—— the Minister, "it was the Boches!"

— On Tuesday, the 15th, the Socialists in the Chamber denounced the irregularity of breaking open the safe in France. No representative of the accused or of France was present at this operation. Clemenceau gave his approval in a couple of words. And the same solid block of members—370 votes to 105—followed in the footsteps of the Cabinet.

— 17th. The Luxbourg correspondence is being brought up against Caillaux. One news agency has contrived to introduce a deceptive mistake in the translation. It has sent out the phrase *undesirable* capture instead of *desirable* in connection with the steamer which brought Caillaux back to France.

The incident displays one grimly farcical aspect, namely, that the very people who have been accusing Germany of lying and

treachery for the last forty-three months suddenly place absolute confidence in the evidence of the German Luxbourg. But, of course, now it is merely a question of ruining a Frenchman !

— The 17th. The Russian negotiations are still in progress. By now our Press is pouring ridicule on the Bolsheviks. They display them before us as being drunk with vanity at the mere idea of conducting negotiations with real generals, resplendent in smart gloves, field-boots, and steel helmets. They conceal from us all the documents, as, for instance, that in which Trotsky speaks in favour of Wilson.

— As a retort to that dreadful word "defeatist" (and whoever desired defeat ?) the pacifist group have coined the word "exterminist." Let us hope that it will not suffer the same fate.

— A certain newspaper has been expounding the pan-Germanist scheme and claiming that it has been methodically pursued throughout the course of the war. That reminds me of a remark by Anatole France during our visit to Morocco in 1912 : "War is a series of unforeseen events which they subsequently claim to have formed part of a deliberate plan."

— A soldier has written to me, at the risk of his letter being seized by the postal censorship : "It is unfortunate that Clemenceau recovered from his operation. They say that a stone was removed from him. In any case, they've still left another in him —where his heart ought to be."

— The 23rd. Still waiting for the great offensive. "They give us the programme and the date as if it were a special performance at the Opéra," writes Anatole France from Antibes. We are also expecting an air raid on Paris. The newspapers themselves are reviving this fear by their renewed warnings.

— Ceccaldi confirms the suspicion that some documents are missing from the safe in Florence : the minute of Cornelius Herz on Clemenceau, and the minute by Poincaré on the restoration of our Papal Embassy. The sums contained in this safe are said to amount to 200,000 francs at the present rate of exchange. The newspapers had declared them to be 2,000,000. That illustrates the dreadful bias in the news we have been given. The hatred against Caillaux shows no sign of abating.

— The 23rd. An announcement has been made of the restriction of the bread ration to ten ounces. All preceding orders have been cancelled. There is fear of an outbreak of discontent among the working classes. Workmen and farm-hands consume two pounds of bread a day. Cakes also have been abolished. But the

tea-rooms substitute cream buns and croquettes, which use up other equally scarce materials, such as butter, milk, and sugar.

— Still waiting for the Gotha raid on Paris. Now it is forecast for Saturday, the 27th. Here is the explanation given for the postponement : The Kaiser was opposed to it, as he was to the war. But in this case also he was compelled to yield to military pressure, for fear of being overruled. The war party was assisted in its desire for reprisals by recent raids—some mention a British raid on Stuttgart, which killed women and children walking in a procession ; others mention a French raid on Karlsruhe, which wiped out the audience at a circus or cinema.

— In a café, two old men were expressing satisfaction at the rise of a saviour—Clemenceau : “ Our courage is restored ! ” Such men are terrifying. One can see how their sensibility has been weakened—one can see their subconscious satisfaction at the death of younger men, and, above all, their desire for revenge. They have kept alive the feeling of humiliation roused in 1871. We were already aware of the existence of that terrible fellow “ the cave man.” But there is another species just as savage : “ The man who witnessed 1870.”

— It must be a tragic spectacle, those intelligent leaders like Lenin and Trotsky, with nothing but a disarmed and chaotic country at their backs, yet maintaining resistance, supported only by their ideals, against opponents clad in all their war-like panoply, the representatives of the strength and organisation of Germany. What a crime it is that we have failed to support those weak and despairing champions of the revolutionary ideal. . . .

— The 27th. *La Vérité* has published an article by Merrheim reproducing and commenting upon an article from the *Daily News* for the 18th January. Workmen in the Clyde shipyards have decided to strike on the 31st January if “ peace negotiations are not begun before that date.”

There, indeed, we see the challenge thrown down in the struggle between the peoples and their overlords—the peoples who insist on knowing why their overlords make them fight. It has needed four years for this legitimate desire to reach the surface. In Russia it has already achieved its purpose. It is raising its voice in England. It is breaking forth in Austria. We know nothing of its strength in Germany . . . or in France. But a new phase of the war is opening—the clash between the flocks and their shepherds.

— The 27th. There is talk of the arrest of beautiful spies in

theatrical circles. In a spirit of malice, rumour mentions all our music-hall stars.

— In Germany, the leaders wear steel helmets. In France, they wear caps. It is Poincaré and Clemenceau who visit the front in caps like those of chauffeurs or cyclists.

— The 29th. To-day begins the restriction to ten ounces of bread. Queues have been lining up in front of bakeries for several days. They were laying in stores. There were brawls at Versailles. This sudden restriction is said to have been caused by the shortage in Italy. Italy was threatening to make peace unless she was supplied with flour. So supplies have been sent to her.

— Longuet has returned from Nottingham, where the Labour Party held its meeting. On his way back, he travelled with Lloyd George and Orlando, the Italian Premier. The latter remarked to him that last June the unexpected speech of Ribot transformed the attitudes of the British and Italian Cabinets, which had previously been favourable to the International Congress at Stockholm. Was not Poincaré at the back of that long-drawn and disastrous obstinacy?

Stirring events, declares Longuet, are brewing in England. Glasgow is a seething hotbed of revolt. The London engineers, like the Clyde workmen, have demanded immediate peace negotiations.

In Paris, Longuet ran into Clemenceau, who was waiting for his British and Italian colleagues. "Have those fellows corrupted you?" Clemenceau asked him. "It was I who corrupted them," retorted Longuet.

He had lunch with us, in the Avenue de La Motte-Picquet, with Séverine, who insisted on bringing her own sugar and bread rations.

— On the eve of his arrest, Caillaux remarked to Longuet, who was urging the lack of proofs: "Pooh! It is just as in Anatole France's *Penguin Island*. If the proofs are lacking, they will have them made on the coast of Coromandel."

— The search continues for further proof against Caillaux, in still further safes. They have attempted to make capital out of his proposal to revise the Constitution—a proposal described as the *Rubicon*—of which they have given extracts, although their vigorous clarity has actually won further supporters for Caillaux.

— Clemenceau is becoming our saviour. Legend weaves haloes round his brow. When he was visiting the front, someone wanted



to keep him safe from a shell : " Pooh ! That would be the finest death of all ! "

— And, meanwhile, army orders fall in showers concerning uniform, the wearing of swords, the due cutting of hair. In Paris, a captain stopped Jean L——, who has himself two decorations : " Don't you read the army orders ? " And so the captain made him stand at attention and give a double salute.

— It is said that Clemenceau is the real prosecutor of Caillaux. He intends also to prosecute Humbert and Sarraïl. He even means to prosecute the war.

— During the night between the 30th and 31st January, raid warning about midnight. Ground mist. Clear sky, with moonlight. The first explosion—either of anti-aircraft guns or enemy bombs—burst forth at the same time as the sirens. The horizon filled with flare of rockets, signalling lamps, and aerial searchlights. People rang each other up to exchange information about the successive places where bombs fell.

On the morning of the 31st the newspapers were silent about it, by order of the Censor. They do, however, declare that this raid will stimulate our energies, our courage, etc.

— While reading the question in the Chamber by Voilin on the 28th in regard to rationing, I notice that some localities have been without bread for four, six, and even sixteen days. Some heart-rending letters were read out in the Chamber amid complete indifference.

## FEBRUARY 1918

— FEBRUARY 1ST. In regard to the raid of the 30th January. In front of the roofless house in the Avenue de la Grande-Armée—number 16—the still leafless trees had been strewn with various fabrics—curtains, tapestries, and one pink stocking. Over a radius of a hundred yards all the windows were broken. The hall-porters were sweeping up the pieces of glass into a heap. They were stuffing up the holes in the windows with newspapers. At last they are actually being useful !

The newspapers are clamouring for reprisals. But the German *communiqué* of the 31st January represented the bombardment of Paris as being itself a reprisal for our own raid on Christmas Day. It forms an endless sequence. That is exactly what is wanted by the die-hards in every country.

— Clemenceau heard of the heavy bookings at the stations since the raid of the 31st January : " All the better ! Paris will be easier to feed ! "

— The 2nd. The *Journal de Genève* for the 1st February states that German workmen on strike have formed Committees on the model of the Russian Soviets. The fact has been concealed from us. It represents too glaring a contrast with the conventional view of Germany as the home of discipline and militarism. And, moreover, all those who desire a long and bloodthirsty war of annihilation have a vague objection to the idea that the end of the war might come through a German revolution. It is the same people who reject the idea of the League of Nations. They are all loyal to all the dogmas of the past.

— The 2nd. The newspapers draw from the recent raids exactly the deductions they hope to be true : " We have done with the defeatists. . . . An outburst of energy. . . . Every man rallying round our military leaders " (Barrès).

That astounding creature, Hervé, writes to the effect that we were envious of London, that we were ashamed at not having been bombarded so often, and that, at last, we are satisfied !

— Much excitement has been roused by an interview with Clemenceau secured by a Dutch journalist. Clemenceau asked

him in a sneering tone : " Do you yourself believe in the League of Nations ? " Is it not terrifying that we should be led by such men, whose minds are so reactionary, so alien to modern ideas, to the unprecedented nature of this war, to its unparalleled demands—in short, by men so hostile to the opinions of President Wilson ?

— The 5th. Fears are expressed that the Paris bread ration will have to be reduced to seven ounces on the 1st March. They had promised, on the contrary, to increase the ration on that date. Will there be much disappointment ? No ! France is under morphia, as Painlevé remarked. And sleep is as good as a meal.

— An Englishman remarked : " We cannot sign an armistice just now. For neither your troops nor ours would agree to start fighting again if the negotiations fell through. So we must wait for the Americans."

— The routine instructions issued by Clemenceau in regard to saluting are exercising a notable influence on the uniformed herd. People wearing officer's uniform exchange most ceremonious salutes. The less enthusiastic accompany their gesture with a kind of bow, with chest thrown out and stomach drawn in. They salute with their posteriors.

Jean L—— watched the following spectacle for three-quarters of an hour. An elderly major marched along the Boulevard from the Madeleine to the Opéra. Five paces behind him came an N.C.O. Another five paces behind came a couple of policemen. Did any soldier fail to salute the major ? Then the worthy major rebuked him and demanded his papers. The N.C.O. took notes. The two policemen were in attendance in case the victim disobeyed or ran away. Then this procession in three ranks marched back along the pavement from the Opéra to the Madeleine.

They also severely rebuked any irregularities of uniform, such as fur collars and turned-up trousers.

— In a letter towards the end of January, Anatole France complains that he is receiving very few letters. That arises from the general fear of the Censor. " A friend writes to me that he no longer dares to indulge in letters. Various examples lead me to believe that the French have become less confident and expansive than they used to be."

— The 7th. The Bolo case. It does not rouse intense interest. But it has its own special public. However, most people follow the reports. This fellow is considered a common creature. Indeed, surprise is expressed that he has so many distinguished acquaintances. In short, he is a cheat, a crook, a boastful adventurer. He

is risking his life with indifference ; perhaps he does not even realise his peril.

— And meanwhile the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk are continuing, by fits and starts, in an atmosphere of mystery, threatening every day to break off. The Bolsheviks are being insulted by the Germans, who are growing impatient and declare that they are being tricked. Insults are also showered upon them by the French, who accuse them of being in the pay of Germany.

— The 8th. The prospect of universal peace is receding. The only hope left comes from the statement attributed to Wilson, in which he declares that he will speak out in his own good time, without considering European opinion.

— The foot of the Vendôme column is being protected by concrete. What scenes of human folly that monument will have seen before the end !

They are also building absurd little sheds over the Marly horses in the Champs-Élysées. They are closing the grounds of Versailles, to clear out the contents of the Palace. All that as a precaution against German aeroplanes.

Just before the 30th January, I was told that Clemenceau had a dream in which he saw the group of sculptures representing "La Marseillaise," at the Arc-de-Triomphe, destroyed by a bomb. So they are protecting this group of figures under sandbags.

— In regard to that raid, the absurdest assumptions have again been made. The bomb dropped on the School of Mines was intended by the Germans to destroy our precious nursery of engineers ; while the bomb dropped on the School of Fine Arts was meant to ruin our precious nursery of artists. The bomb dropped on the Crédit Lyonnais was meant to destroy our wealth . . . and so on and so forth.

— The 12th. On the day after the German air raid on Paris, French Flying officers proposed two reprisal raids on Vienna and Berlin, declaring that present conditions favoured their success. Twelve hours later, the Germans, who had received information, announced by wireless that if those plans were carried out they would repeat their raid on Paris. Clemenceau ordered G.H.Q. to postpone reprisals for six weeks, to give him time to organise the defence of Paris. But since the 6th February, G.H.Q. has revealed in its *communiqués* that we have dropped four tons of bombs on Saarbruck by way of reprisals. The Government is anxious.

— A certain newspaper, discussing Russia, ingenuously expresses

its surprise : " It is the first time in the history of the world that demobilisation has been carried out before settling terms of peace." But in this present war everything is happening for the first time in the history of the world.

— Bolo has been accused of having received ten millions from Bernstorff, the German, through the agency of the banker Pavenstedt. The latter denies it. He asserts that the millions in question were deposited by the Amsing bank of Antwerp before the war. His brother wanted to furnish proof of this assertion, but he declared that he was not allowed. The indictment begins as follows : " Before satisfying public opinion in its demand for a death sentence upon Bolo . . ." Thus it is not justice which must be satisfied, but public opinion. . . .

— This is how Clemenceau explained the prosecution against Caillaux to the Committee of Eleven : " There was a certain atmosphere of suspicion about him." This perversion of the idea of justice has been accepted by Parliament.

— Jean M——, who has followed the Bolo case, declares that he is a swindler, a sharper, but not a traitor ; a merely brainless creature, laughing and joking, apparently not suspecting that his very life is at stake. He did not break down into tears until his brother, the Right Reverend Bolo, made his moving defence. All the journalists declare—and here is the moral of this story— " He does not deserve to be shot, but he will be shot, all the same." Actually, he was condemned to death.

— I was telling K—— the story of the elderly major who walked along the Boulevard pavement. He replied : " I know a worse case than that ! I was sitting with a major, a friend of mine. He rebuked a subordinate who failed to salute him. I laughingly reproved him : ' Leave this poor devil alone.' My friend replied that he was compelled to adopt that attitude ; for, he declared, sometimes it is the turn of the superior officer who has to snub his inferiors, but sometimes, also, it is the turn of his subordinate, who deliberately avoids saluting, and is quite likely to inform against his superior officer if the latter does not insist on being saluted ! "

— The State Press has produced a tiny edition in German of the book *J'accuse*. There is a proposal to drop these little books behind the enemy lines, projecting them by means of shells, together with various proclamations urging them to set up a republic, etc. Ah ! If only our shells contained nothing but ideas. . . .

— The 14th. An order has been issued, to take effect from the 25th, for fresh restrictions. They fall heavily on confectionery shops, pastry shops, tea-rooms, but, above all, on restaurants. It is quite logical. For the paramount necessity is to please our Allies by an appearance of stringency. So they are not merely attacking private consumption, but public as well. They are placing restrictions on what is visible, but sparing what is not visible.

— A dog was chasing a little butcher-boy on his bicycle. The boy shouted out terms of abuse, which became stronger as they went on : "Get away, you beast, you little brute, you devil, you New Rich . . ."

— Someone was mentioning to me the cakes that have now been abolished—the Saint-Honoré with its crackling crispness, the spongy baba, the creamy éclair. How sad it is to recall these harmless delights. . . . For it is a tiny reflection of the whole monstrous folly.

— I saw Clemenceau passing by. He was alone in his car. His features were as impassive as those of a Hindu—hard as bronze. His whole figure had an appearance of exhaustion and collapse, as may easily happen when a man leans back in a car. But it at once suggested a curious impression of a man wallowing in insolent satiety. He narrows down the vast conflict to the old conception of professional armies—the 40,000 troops of Turenne, the 400,000 of Napoleon. And yet, in this present war, for the first time whole nations have been flung against each other !

— Charles Humbert was arrested on the 18th. The general comment is : "It was inevitable, after the Bolo case."

— The 20th. Guests at a lunch with a Paris publisher have asked me to make a note of the menu—in the forty-fourth month of the war :

Lonzo de Corse (Goose Sausage).  
Bécasses flambées à la Fine Champagne.  
Baron de Pauillac à la purée de Champignons.  
Truffes en croûte.  
Langoustes en Bellevue.  
Salade russe.  
Mont-Blanc.

*Wines.*

Château-Yquem.  
Château-Margaux.  
Chambertin.

— The 30th. Still further rumours of arrest : Sarraïl, Viviani, Briand. . . . The arrest of Humbert seems to have been caused by the discovery of a safe—still this bugbear of safes !—which concealed documents entrusted to him as Vice-President of the Army Committee of the Senate.

— Proceedings have been taken against General D—— and Captain de L——, military attachés in Madrid. They lost some diplomatic documents in a taxi, which were discovered by Mlle. F——, who worked at the Capucines Theatre. . . . She was riding with a Flying officer, son of a former Minister.

These documents reproduced correspondence between the Dowager Queen of Spain and the Empress of Austria, dealing with a separate peace on the part of Austria, with the support of the Pope.

— The search for evidence against Caillaux still goes on. The last move is a letter in which Cavallini, the Italian, suggested to him an interview with the Kaiser, the latter passing incognito under the name of Benoît. Caillaux replied that he did not wish to see Benoît. There is also a rumour that, when informed that he was to be let out on bail, he replied : “ No, no ! Let me go out by the front door ! ”

— Gheusi, whom I had not seen for a month, has told me of his recent interview with Poincaré. It was just before the condemnation of Bolo. Gheusi represented to Poincaré, who was very disturbed about it, that if Caillaux was declared innocent by the High Court, he would become the leader of the peace party. In that case, Poincaré would be compelled to make him Premier. But Poincaré soon recovered his confidence. Caillaux would be condemned. Clemenceau had told him so that very morning. Gheusi retorted that Clemenceau was mistaking his hopes for accomplished facts.

Gheusi put down definite charges against Humbert. He recalled that Humbert's articles—“ More Guns ! More Shells ! ”—were read out in the Reichstag, and had the twofold effect of convincing Germany that France possessed neither guns nor shells, and that they must therefore produce still more guns and shells in Germany. At one and the same time we were stimulating the enemy's morale and his production of munitions.

— Imperceptibly, restrictions are gaining ground. Cars are almost entirely banned, except for the governing clique, the military, the war contractors, and the ladies of the Red Cross. Rolling-stock is falling to pieces ; broken windows, doors which

will neither open nor shut ; on the pretext of precautions against air raids, they are turning off all lights in trains as much as twenty leagues before they reach Paris. Paraffin has disappeared in the provinces ; people are reverting to candles.

— The 23rd. A new paper has been started—the *Yes*. The principal sleeping partner is the director of the Hôtel de Ville Bazaar. The political editor is Laval, the Socialist Deputy. There is a curious tendency on the part of business men and manufacturers to support advanced papers, as if by an instinctive desire to insure themselves against a future which is threatened by social revolution. People describe this new paper as being “ a bazaar bargain.”

— Apparently our “ Never-endists ” are generally described as the P.Q.C.D —*Pourvu Que Ça Dure* (Let us hope it will last !)

— The 25th. The Republican papers this morning present a really tragic contrast. On the one hand we have the results of the Inter-Allied Socialist Conference in London, which ended on the 23rd, and which passed a unanimous resolution laying down the basis of peace between the peoples according to the suggestions of Wilson. On the other hand, we have the Russian peace, signed by the Bolsheviks on the 24th, which abandons enormous territories to an uncertain future, under German police supervision, and also concedes enormous economic advantages to the enemy.

Loyal as I am to my opinion, I recall how Delcassé devoted his efforts to “ brewing trouble ” during his year as Ambassador in 1913, how he goaded both Russia and France on to war, rousing a mutual enthusiasm out of which a bellicose pan-Germanism was quick to make capital. We now witness the result. The revolution is nothing but a result of the war.

— These Notes ought to be entitled : *The Other Side of the War*.

— It is alleged that two millions belonging to Charles Humbert have been discovered in a safe in Amercia. People even go so far as to declare that his loud warnings in July 1914 were uttered in collusion with Germany. It is very odd. I am not acquainted with him, and I fancy he is avaricious and crude, but I do believe that he is a whole-hearted militarist.

— The 27th. Met a former Minister now in the army. He was covered with chevrons and palm-leaves. He has assumed all the attitude of the General Staff. You feel that losses make no impression on men like that. They are merely figures on paper, mere statistics—as if this were not a war, but merely manœuvres. Referring to attacks, he would remark : “ We had a few



breakages"; or, perhaps: "We had some crockery broken." That is what men represent to him—mere broken earthenware.

— From various sources I hear that the reactionary Bloc in the Chamber which supports the Cabinet in its war-without-end policy is impelled by its hatred of Socialism. For it is anxious not to let the Socialists take the first steps towards peace, and thus secure the credit for it. . . .

— The 28th. Left for Mareuil-sur-Ay, in Champagne, where my son is billeted.

— Clemenceau is anxious. He is afraid of a break-through. Meanwhile, he has decided that on the 1st June all officers shall resume the gorgeous cap of peacetime, on which differences of rank are more clearly shown. Thus, in saluting, it will no longer be possible to overlook them. Oh, what a stickler he is for saluting!

## MARCH 1918

— ANATOLE FRANCE is back from Antibes. I visited him at the Hôtel du Palais d'Orsay. Denis Cochin remarked to France that he would not give his vote for Joffre at the Academy as he did not intend thus to cover up his blunders. Was Cochin, then, the man who cast the single adverse vote?

— Clemenceau's doctors have pronounced him amazingly well preserved. He starts work at four in the morning with General Mordacq, his principal private secretary. He has found his true career: Clemenceau is really an old veteran, a Chouan.

— The 6th. A friend of Anatole France, believing that the air raid deadlock had been settled, handed on the news to France in a sarcastic sentence: "Our glorious Flying officers will make no further raids on Mannheim and the pirates of the air will make no further raids on Paris."

— The 6th. There are 170,000 Americans in France. Many of them are in Paris. Tristan tells me that the interval at the Casino de Paris recalls the dissolute revels of the ancients. Furious uproar, tremendous drunkenness. Three separate squads of military police were on duty—French, English, and American. They had special instructions to expel drunken men.

— On the Boulevard hoardings, the theatre shows are advertised by enormous bills. And you often see as a sub-title the phrases: "A lively play," "A lively comedy." That is the most effective label with which to attract the public in the middle of the war....

— The 7th. At Gheusi's. In the morning he met Briand, who means to lie low for two months longer. Gheusi urged him to begin at once his preparations for a return to political power. Gheusi has still got his knife into Joffre. He referred again to the order of the 2nd September, 1914, in which Joffre proposed to retire on the line Pont-sur-Yonne, Nogent-sur-Seine, Briennon, and Janville. That order, it seems, can no longer be traced.

— In regard to the Rumanian peace, about which rumour is active. Article 8 stipulates that officers of foreign military missions will be sent back to their own countries. Anatole France made

the ironic comment : " What a light that throws on the hideous treachery of the Germans ! They are sending us back our own officers ! "

— The South seems to be most severely hit by the restrictions. Anatole France declares that the department of the Alpes-Maritimes is short of everything. At Saint-Jean-de-Luz, they have not had a morsel of bread for several days. They had to go into Spain to find any. The most favoured district is the area behind the front. At Épernay I found all the little delicacies which have been forbidden in the Paris restaurants.

— The food restrictions seem to have resulted in a number of young people developing cysts, which tend to become malignant. Our medical journals are concealing the fact.

— Anatole France arranged for me an interview with Merrheim, the leader of the minority group in the C.G.T. Much eulogy has been accorded to his influence and fervent idealism. Merrheim is short, thick-set, and unaffected. Very handsome eyes. Marked gift of expression. The English strike movement is very strong, he declares. Their suspension of the ultimatum for the 31st January—" Peace, or we strike ! "—was due to the tact of Henderson in assuaging their impatience with the promise of the International Conference. Revolution would have broken out in Italy, after the retreat to the Piave, but for severe measures of repression in Turin and Milan. The authorities carefully isolated the various districts of the cities from each other, so that no district knew what was happening in the others.

Merrheim declares that the authorities wanted to arrest him on vamped-up charges of agitation. At Rive-de-Gier he discovered that revolvers had been handed round before his meeting.

At Lyons, at the time of the recent disturbances, all the officers—including the cavalry—made it clear that they could not be responsible for their troops in any clash with strikers. They were afraid of fraternisation.

— Merrheim exerts a moderating influence on the working classes, who are displaying extreme impatience for peace and bitter hatred of Clemenceau. But he finds it difficult to keep them in hand. He also, like Henderson, is trying to calm them with the promise of the International Conference. Alas ! He himself no longer believes in it ! The psychological moment for Stockholm has gone by.

— The sitting of the Chamber on the 8th reminds Anatole

France of the historic meetings of the National Convention. Clemenceau inveighed against the Socialists. He drew applause with phrases at once facile and lethal : " What is my foreign policy ? I am making war ! What is my home policy ? I am making war ! " Or, again : " Russia betrays us, but I persist with the war. Rumania crumples up, but I persist with the war ! "

— Aeroplane raid on the evening of the 8th, from 8.45 p.m. to twenty minutes past midnight. It lasted longer than any previous raid. The next morning we learnt that Montmartre and Batignolles, the northern and north-eastern suburbs, had been badly damaged. But the three bombs which fell near the Folies-Bergère (in the Rue Geoffroy-Marie) and in the Rue Drouot specially attracted the crowd of sightseers, and general attention, because they reached the heart of Paris. Thirteen deaths have been reported.

— A civil servant was describing to me one air-raid night, when a car had been seen dashing through the thick darkness, carrying an enormous searchlight bright as the sun itself. It was followed and stopped. It was found to be the police car, whose duty it was to ensure that all lights *were turned out*.

— The whole world grows bluer and bluer after nightfall. The tramways and the Métro are lit up with blue electric bulbs—a light which gives the street women, who are more or less made up, the colour of rotting corpses. It is a walking mortuary. I seem to remember that the influence of blue light slows down the growth of plants. Will it have the same effect on human beings ?

— Victor Margueritte arranged a reception for Anatole France. I repeated the conversation of a magistrate on the Caillaux case : " I am beating the bushes ; there is a hare somewhere about ! " Ernest-Charles commented : " It was a rabbit ! " Someone described the experiments with poison gases at the beginning of the war. The experiments were conducted on dogs and guinea-pigs. One dog at last fell dying at the feet of the onlookers. They at once began to congratulate themselves. But then it was discovered that the dog was dying of suffocation—it had swallowed a guinea-pig.

— Visit from Bouttieaux. General Pétain has just held a conference of his generals. He believes that the Germans are going to attack. He puts it about the end of April. Only one novel feature will be used : mustard gas, which blisters the skin without killing, but puts its victims out of action for three weeks.

— The 12th. Yesterday there was an aeroplane raid from 9.25 to twenty minutes past midnight. We were at the Comédie-Française, for the first night of Anatole France's play *The Corinthian Marriage*. In the middle of the second act, Silvain, the actor, came forward to the footlights and said : " An air-raid warning has been given. . . ." Some of the audience in the stalls shouted : " Carry on ! " So they carried on. About one-fifth of the audience went out. We had too many friends in the boxes for us to do the same. Through the stanzas of the play one could hear the scream of sirens, and soon afterwards the devil's tattoo of explosions. A long interval. We explored the dark and deserted vestibule, dominated by a statue of Voltaire protected by sandbags. Meanwhile a consultation was being held with the manager. Should they stop at that point or finish the presentation ? Naturally it was the " die-hard " attitude which carried the day. When the play was over, the actors invited the audience to come down into the cellars, since the bombing was still active. Enormous, those cellars. They have covered with tarpaulins the marble busts which used to stand in the theatre. A soldier had hung his cap on the top of Molière's wig. Albert Lambert, in a lounge suit, but with his make-up still on, was strolling about, handsome as ever. Madeleine Roch recited some verses. There was a general impression of weary waiting and drowsy apathy. At midnight came the cry : " All clear ! " Outside, there was a dense fog. By the light of electric torches the streets looked quite strange.

On the following morning we were walking along the Boulevard Saint-Germain. Bombs had fallen at six different places within a hundred yards. There was a yawning crater in the Rue de Lille *exactly* in front of the German Embassy, whose door was blown in. What an irony !

We paid a call on Anatole France. The night before at the Théâtre-Français, in the manager's office, Anatole France remarked, on hearing that the files of the Ministry for War had caught fire : " Now I'm beginning to believe we shall win ! "

He admired the actors' professional sense of duty when they went on with the play despite the danger. It had been decided to speed up the third act, to cut it down. " For the first time," remarked Anatole France, " they spoke their lines in the Comédie-Française just as quickly as in a popular theatre." But he assured me that, so far from omitting any verses, Madeleine Roch had

taken advantage of the disturbance to restore some passages which had been cut out at the rehearsals.

— Two instances of febrile obsession. A number of people maintain that the recent fogs were artificially produced. Others declare that poison gases were diffused in the Métro stations during the raids.

— People are rushing to their banks to deposit in safes their jewellery, pictures, and bonds.

— The 13th. The crowds sheltering in the Métro during air raids are said to be a dreadful sight. There is impudent pilfering and brazen seduction, disgusting jokes—children yielding to nature—women fainting. And also an alarming and unsuspected crowd of rogues and vagabonds from the outer suburbs, driven by terror from their lairs.

— Clemenceau's phrase, "I am making war," has not had a universal success. The cartoonist, Gassier, ventured the comment : "But . . . he is not making it all by himself !" Some wit has also written a quatrain on it :

*Tho' he's one foot already in the grave,  
The grim Clemenceau cries : "I'm making war !"  
Alas ! Humanitarians deplore  
He's not alone to face the German wave !*

— The 14th. Wilson has sent a tonic message to the Soviets. He regrets that he is unable to help them at present. But his message breathes the Republican spirit.

— A humorist observes that since we must not mention the points where bombs have fallen, we ought to mention them with one finger on our lips, as "The places where sh-sh-sh !"

— The raids throw emphasis on the enormous influence of vanity and bravado. Guests dining round the same table will not dare to go down into the cellar. Nobody, especially among the men, will agree to make that simple gesture of prudence, or hand on the warning. In theatres, I have seen almost the whole audience remain foolishly exposed to danger, while everyone was really longing to be under cover but staying where he was from fear of criticism by the rest, who were all filled with the same desire. Pride was stronger than death !

— At 1.45, a terrific explosion. Everybody thought that his own house was being blown up. An enormous cloud of smoke rose like a mushroom in the clear sky. Fifteen million hand-grenades

had just been blown up at Courneuve, near Saint-Denis. Thirty deaths have been officially reported. But in the Chamber the number was mentioned as eight hundred victims.

— The 15th. The authorities have arrested people who have warned their friends on the telephone that as Courneuve is still in flames there will perhaps be still further explosions, which they must not allow to worry them.

— I have been told that violent robberies in the late evening are increasing. The criminals attack couples and people in cars. Many people no longer dare go out at night. We are really reverting to the days of highwaymen—to the Middle Ages. The newspapers never say a word about it.

— The authorities are arresting people who mention in public a larger number of victims at Courneuve than the official report admits.

— Everybody who takes refuge in the cellars mentions the pettiness of the gossip that goes on, when the servants reveal their prodigious knowledge of their employers' private lives, etc.

— A further statement by Clemenceau. It reveals his naïve astonishment in the face of current events. "The strangest delusion in history," is his description of the Russians.

— The 20th. A certain lady, eminent in the medical faculty, remarked: "I, for one, go down into the cellar. I should be ashamed of being assassinated by a Boche!" That is how she covers up her natural prudence with the cloak of hatred. It is fortunate for those who want to prolong the war that the troops do not think like that! It may be shameful to be assassinated by a Boche, but—it is glorious to be killed at the front!

— The 20th. Confirmation has been given to the suggestion that Clemenceau found the British hostile to the idea of giving up air raids. So he has called upon Claveille to increase the number of trains, and thus facilitate evacuation of Paris. On the pretext of the Easter holidays, it has been announced that the increased service will operate from the 19th to the 31st of March.

— The 21st. Called on Gheusi. The colonel who acts as liaison officer between G.H.Q. and the Ministry for War declared that the German attack on the British began this morning on a fifty-mile front from the Oise to the Sensée.

I expressed my surprise that the Germans should squander their troops in a desperate effort to regain the ground which they deliberately abandoned exactly one year ago. The reply was: "They did it on purpose. They had laid waste this

very area and thus prepared the ground for their present attack."

— Window-panes and shop-fronts in Paris are being covered with strips of paper intended to prevent the glass breaking in case of air raids. It gives a novel appearance to the shop windows. There are some charming designs reproduced in the illustrated papers.

— The 21st. An official circular has been issued laying down rules to be observed by the Press during the German offensive. No report will be allowed except the *communiqués* issued by G.H.Q. and articles by war correspondents, duly passed by the Ministry for War. Leading articles giving a summary of the operations "must not contain anything conflicting with the account given in the official *communiqués*." The shadow is deepening. . . . All our trains are like those which take pilgrims to Lourdes. They are removing invalids who cannot get down into the cellar, and thus hinder their families. So we see an array of carriages, wheeled chairs—a procession of invalids imprisoned by illness, but now released by panic.

— The 24th. Went to Serbonnes for Sunday. To-day's newspapers present a curious appearance. They contain the two *communiqués* issued on Saturday. The first reports an air raid from seven in the morning until three in the afternoon, and declares that the German aeroplanes were pursued and brought down. The second attributes the bombardments to a long-range gun (seventy-six miles). The scientific method refuses to deny anything on *à priori* grounds, but insists on investigating everything. Actually it might quite easily have been the work of such a gun. Indeed, visitors from Paris have already declared its emplacement to be at Saint-Gobain, and have mentioned the actual points where the shells have fallen—the Place de la République and the Gare de l'Est. . . .

— The 24th. On Sunday evening the crowd sheltering in the Métro seemed to care very little about long-range bombardment. They hardly mentioned it. I am told, however, that these successive raids are sapping people's nervous stability. The authorities are arresting people who mention the points where enemy shells have fallen, or who take round lists of those points.

— The Serbonnes village schoolmaster announced a lecture for Sunday on the subject: "The meaning of an Immediate Peace." He was requested to deliver this lecture by the inspector, who gave him an article by Hervé in the *Victoire* to serve as a groundwork



on which to build up his lecture. Thus the authorities are exerting pressure on the country districts in favour of a war indefinitely prolonged.

— The bombardment began again at seven o'clock on Monday morning. The shell-bursts make a hollow, harsh, and resonant noise. Warning is given by a drum tattoo. The policemen banging away at their drums roused much mirth among small boys, housemaids, and soldiers passing by at this early hour. The routine of life was not at all disturbed. Housekeepers went on beating their carpets, drowning the uproar of explosions. Tristan told me on the telephone that he could hear nothing, "since the Algerian natives were putting up a terrific barrage at the end of his street." These Algerian natives, now employed by the Cleansing Department, certainly do make an enormous noise when they empty the dustbins into their carts.

— A "Citizens' League," which has just been formed, specially urges its members to lay information against, and secure the arrest of, anyone who indulges in peace talk.

— The 25th. They have arrested the journalist Rappoport, on the ground of defeatist views expressed in a cellar during a raid. Information was laid against him by a junior master in the Lycée Montaigne.

— The *communiqués* on the bombardment of Paris are brief. Half of the report is devoted to visits paid by Poincaré to the damaged districts and to the victims. I know nothing more painful than this adroitness in turning a bloody massacre to account for the purpose of advertisement.

— The 26th. An anxious day, like that day at the end of August 1914. Every conversation began with the question: "Have you heard anything?" News came that the Germans had reached Albert, Bray-sur-Somme—that they had captured Roye and Lassigny. They have advanced beyond their former lines, which they abandoned exactly a year ago. G.H.Q. has left Compiègne. The stations are crammed with struggling crowds.

— A letter from Anatole France: "We must shut our ears and hold our tongues. What worries me is that there are so many things which we must not know. . . . Some young Americans who came to see me have brought reassuring messages: they declare that the war will not last more than another three years. . . ."

— Throughout the 27th anxiety continued. Tremendous crowds at the stations. Enormous queues of passengers, not admitted

without luggage, stretched out as far as the streets. Withdrawal of money from the banks. People are afraid that the Germans would seize the deposits in case of an occupation of Paris.

— The 28th. A circular has been sent round to the staffs of Government Departments urging them, in case bombs are dropped containing mustard gas, to take off all their clothes and bathe themselves in hyposulphite. Since there are now as many women as men on these staffs, much amusement has been aroused.

— On the 28th I heard of the capture of Montdidier by the Germans. The irony of things. . . . It was at the marriage of one of Tristan's sons that I last saw it, amid the happy merriment of the wedding breakfast, with hundreds of flowers and radiant glances all around. The news made me rather sad.

— I have been shown some photographs of the shell fired by the super-gun. It has two fluted driving-bands, thick walls between the chambers, and a calibre of nine inches. Over-all it is three feet high. There is a false hood of sheet iron, sharply pointed like a Gothic arch, to overcome air resistance and keep it on its trajectory. "Just look at the duplicity of the Boches," Tristan joked. "Even their Gothic is a fake!"

— The 29th. The flight of Parisians still goes on, on the pretext of the Easter holidays. In Orléans, the population has increased threefold. The authorities did not know how to feed them. The Mayor adopted the clever stratagem of giving four false air raid warnings during the night. So the refugees went elsewhere.

— On the stalls of the pastrycooks, instead of cakes, we see vegetables and dried fruits, jams, tinned foods, and ingenious *petits fours*, as "substitutes."

— The 29th. Four shells were sent over from Saint-Gobain between three and six o'clock. One of them fell on the Church of Saint-Gervais. There is mention of seventy-five deaths. The dome collapsed on a fashionable congregation who had come to listen to a sacred concert on Good Friday. Among the victims there is mentioned a Counsellor of the Swiss Legation and General Francfort.

— The 30th. The long-range bombardment began again at seven in the morning and went on at half-hour intervals. But the normal life of Paris carried on. When you fire small shot at a school of fish near the bank, the school as a whole is not perturbed at all. The dead fish float to the surface while the rest continue to search for food. You are astonished that such a primitive

stratum of life can exist. And yet our city gives you the same impression. Fifty paces from the catastrophe there are people buying and selling, making love and working, eating and drinking. Are they heroes? No! Brutes!

Yesterday I was coming out of the Madeleine station on the Nord-Sud underground line when a lady announced the destruction at Saint-Gervais. Several very young men, sitting on the balustrade round the entrance to the station, indulged in loud jokes. Everybody went about his business. How could they possibly realise what war is like at the front? They do not even realise the war which is raging only ten minutes' walk away from them.

— The 31st. Easter. The newspapers shed tears over the seventy-five deaths at Saint-Gervais. Speeches in Parliament have been devoted to them. That is because the dead belonged to a privileged class. Every day a hundred times as many as that are dying at the front in the great offensive. They receive fewer tears and speeches. And those who died at Courneuve . . . they did not receive the tribute of any such lamentations. It reminds one of what Madame de Sévigné wrote about a certain accident: "Fortunately nobody who matters. . . ."

— The Chamber on the 29th voted approval of the drafting of the 1919 class into their units. For the sixth time since the war began they are mowing down the young men of twenty. There were only seven votes in opposition. The offensive is helping the Government. "We must preserve the national unity!"

— The 30th seems to have been the day when the most furious attack was delivered against the French fronts from Lassigny to Moreuil (north of Montdidier). And public distress was therefore all the keener. The newspapers which are normally the most bellicose were the most panic-stricken.

— It was at Doullens that they held the council at which Poincaré, Clemenceau, and Lord Milner decided to appoint Foch as "co-ordinator." Douglas Haig did not welcome the idea at all.

— The 31st. Lunch with the R—s. The interest roused by the super-gun at Saint-Gobain rivals the interest taken in the offensives. People keep one eye on the map of the front and the other eye on the map of Paris.

There was a young captain there who described the savagery of the present fighting, in which men even go so far as biting each

other. "Well," remarked Madame X, "you might call it a war to the teeth!"

Some remarks have been passed on Clemenceau's phrase: "We shall stop them, but I don't know where." Someone has observed that the phrase occurs in the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*.

## APRIL 1918

— **THE 1ST** I was travelling with a second lieutenant on his way back from Verdun. "The bombardment of Paris," he remarked, "upsets me more than the bombardment at the front. At the front there is such a prodigious waste of ammunition that men are very seldom killed by a direct hit. But in Paris, after every shell, I remember that there are bound to be some victims." He had been gassed. And he remarked with a curious melancholy : "Some of those gas shells have such a pleasant smell that you stop to breathe them."

— "The super-gun only fires by fits and starts," a colonel remarked to me. Our men, he assured me, have located it in the forest of Saint-Gobain. But hidden beneath such a vast mountain of concrete. . . . I expressed my surprise that the authorities do not give the public more information about the angle at which the shells fall, what precaution they should take, and which pavements are safe to walk on. Or, instead, that they do not give us warning when the shell is fired (three minutes before it falls here). He made a non-committal gesture. He also told me that we had received information about the existence of this gun six months ago. But nobody believed it. That, however, explains the readiness with which the Government admitted, on the very first day of the bombardment, the theory that it was caused by a long-range gun. The established fact has confirmed the evidence of the shell-marks, which had previously been doubted.

— At Serbonnes. A certain farmer has secured five German prisoners to work on his land. People waited for their arrival. But there was no display of feeling. That same evening a villager expressed his surprise : "Why, some of them are married ! And some of them have children ! One of them showed me the photograph of his three little boys. . . ." There you see the mischief done by the Press. These good people thought the Germans were devils. But they are merely poor devils.

— The 3rd. In the event of a siege of Paris, the Government contemplates leaving for Clermont-Ferrand. Poincaré has observed : "In any case, not Bordeaux !" A million people have left Paris.

The result has been a slump in trade. There is some reason to fear many bankruptcies. The food supply is poor, since the large provincial towns, already overflowing with refugees, snap up food consignments before they get any further. As to the treatment of children, there is much hesitation. Shall we extend the Easter holidays? But things will still be the same in a week's time. Shall they be sent back to school? But such crowding together in classes increases the risk of their wholesale massacre by the bombardment.

— At the recent Council at Doullens, Foch is said to have approached Douglas Haig with the remark: "Well, Field-Marshal, are you going to retreat to the sea? You will have to stop there at least!" What will be the result of a collaboration begun on such a note?

— The 3rd. A visit to a model cellar. A large divan comfortably sprung, a table, tinned foods, a cooking stove, hyposulphite, pocket electric torches, alarm whistles, etc.

— The gun at Saint-Gobain still puzzles everybody. Scientists are trying to identify the type. Artillery experts declare that its manufacture presented no special difficulty. In the middle classes, they are gradually beginning to understand the firing conditions and the methods of protection to adopt. Tristan Bernard says that he has never been so struck before by the ignorance of "society people." They study the dangerous areas on the plan of Paris. The ladies promise each other not to take any risks. But later, on the irresistible attraction of an actual bombardment, they forget their resolutions.

— The 4th. A description has been given to me of the trials of the super-gun. A fortnight before the first bombardment, the Germans tested the gun in the direction of Paris. They fired at ranges of 45, 50, 53 miles, and so forth. More often than not the shells fell in fields. They were reported as being aeroplane bombs. But the machines supposed to have dropped them remained invisible. The Anti-Aircraft Corps even drew up reports suggesting that the machines were camouflaged to the same colour as the sky. And our famous squadron of Storks vainly gave chase to these phantom aeroplanes. Meanwhile the Germans were lengthening their range in the direction of Paris. That explains the explosion at Courneuve. Extending its range still further, the gun managed to reach the south of Paris—Chatillon. They had thus secured all their ranging data.

— All our people have been swept away by a fresh wave of

bravado. Is the super-gun bombarding them? Then the papers immediately dash off a snappy little article stating that the shell killed eight hens, leaving the cockerel a weeping widower. What an heroic gesture! Or else they spell the word cannon as "kanon," with a K. What a crushing revenge! Or, again, they assert that the increased death-rate in Paris is due to pneumonia contracted in cellars, and that such precautions are unnecessary (as a matter of fact, the increase of mortality is due to the 150 violent deaths by bombardment during last week.) Everywhere this idiotic boastfulness is spreading. Because the shells come from eighty miles away, they do not regard Paris as being in exactly the same direction as any other bombarded city. They have imposed none of the ordinary precautions taken when civilian populations are undergoing bombardment—as at Dunkirk, for instance—such as notifying what streets are safe, giving warning when the shell is fired, etc. They have sent the children back to school after Easter, as usual; a step which serves the double purpose of satisfying patriotic pride and the passion for inflexible routine.

— At the School of Electricity, I am told they are taking special pains, in case of bombardment, to protect a million-ohm dynamo which is extremely valuable. I did not quite catch the word, and so I thought that all the elaborate precautions were intended to protect a million *hommes*. The contrast astonished me.

— Many domestic servants are giving notice in order to escape Paris. Most of them were strong supporters of "fighting to the bitter end." But you see the same phenomenon from top to bottom of the social scale. These man-eaters love danger only for other people.

— A German wireless message asserts that the bombardment of Paris was suspended on the day of the burial of the victims of the "unfortunate accident" in the Church of Saint-Gervais.

— The 8th. Since his brave letter on behalf of Rappoport, Anatole France has been attacked by the reactionaries. They call him Anatole Prusse. And Clemenceau remarked to S——, the sculptor: "I admire him. But if he says one word too much, I shall have him arrested!"

— The 9th. Bolo, whose appeal for reprieve was rejected yesterday by Poincaré, and who was due to be shot this morning, is making "revelations." So they are postponing his execution.

— Clemenceau declares that in March 1917 the Emperor of

Austria, in an autograph letter, mentioned "the just claims of France to Alsace-Lorraine."

— The first officer who reported to Clemenceau the existence of the super-gun received the gruff warning : "Do you want me to get a cell ready for you at Charenton ?" He is fond of providing people with cells.

— Regret is expressed that peace was not made when the letter from the Emperor Charles came to our knowledge. What a superb card to throw down on the green-baize table of a conference !

That letter is said to have been reported to the Government in March 1917. The Emperor of Austria, after recognising the "just claims, etc.," contemplates that Germany should hand over Lorraine to Austria as a token of gratitude for her support, and that Austria should then hand over the territory to France.

Was the Kaiser consulted ? Apparently not. Though willing to make some concession in the case of Alsace, he intends to keep Lorraine, whose coalfields he needs.

— Clemenceau is credited with the most uncompromising determination. He will fall back on Bourges, even as far as Marseilles, but he will never make peace. Czernin, for his part, is said to have declared that he will not undertake any further negotiations as long as Clemenceau is in power.

— The 11th. Confirmation has been given of the statement that the super-gun was reported by German prisoners as long ago as 1917. But no attention was paid to them. Now that the gun is actually working, however, the prisoners have been questioned again, and the position of the gun has been ascertained.

— What a transformation in the appearance of the Boulevards at night ! A dark desert pierced by a few bluish lights. A few women, a few Americans, who look for love and find it. The darkness enfolds their embraces with all the privacy of a shuttered room.

Along the streets you see the tiny flash of those little pocket electric torches—more and more with every night that passes. For the street-lamps with their blue shades grow rarer and rarer.

— The 12th. The newspapers publish a letter by the Emperor Charles, dated the 31st March, 1917, to his brother-in-law, Prince Sixte de Bourbon, who was serving in the Belgian Army. It certainly mentions "just claims." But nothing admits of such subtle variations as a translation. The very same newspapers



publish a telegram from the Emperor Charles to the Kaiser, dated the 10th April, 1918, in which he assures him of his loyalty to Germany. . . .

— Newspapers of advanced views all strike the same note : “ Why did Ribot never mention this letter either to the Cabinet or to Parliament. What action was taken on it ? Why did they not seize the opportunity ? ”

Orthodox newspapers take up the opposite attitude : there was no action which could possibly be taken on these proposals. Hervé expresses delight at the “ horse-whipping ” which Clemenceau gave to the Emperor of Austria. “ The war goes on,” he cheerfully asserts.

— While informing us that a raid on Cologne caused 248 deaths, the newspapers strive to confer the monopoly of frightfulness on German shells, accusing them of carefully picking out nurseries and churches for their attentions. Would it not be more straightforward to blame such outrages on the base folly of war in itself ?

— Paris is taking to its heels. People do not frankly confess that they are sending their family to a safe place : “ Oh ! Every year we’ve always gone down to the country just about now ! ” Lucien Guitry’s witticism has made a great hit : “ Now, *we* are not going away for the same reason as the rest. We’re going because we’re frightened.”

The diehards form the majority of the runaways. That is logical. The rich are conservative, and, therefore, bellicose. But they refused to realise the war. It is only now that they are beginning to grasp the presence of danger. And since they can escape, they do so. A newspaper of advanced views has published a cartoon showing two men in the deserted street : “ We must be a pair of spies, else we shouldn’t still be here ! ”

— The 14th. The Emperor of Austria declares that the text of his letter was garbled : “ He would examine ”—it actually ran —“ what justice there might be in the claims. . . .” Clemenceau replies by suggesting that the Emperor has “ A bad conscience.” He guarantees the authenticity of the Emperor’s letter, although he does not possess the original. The Emperor’s retort was that, in future, his guns should speak for him.

— Between the 14th and 15th the super-gun fired for the first time at night. The Germans, realising that its position is now known, are no longer afraid of the flames from the muzzle betraying its location.

— The 15th. By a strict application of the age-limit regulations,

Clemenceau (aged seventy-seven) has retired Sarrail (aged sixty-two). Sarrail was offered the post of Military Governor of Paris. But he made his acceptance conditional on the release of Caillaux. The same day, Foch was appointed Generalissimo of the Allied Forces.

— The 15th. Resignation of Czernin. Clemenceau's reputation for upsetting Ministries has occasioned the inevitable joke : "Clemenceau has brought down one more Ministry."

— The 16th. Ribot is said to have shown the Emperor Charles's letter to Lloyd George, who declared himself a warm supporter of the peace offer. Then Ribot showed it to the Italian Prime Minister, but was then faced with the threat of a rupture between the Allies, since the Emperor's letter offered nothing to Italy. Apparently, Ribot then omitted to mention that Lloyd George had favoured the idea. The sin of omission is typical of Ribot.

— The 17th. People are comforted by the execution of Bolo. They breathe more freely. The authorities first roused public opinion and then satisfied it. Every feature of this case is repulsive. The unbridled denunciations of the victim, the eagerness to welcome all possible accusations, if not even to invent them. And then, when they had sucked all the juice out of that, came the execution.

— The 17th. An official report on Poincaré's visit to townships in the Departments of the Somme and Pas-de-Calais. "Everywhere he found the people displaying absolute confidence in the issue of the battles now in progress." Actually, innumerable refugees are crossing Paris and being sent on to Central and Southern France, where some towns are not prepared to welcome them. "The mine workers reveal a patriotic enthusiasm above all praise." Actually, the discontent in the mining centres is so extreme that the authorities have had to set free their delegate Broutchoux, who had been arrested for his "defeatist" speeches.

— The 18th. Clemenceau made a statement on the Austrian incident before the Parliamentary Committees. He denounced the "trick" of the Central Empires, who merely wanted to split up the Allies. Naturally.

— The flight of wealthy customers, the imposition of a ten per cent tax on luxury purchases (and everything is a luxury, to judge by the official lists) have thrown Paris trade into a decline. Some firms are closing, while others are dismissing part of their staff.

— The 18th. An official order has laid it down that, during

bombardments by the long-range gun, the activity of munition factories shall continue their normal course. Not for those who died.

— There has been a split in our Press. *The Cross* and *Free Speech* bitterly regret that we broke off negotiations with Austria, and thus missed an opportunity for peace. For once, Catholicism seems to be stronger than Chauvinism.

— The 18th. Lloyd George is said to be furious at Clemenceau's attitude towards the Austrian incident. For he was strongly attracted by the prospect of a separate peace with Austria.

— On the sessions of the committees which examined the Austrian incident, the Government has authorised only a meagre report. Journalists are saying that their work is becoming easy ; they have only to print the copy sent them by the Government.

— The official eavesdropping on telephone calls still continues. In Government offices, warnings like the following are often received : " On such-and-such a day at such-and-such an hour, someone in your office telephoned to the Prefect of Amiens, who replied that things were going badly, and that the British were running away as usual. A most reprehensible conversation." Or, again : " Extension Number so-and-so in your office telephoned to a lady, Number so-and-so, asking her how matters were going. Dubious expressions were employed, which must not be repeated."

— Negotiations are continuing at Berne, between French and German delegates, on the question of the exchange of prisoners of war. Each country has its own little table in the same room. A Swiss interpreter goes to and fro from one to the other. This arrangement is a recent one. Previously they used two rooms. Scores of times certain Senators were anxious to break off these negotiations. One day arose the question of the treatment of interned civilians from Alsace-Lorraine. The French would not agree to their being regarded as Germans. On this claim the German Parliamentary delegates jumped up from their seats, thumped the table, and left the room. It seemed to be a complete breakdown. However, the French took the greatest care to be present the next morning. There sat the Germans in their places. They had received orders during the night. They had agreed not to regard people of Alsace-Lorraine as Germans.

— Two Senators of the Committee which investigated the Austrian incident have declared that the file contained a letter in which the Emperor Charles contemplated an alliance with

France after the war. But they regarded these advances as nothing more than traps.

A timid murmur runs through the masses : " All the same, if only they could have made peace a year ago . . . ? "

— Efforts are being made in Germany to revoke the Reichstag motion of the 19th July, 1917, proposing peace without annexations or indemnities.

— Clemenceau is still very popular, especially in those classes which our educational system has left still uneducated. In some cellars on the 11th March, when news arrived of the bombardment of the Ministry for War, people sighed : " Let's hope that M. Clemenceau is under cover ! " The love of the mob is given to those who ruin it. The mob is feminine. It adores those who subject it to violent maltreatment. It despises those who want to do it good.

— If only a man could get hold of a new pair of eyes, he would surely see that the deposits of coal and iron, which are the fundamental causes of the fighting, *are worth a hundred times less than they cost to win !*

— In a café, four middle-class people were playing at cards. They were also commenting on the daily bombardments. So I heard the following illuminating phrases : " I play clubs. . . . There were fourteen deaths." " I play trumps. . . . There were forty wounded." " Hearts ! . . . And women also." " Trumps, trumps, and a spade ! "

— Some Press correspondents at the front were shown round by a lieutenant from G.H.Q. They entered a communication trench, when the officer whispered to them : " Bear to the right, and then to the left . . . follow the fire-steps. . . ." Impressed by this whispered voice, one journalist asked : " How far are we from the front trenches ? " Still the same muffled voice answered : " Nine miles." The journalist replied : " In that case, why do you talk in such a low voice ? " The lieutenant replied : " I'm suffering from loss of voice."

— The 26th. The German Flying officer Richthofen has been killed. It is reported that he brought down eighty aeroplanes. It is only on such occasions that we realise that any French aeroplanes at all have been brought down. For our own *communiqués*, which say nothing about our losses, give the impression that our troops kill Germans, but are never killed themselves.

— This " sense of patriotism " is quite novel. In France it cannot possibly be older than France itself, that is, it cannot date

back more than five hundred years. The astounding feature of it all is that it should be stronger than certain instincts born in the human heart millions of years ago, such as the maternal instinct or the instinct of love ! Doubtless the reply would be that ~~this~~ sense of patriotism is itself based on hatred and pride—instincts, themselves as old as man.

## MAY 1918

— I MUST HERE extract a few passages from a letter of Anatole France to my wife (April 21st, 1918). She sent him a cartoon, by Gassier, of an Empapahouta busily writing a book entitled *Beneath the Shells*, with the following caption : "After dat, me sure 'lected to Acadimy same as dat fella Bazin." Here is France's reply : "Dear Lady and Friend, you recommend to me the candidate you support, the sly Empapahouta. I agree that *Beneath the Shells* is a book likely to gain the votes of our brave Academicians. But I have already made my choice. I am giving my vote for the Marshal's charger. Caligula's horse was appointed Consul ; so Joffre's horse can quite easily be nominated a member of the French Academy.

"At that point, dear Lady, my letter was interrupted by some Americans. Every Sunday about twenty of them come and hand me postcards to autograph, when they depart without having uttered a single word. Some of them are more loquacious and assure me of their devotion to France, to freedom, and to civilisation. The other day, some of them were caught by the caretaker in the very act of removing a crossbar in the wicket-gate which shuts off 'La Béchellerie' on its eastward side. Emma, attributing to me a fame I do not really possess, was convinced that they were removing this timber as a sacred relic. She was very annoyed and shocked when she discovered that these young soldiers were pulling down my gate in order to get into my fields with some romantic girls from Tours and make love under a clump of trees.

"To-morrow I shall write a letter to Michel Corday to express all my most cordial feelings, if not all my thoughts. . . ."

The main interest of the letter just mentioned (dated April 24th) lies in these glimpses : "In Tours, wealth abounds. The women who work in the gunpowder factory are wearing silk stockings. Tradesmen gleam with fat. Business men are starting branches in our town. . . . Vast factories are being built in the suburbs. The whole district is delighted about it. But 'La Béchellerie' has neither coal nor petrol. . . ."

— The 2nd. Dinner with Anatole France at the Hôtel Powers.

He gave his vote for Barthou firstly, and secondly, for Gregh, against the "old boy." He declares that he will never revisit the Academy. He offers me his evening dress, now moth-eaten and green with age, to scare sparrows with in my cherry-trees at Serbonnes.

— The 3rd. The *Bonnet Rouge* case has opened amid semi-indifference. I must mention the cleverness of Duval. In the indictment I notice the following sentence: "The *Bonnet Rouge* undertook the first campaign intended to accustom the French to the idea of a compromise such as would hasten the end of the war." So, apparently, that is a crime!

— A soldier in the Auxiliary Service had the following words tattooed on his back: "To hell with the country!" On his frequent appearances before the doctors he was compelled to display these words before officers. . . .

— The 6th. Some details have been given to me about the Austrian incident. Clemenceau at first gave brief and blunt explanations before the three Committees, the Army, the Naval, and the Foreign Affairs. Then it was decided that the whole file should be read out before the Foreign Affairs Committee. It took three sittings to read it.

My informer's impression is that the Emperor Charles was quite sincere (he certainly mentioned a possible alliance in a pencilled note). A sub-committee of five members was then instructed to draw up a *questionnaire*. The chief concern of some members is to avoid a debate in the Chamber, either in a public or in a secret session (for in either case the final vote would be taken in public), so that "our brave soldiers, in the very midst of the fighting, should not think that we could have made peace a year ago."

Further details. It was Cambon who introduced Prince Sixte to Poincaré. The Prince asked Poincaré for his word of honour that he would not disclose the Emperor's letter to anybody. Poincaré promised, but with the twofold reservation that he must duly inform his Premier, a constitutional necessity, and mention it to Lloyd George, an unavoidable step. Those two conditions were accepted. Later, they informed Orlando. And yet Poincaré had given his word. That is why Prince Sixte, on receiving a telegram in Morocco begging him to confirm the allegation that "Czernin had lied about it," mentioned bitterly "that they had given their word of honour." Then he decided to come to France.

It remains true, however, that the "sincere and honest" offer of the Emperor Charles was rejected. This attitude has been

defended *a posteriori* by pointing to the recent retort of the Emperor : " The only answer will come from my guns." People forgot that Clemenceau had accused him of " a bad conscience " !

And their chief concern, I repeat, is that our troops shall not suspect that negotiations might have been opened.

I must add that, on his last appearance before the Foreign Affairs Committee, Clemenceau was especially casual. He had to reply to a whole *questionnaire*. So he began : " First question. I know nothing. Second question. Nothing. Third question. Nothing again."

— The *Bonnet Rouge* trial. According to information from the banker Marx and with the authority of the Ministry of the Interior, Duval had furnished two reports on Germany's effectives and her economic condition. As they did not reveal so serious a decrease of the enemy's resources, these reports were regarded as defeatist and criminal. The incident is symbolic.

— The 6th. The American workers' delegates—the Labour Mission—has reached France after a long stay in England. The Government has not been over-attentive to them. However, they were shown Versailles and Saint-Germain, Rheims and Verdun, Joffre and Klotz.

— The Rumanian peace was signed on the 7th May. It is only provisional, people say. Yet it seems less severe than it had been described. But these scarecrows are necessary to turn people away from peace.

— The 8th. The Austrian incident has been duly buried according to the wishes of the orthodox. The motion asserting that the offers of Austria promised no such peace as France or her Allies could accept was passed by fourteen votes against five, with six abstentions.

— People are reported to be returning to Paris, owing to the silence of the super-gun for the last week, and the unlikelihood of a German advance on Paris.

— Recently Madame X was remarking to Briand that she liked to walk facing the wind. " Yes, of course," he replied, " that's because you have a good auxiliary motor. But with my poor little useless motor, I am compelled to tack, to go first to the Right and then to the Left." " Yes," replied Madame X, " you are trying to catch a favourable wind."

— The 12th. Future historians will have to examine line by line the reports of prosecutions like that of the *Bonnet Rouge*. Then they will understand the creed of that savage religion of the State—patriotism.



— Tristan has told me the story of one of his friends, an Austrian by birth, whose continued residence in France was forbidden. He was living at San Sebastian in great discomfort. Now, he was very fond of well-built women. He could not satisfy his taste in Spain because he was poor, and did not speak Spanish. A month later, he inherited some property and received permission to return to France. He went round looking for women of his favoured type, to satisfy his tastes. But, alas, all the women had lost thirty pounds in weight !

— The 13th. The strike in the Renault factory is being kept dark. The workers are not asking for any increase of pay. They are merely protesting against being put back into the army, against the use of foreigners to fill their places, against the refusal of the peace offers last year, and against a harsh war-policy. Finally, they insist on publication of our war-aims.

— Since the evening of the 14th, the strike movement has calmed down. The newspapers are still silent about it. It is a silence truly symbolic of the ignorance imposed on public opinion. A hundred thousand men have left factories at the very gates of Paris, but Paris knows nothing about it.

— On Sunday the 12th, the Berne agreement in regard to prisoners of war appeared in the *Official Gazette*. The newspapers give only meagre extracts from it. No commentary. That agreement is to our advantage. So they do not emphasise it. Goodness, no ! That would mean admitting that they could have come to an agreement with the Germans. Never ! For there would be a natural temptation to resume and extend these discussions to other fields. That must not be ! They must preserve intact the idea of knavish, brutal, and harsh opponents with whom it is impossible to treat.

— The first exhibition of painting during the war. One might have feared a greater number of patriotic canvases. Naturally, the battle scenes represent Frenchmen, quite unscathed, rushing upon Germans who beg for mercy or are shot down. A good many plaster busts of Joffre, already out of date.

— An air raid on the evening of the 15th from 10.20 p.m. to midnight. I was coming out of the Métro when I heard the alarm. In front of me, along the Avenue, a passer-by was looking for a number with a little pocket-torch. And I was struck by the mean and spiteful abuse flung at him by the groups sheltering in crowds in the entrance-halls of houses. There you saw all that overwhelming and ingenious malice of the collective mind. His

little glow, they alleged, would attract the enemy, although the planes could hardly yet have crossed our lines ! What harm could this little glow-worm do compared with those potent constellations represented by our railway shunting-sidings ? But at night the mob pounces savagely on the tiniest light, even the glow of a cigarette ! ! ! It is the fashion ! But here is the absurd inconsistency—that this very mob, which is so dreadfully afraid of being exposed by a light, will foolishly stay on the pavement throughout the raid !

— The 16th. The death sentence on Duval (*Bonnet Rouge*) is less surprising than the two years' imprisonment awarded to Leymarie. People are impressed by the unanimous vote of the court.

— The 16th. Work was resumed on the 15th at the Renault factory at two in the afternoon, but stopped again at three. It has not been resumed in the Citroën works. Their workmen insist on the publication of our war-aims.

— A request has been made that fishing should be allowed on Sunday during the strike in order to increase the food supply in this present period of restriction. But the request has been refused. The State would incur irrefutable claims on the part of those who have bought the fishing rights !

— The 16th. Dinner with Anatole France at the Hôtel Powers. During dinner, France told me that my last letter roused much reflection in him, that, during sleepless nights, he kept on pondering on the sort of article he might write, to bring the world back to common sense. But what could you expect ? No newspaper with a large circulation would accept anything he wrote. In this connection, he mentioned the editor of one of our leading papers two years ago : " Good heavens !—we must stop it all, we must enlighten public opinion ! " He was proposing to start a pacifist newspaper, without revealing his identity as its proprietor, in which he would give a trial to certain authors and articles. . . . But nothing came of it.

France also remarked, in regard to soldiers who are shot if they refuse to attack : " I am astonished that they should glorify the heroism of men whom they force to be heroes."

— The Bois de Boulogne presented a strange sight during the night raid on the 15th. Munition workers, both men and women, from Suresnes, Puteaux, and Courbevoie, stopped work during the raid. It was a clear moonlit night. So they all wandered away into the Bois and took advantage of this unexpected respite.

— The 17th. Naturally, people see the "hand of Germany" in the strikes.

— They ought to say : "Dead on the Field of Horror."

— The *Petit Parisien* makes fun of Germans who gave the name of eight generals to the eight turrets of an old castle. In course of making up the page it happened that a further news item was placed next to it : "The Americans are going to give the names of eight French generals to eight peaks of the Rocky Mountains."

— All propaganda *in favour of* the war is encouraged, but all propaganda *against* the war is frowned upon. After the newspapers, the posters are the most glaring example of this tyrannous injustice. "Fathers whose sons have been killed, etc.," can have private posters displayed urging us to avenge those deaths, to pursue the war without end ; but if other fathers wanted to announce, for the very sake of their grief, that we have had enough of this stupid massacre, their posters would be torn down.

— A soldier has been imprisoned for having declared in the trenches that people who are making money out of the war want it to go on.

— Since the 15th we have had three meatless days a week. But only in restaurants. For nowadays you see meat on every middle-class table.

— We are being advised to go to bed earlier in order to economise artificial light. Thus our lives are still being narrowed down.

— A raid on Tuesday the 21st from 10.45 p.m. to 1.30 in the morning. I was visiting Victor Margueritte, with Jacques Richepin, and the Weylers. The men in the party lay down on cushions on the drawing-room carpet and went to sleep. It was a beautiful night. Bombs fell at Versailles and Saint-Cyr.

— On Wednesday the 22nd there was an air raid from 11.30 p.m. until a quarter past midnight, and a further raid from 1.30 to 3.30 a.m., that is, until dawn. A stormy sky with a bright moon. Barrage fire of unusual violence. Bombs dropped on the Gare d'Austerlitz, the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, the School of Arts and Crafts, the Rue Legendre, and also at Juvisy.

— You are no longer allowed hot water for washing in hotels, except on Saturdays and Sundays.

— J. B. Barreteau, a chauffeur, according to the newspapers for the 23rd, has been condemned to a fortnight's imprisonment for having remarked about a bombed house : "The damage was tremendous." Here is an extract from the verdict : "Whereas that expression is tantamount to furnishing information about

military operations, and whereas it is calculated to affect the morale of our people . . ." (Police Court No. 15). How can one possibly discover the real opinions of a people crushed beneath such a tyranny?

— The tightening-up of the Austro-German Alliance, which forms a centre of gravitation for Eastern Europe, was furthered by Ribot and Clemenceau. What a reflection that their combined age is—155 ! I still retain, deep within my heart, the conviction that they could have stopped the massacre and reached a mutual agreement a whole year ago.

— From a letter of General Bouttieaux : " The newspapers mention the exact point of the next German offensive and the exact number of divisions we shall have to face. We here are not so well informed. . . .

" The weather is magnificent, the countryside delightful, and it is really frightful that men should be killing each other amid this riot of vernal leafage.

" Here, the local tradesmen are making fortunes in their shops, and sometimes in their back rooms, where the poor lighting prevents men from estimating too precisely how far from fair are the frail . . . "

— The 26th. Chaplain, the hairdresser, who is on non-combatant service, remarked : " Caillaux's arrest was due to political intrigue. They arrest any politicians who might encourage peace. The die-hards never visit the front. If they did, the war would have ended long ago. It was not Dubail who drew up the charge against Caillaux ; it was the Government. Poincaré is one of the authors of the war. Being a son of Lorraine, he desired it." The Sixth Court Martial has fined Chaplain 1,000 francs with leave to appeal, but a *whole year* of imprisonment without the option.

— Some French prisoners have been exchanged, in cases where they have four children. Now, there was a certain woman who had only one child when her husband joined the army. Now she has four. (The other three were by an Englishman, a New Zealander, and an unknown father.) Ought she to submit her application and claim the return of her husband, who would thus recover his freedom, but discover his misfortune ?

— After hearing the strikers' delegates, Clemenceau placed his car at their disposal, with the remark : " But I warn you it is only going to Vincennes." That is where they shoot people.

— Our country districts are being much embarrassed—with all their summer work just beginning—by the commandeering of

horses for the American army. The irritation thus roused is keener than it was when the various classes were conscripted. But I am told that a man can raise a protest about his horse without incurring disgrace, but not about his own son.

— Extravagant eulogy is being showered on a Flying officer who brought down sixty aeroplanes, including seven in a single day. The newspapers are frantic in their praises : " A hero . . . a superman . . . immeasurable glory . . . sublime . . . homage on our bended knees . . . " I certainly cannot praise the mental attitude which can employ such phrases to glorify a man who has committed sixty murders.

— The 28th. As we entered our train for Paris, at six o'clock on the 27th, we heard that the super-gun had resumed its bombardment. Newspapers purchased during the journey informed us that the German offensive had begun in the morning between Pinon and Craonne.

— At Janson de Sailly, a schoolmaster punishes boys who start when they hear the burst of a shell from the super-gun. For it rouses laughter in those who do not start. And that disturbs the class.

— The newspapers receive the resumption of the bombardment with that attitude of foolish bravado which is so little in keeping with the gravity of the present crisis and with the thought of the victims claimed by every shell.

Thus you may read in *Paris-Midi* : " When a man hears the big gun, it is hard for him to conceal a kind of joy. . . . It introduces into the monotony of life a certain excitement, a sense of pride, almost of pleasure. . . . Gloomy faces light up, weary frames resume their manly stature, while a certain liveliness ripples through the streets. . . . "

— An official notice forbids us to inform our friends *by telephone* where the shells fall, under pain of prosecution. Since we were discussing reconstructions of the Ministry, someone remarked to me : " But, at least, we are not forbidden to mention the places where Ministers fall." And Tristan Bernard added, in the same spirit : " They fell in the Place Beauveau and the Quai d'Orsay ! " <sup>1</sup>

— The 29th. Raid from 11.30 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. We were visiting a neighbour. When the noise of the artillery barrage broke out, she took us down into her cellar, an officially recognised shelter, lit by electricity. It has already become a familiar routine—she carries down folding tables, valuables, and first-aid appliances.

<sup>1</sup> Synonyms for the Ministries of the Interior and of Foreign Affairs.

Down below, people are sitting up against the walls, sleepily. It might be the inside of a tram at night.

— Clemenceau was lunching at the Café de Paris. He went to the w.c. He knew that the ladies' lavatories were cleaner than the men's. At the entrance he came across an old woman, who remarked : " But, sir, you are not a woman ! " Clemenceau retorted : " Are you quite sure ? Good heavens, I must go at once to make sure." Then he pushed the old lady aside, and went into the first cubicle.

— A certain Deputy, hearing of the sudden retreat on the 27th May—when the Chemin-des-Dames, which cost so many lives to recapture, and which was to ensure us impregnable positions, was evacuated in a few moments—met Clemenceau in the Lobby : " Well, sir, this time it wasn't Malvy or Caillaux who surrendered the Chemin-des-Dames ! "

— The 30th. Yesterday, at noon, the newspapers announced that the British Government, on the plea of the Vatican, has undertaken not to bombard Cologne from aeroplanes during the Corpus Christi processions. There has been little discussion about this exceptional truce. But, actually, can't you imagine common sense resuming its control and insisting that every day shall be the day of Corpus Christi !

— The *Matin* was explaining recently that it was the bad weather which prevented the Germans from attacking. The title of the article was boldly printed in headline lettering : " Even the sun is their enemy ! "

## JUNE 1918

— THE 1ST. Troops marching through Serbonnes. The back areas are evacuating before the German advance. A battalion of infantry of the 1918 class is billeted in the village. The chief impression they rouse is that the army life of peacetime still flourishes. The battalion arrived at seven in the evening. It was like a travelling drill-ground, with N.C.Os barking out : “ Left ! Right ! Left ! Right ! On the right, form section ! ”

— The 1st. Refugees are trudging back from the Marne along the road, keeping pace with the cattle they are leading. Interminable and pitiful processions—waggons and herds—a return to the epoch of tribal barbarism, to the nomadic era. The only touch of anachronism was the presence of bicycles.

— The 3rd. The army zone has been extended to cover six further Departments : Calvados, Eure-et-Loir, Sarthe, Loiret, Nièvre, and Cher. The excuse given is the establishment of American training centres in those areas, so that military jurisdiction facilitates the control of foreigners, the commandeering of supplies, etc.

— The 3rd. Far from Paris, you can follow the offensive only through the *communiqués*, You have to search for the truth beneath the clever phrasing, stamped as it is with the specialised training of the General Staff. A repulse is never candidly admitted. Instead, you read : “ On other sectors we have maintained our position.” That is almost enough to convince you that we have, in fact, not maintained them. The German advance on the seventh day seems to be following the principle which governs such operations, that is, it is slowing up. The newspapers produce headlines, such as : “ Nearing Stabilisation.”

— The 4th. My train to Paris was invaded at Fontainebleau by people who come down to this town for the night but return to Paris in the morning. What is so comical is that last night they were given an air-raid warning in Fontainebleau itself. Aeroplanes were reported over Montereau.

In Paris they had two air raids on Friday, the 31st. On Saturday, the 1st, the Métro station Corvisart was blown up by bombs.

There was a warning also on Monday, the 3rd. The newspapers have furtively announced a truce, both on the part of the super-gun and the aeroplanes, for Sunday, the 2nd, when, I gather, the Corpus Christi procession will take place.

— Recently some tiny iron forks have been found in the streets. Naturally, they have been sprinkled by the hand of Germany. The actual fact is that a sack on a motor-lorry split open and the contents fell out. These tiny forks were made from scrap metal from a punching-machine, and were intended for a brush manufacturer.

— Many people are wearing on their watch-chains two little figures made of wool which are supposed to keep them safe from the Gothas ! They are models of Nénette and Rintintin, two dolls invented by Poulbot before the war.

— We ought to recognise the existence of “ psychological war cripples ”—those who have lost their illusions.

— On the 27th May, on the bridges across the Aisne, for whose destruction no orders were ever issued, German and French soldiers were crossing over side by side. The fact was that the Germans had been ordered to reach their objectives without stopping to make prisoners.

— The 4th. A shell from the super-gun fell in the Rue des Gravilliers on some children coming out of school.

— The 4th. Clemenceau has secured the adjournment *sine die* of a question on the military situation. Difficult and stormy sitting. He was tired. He referred to Foch as falling asleep over his map. There were 370 votes against 110.

— The 5th. The Bank of France and the National Library are already sending large consignments of valuable documents down into the provinces. The Register of the National Debt is now at Angers. The *Echo de Paris* and the *Petit Parisien* have already arranged for their printing in Tours. Sembat is proposing the evacuation of women, children, and old men. The Government will retire to Nantes.

— There are some soldiers with square helmets wandering about in Paris. They belong to the Czechoslovak Army. A recent issue of the *Official Gazette* has laid down regulations by which courts martial will judge these soldiers “ in the name of the Czechoslovak nation.” So authority’s first concern is how it shall put them to death . . . that is their birth certificate.

— On Friday, Briand was sounded by René Renoult as to whether he would accept the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. He



refused, as he did not want to endorse the Czernin incident. Clemenceau himself was not enamoured of the combination. He remarked that it was like harnessing a frog to a thoroughbred racehorse. Briand retorted that the frog is a cold-blooded creature, which was an advantage not to be despised, and that, moreover, it was rather an exaggeration to apply the term "thoroughbred" to an old cab-horse tottering along between its shafts. . . .

— Anatole France has been urged to publish a manifesto in favour of peace. He is said to be contemplating an open letter to Poincaré. Poincaré would certainly not give it the limelight publicity which he gave to Léon Daudet's letter about Malvy.

— The 6th. The "peace offensive" by Hertling in the Reichstag is already being criticised before it is launched !

— At Fère-en-Tardenois it was reported to Clemenceau that a company of some hundred Germans was only three miles away. So he exclaimed to a soldier : "Hand me your rifle. I must get to work !" A perfect subject for a war picture !

— At eleven o'clock on the 6th my colleagues brought me a notice requesting Government staffs to collect all files which were not in actual action. These bundles of files will be sent off on Friday, the 7th, for an unknown destination, where we shall follow them. . . . Great excitement.

— The 6th. The German offensive, favoured by magnificent weather, is pursuing the same course as that of the 21st March. It is subsiding and restricting itself to local attacks. The Germans declare that at one point they are only forty miles from Paris. There is a fear that German naval guns may be brought up to the front line between Senlis and Meaux.

— The 7th. At ten minutes and again at twenty minutes past twelve, two shells fell in the Rue de l'Université where it crosses the Rue de Courty ; a further shell came down at the junction with the Boulevard Saint-Germain—only forty yards from each other. There is a current rumour that their objective was the Ministry for War, which was all spattered with splinters. At that point we met Marin, the Deputy, who had just come from the Chamber and was all covered with dust.

— Caillaux has written two letters, one to Deschanel, the other to the chairman of the Committee of Eleven. He reminds them that he has now been in prison for six months. He insists on an early trial. The Committee passed a unanimous resolution in favour of such a trial.

— The 7th. Several different proposals of the Cabinet in regard

to the evacuation of Paris. In the morning the rumour was that the War Office staffs were to be sent down into the provinces, while the Government itself would go to Tours. In the evening, on the contrary, rumour asserted that Clemenceau was resolved to defend Paris as long as one stone remained upon another. These contradictory reports reflect military opinion. The actual opinion of G.H.Q. itself, after an unsuccessful battle, is that Paris should be declared an undefended city, to save it from destruction and leave the armies more freedom of operation. The armies could fall back towards the south. But Dubail, Military Governor of Paris, holds the view that we should defend the city street by street. That is the view taken by the Government, in its latent hostility towards G.H.Q.

— The 7th. The whole Press, from the *Humanité* to the *Journal des Débats*, is displaying a reaction towards the desire to examine the German offers. Reference is made to the recent speech by the Kaiser in the Forest of Pinon—a speech which has been heavily censored and is perhaps itself a mere fabrication.

— In the *Heure* there appears the following news item, which displays a staggering stupidity : “ To-night, a Gotha raid. Their hideous work achieved only a single death. No doubt the Allied aeroplanes will have done better work on Trier.”

— Tristan Bernard remarks to me : “ So far, Clemenceau’s method of making war has merely consisted in not making peace.”

— On a visit to the front, Clemenceau said to Poincaré : “ There are two useless organs—the prostate gland and the Presidency of the Republic.”

— Raids have been heroically defined as “ the time when the gasbags go up and the windbags go down.” The gasbags are the captive balloons whose cables are intended to form an obstacle to enemy aeroplanes. The windbags are the people who go down into the cellars. You have the whole foolish boastfulness of the war in that definition. At the Corvisart station there were fourteen killed. No doubt they were “ windbags ” who had not gone down.

— Echoes of the retreat on the Aisne : an aerodrome was captured, which there had been no time to destroy, so that machines were standing by, fully charged with petrol. Elsewhere officers were watering their tiny garden, with their watering-pots in their hands, when they were surrounded. Others were taking part in amateur theatricals and had to run away made up as women ; many others were in Paris without official leave ; one

general was attending his daughter's marriage in Paris, and is said later to have deliberately incurred death at Fère-en-Tardenois.

— People refuse to see the utter difference between the present war and all former wars. When the Germans take 45,000 prisoners (a number which formerly would have been enough to decide a whole war), they are only capturing one per cent of their enemies, since the Allies have about 4,500,000 troops on the front.

— A woman in a dairy at Meaux has been sentenced to eight months imprisonment, without the option of a fine, for having said : " The Germans are advancing."

— The 11th. The *Œuvre* declares that the Government has forbidden any details to be given about the effects of the bombardments, but allows the Press to declare that these shells have produced nothing but smoke, even when they have caused deaths. They forbid the gloomy truth, and allow the encouraging untruth.

— The 11th. At the house of some friends I met Painlevé, who took me by the arm and welcomed me with the waggish remark : " Well, what has our bloodthirsty fire-eater to say about it all ? " My friends showed round a drawing from the front, done by a wounded man. Painlevé's present preoccupations have been increased by a personal worry. For people are actually mentioning Nivelle as successor to Franchet d'Esperey in command of an Army Group. Painlevé apparently regards it as the triumph of his enemies in revenge for the incident of the 16th April, 1917. (That evening, Clemenceau declared he would resign before he would approve that appointment.)

— At cross-roads in Paris, the street-lamps have been provided with rings of metal discs which in the darkness reflect the headlights of motor-cars, enabling them by this faint light to avoid the obstacle. A rumour spread that they contained radium ; so they were immediately stolen.

— Life is being still further narrowed down : no more museums, that exquisite delight to the eyes. They are now closed, emptied, and sandbagged.

— Compiègne, at present the nearest point of the front line, lies at forty miles artillery range from Paris. But the incurable vanity of our journalists has made this interesting discovery : " Compiègne is sixty miles from Paris by road." Well, of course, you may even state the distance as a thousand miles—*via* Marseilles.

— One of the vices which the war has swollen to prodigious size is hypocrisy. Hypocrisy is universal—in *communiqués*, in speeches, in articles, even in conversation. It constitutes the official enthronement of Untruth. The Truth is the chief victim of the war.

— The 14th. Paris is still busy with its great removal. At the P.L.M. station, people line up by the side of their luggage and wait their turn for five or six hours, even the whole night long. You see all kinds of things among their hand luggage, even washing machines.

On that particular day my compartment was invaded by refugees, by French and American soldiers. There was a tough fellow among the soldiers, a butcher from La Villette, who, before the war, used to drink two glasses of blood every morning before slaughtering his twenty oxen. Someone said to him : " You ought to be expert in slicing up the Boche ! " He replied : " I should be afraid of tainting my bayonet ! "

— The 14th. Fourteen generals have been shelved, including one army commander, as a result of the blunder of the 27th May. The cause of the retreat is still being investigated—British troops out on rest ; French territorials too old to fight ; a surprise attack : poison gases ; the failure to blow up the bridges ; the penetration of German troops ; the absence of officers without leave. Someone mentioned to me the case of a hospital section suddenly held up by a machine-gun lorry bristling with German officers, who prevented them despatching a train full of wounded. The nurses at first broke out laughing ; they thought they were French officers in disguise. . . .

— The *Official Gazette* for the present week, in its figures for the City of Paris, fails to mention the number of " violent deaths "—doubtless to conceal the number of victims of the bombardments.

— Someone has been telling me about the " Telephone Observation Board." A group of thirty disabled officers has been installed in an office in the Rue des Archives. They take one exchange and listen in, just as one might open letters from a regiment at the front, or as if one were using a sounding lead.

— On the P.L.M., goods trains follow each other every few minutes, loaded with trunks, or supplies for Salonica, or the plant of factories in course of removal. For factories are leaving Paris. Some of them—especially the aeroplane factories—are doing so under official compulsion, but subject to refund of expenses. The rest have been recommended to remove.

— The following unfortunate phrases are used on an official poster : " Invest your spare capital in National Defence Bonds. You will thus be doing your duty, and also getting a return of five per cent on your money."

— On the night of the 15th there was an aeroplane raid, which burnt down the large drapery store " Paris-France " in the Boulevard Voltaire.

— In the course of a toast to Hindenburg, the Kaiser spoke as follows : " What we are concerned with is a struggle between two world ideals. Either the German ideal of Justice, Freedom, Honour, and Morality must still prevail, or else the English ideal must triumph, that is, everything will have to bow down to the worship of money, and the nations of the world will have to work like slaves for the race of Anglo-Saxon overlords which will force them beneath the yoke. It is inevitable that one of these two ideals must be defeated. . . ." What is so hideously farcical about all this, is that the Entente uses precisely the same phraseology. Put " German " in place of " English," and you will have a speech by Lloyd George ! And it is to that confusion of thought that the lives of fifteen million young men have already been sacrificed !

— A curious day, Thursday, the 20th. A kind of panic seized on Paris. It was roused by a misunderstood article in the *Matin*, urging evacuation of the city, and also by the preparatory steps taken in that direction by public bodies. Every official was asked how many of his staff would have to go with him, and the weight of his baggage, in case of removal. Statistics were drawn up. Proposals were made. Representatives of each Ministry met to concert a uniform plan. The Ministries of National Defence would be installed near Toulouse, near Montauban, Agen, etc. Moreover, reports from our airmen still notify further emplacements of super-guns. German wireless messages confirm these reports. Clemenceau has declared that on Saturday the bombardment will be resumed, with raids by giant aeroplanes.

Perhaps they want to encourage the flight from Paris in order to avoid confusion in the last moments and to ease the food situation. Perhaps they want to stimulate the departure of the working classes, and thus avoid proletarian upheavals. Perhaps these decisions have been influenced by the attitude of G.H.Q.—that Paris should be declared an undefended city. Finally, some over-subtle theorists suggest that they are paving the way to peace by disseminating terror. . . .

— Two divisions of "picked troops" were stationed in the Department of the Loire—where they were harshly suppressing strikers—when the German attack of the 27th May broke out on the Aisne.

— Rouen has been bombarded by super-guns stationed at Péronne. Not a word in the Press.

— Tristan relates that in a certain town near the line admission to the brothel was forbidden to Americans. But only a stone's-throw away, in a sunken road, American soldiers were busy changing uniforms with French soldiers to enable them to reach that Promised Land.

— The 24th. I have been informed on the telephone that Japan intends to set her armies in motion. The United States have authorised the movement. But I cannot discover against whom she means to advance.

— There is a proposal to name a street in Paris after Wilson. Twenty months ago, at the time of his election, they were dragging him in the mud. What a buffoonery it would all be if it were not for all those dead !

— Since the extension of the army zone, a pass is necessary even for a journey from the centre of Paris to the outskirts. In police stations we have the most harsh and brutal inquisition, especially of women. It is necessary to justify the object of the journey, to prove relationship with the person one is visiting, to display the letter of invitation. All that is accompanied by such comments as : " You must not make journeys for mere pleasure during the war."

— An American lady in Paris declares that as soon as the name of Clemenceau is mentioned at any table a deep silence falls. They are afraid to run the risk of prosecution. It is a second Terror.

— A doctor tells me of the effects of mustard-gas : burns, blindness, pneumonia, inflammation of the testicles. " We have a gas which is even more deadly," he added.

He also described the looting of villages by French soldiers when they abandoned them during the retreat. " It was not for the sake of stealing. They could not take anything away with them. It was just a mania. To break into an empty house, to open drawers, to read letters, to play about with the linen and clothes, and then leave it all where it was, after a few hours. The English, more methodical, carried off pianos in motor-lorries, on the pretext of organising the villages for defence.

— Three night raids on the 26th, 27th, and 28th. The first smashed all the windows in the Boulevard Saint-Germain from No. 193 to No. 201. The second chiefly damaged the district around the Place Vendôme. All three were a retort to British raids on Karlsruhe, Saarbruck, and Mannheim. But our newspapers carefully refrain from mentioning the fact and demand reprisals.

— The 29th. My son, who has come home on leave from the Montagne de Reims, declares that Colonial troops have decided not to let Rheims be recaptured as long as a drop of champagne is left in the cellars.

## JULY 1918

— OUR VILLAGE has been invaded by the billeting of infantry—1,400 soldiers to be quartered on 300 residents—though this tiny hamlet is already full of refugees. An N.C.O. wanted to occupy the dining-room and kitchen in the house of a woman living all by herself. “But where shall I go?” she complained. He replied: “It’s obvious you haven’t suffered from the war!” She broke down into sobs. Her husband, who had served as a sergeant in the infantry, was killed in Artois. She has been left with two little children.

— The 7th. Some German Socialists have refused to support the finance vote. The Press makes less display of their speeches than of those of the pan-Germans! Anyone who does not read the Socialist papers can know absolutely nothing of this protest. How can the masses possibly be impartial?

— They are changing the names of streets in Paris, to consecrate them to George V, Victor Emmanuel III, Albert I, Peter I. The reactionary City Council of Paris has insisted on these new names just to balance that of President Wilson. But how admirably these royal titles reflect this war between democracies!

— Rage and disgust fill me every time the British *communiqués*, reporting aeroplane raids on towns, describe this hideous outrage as “good work.”

— In a family from Alsace. Everybody was delighted at the hold-up of the German offensive. “It seems they’re killing enormous numbers of them.” “All the better.” “We can never kill enough.” “The swine,” etc. It was a strange party. One of the sons of the house had just come back from Switzerland. Wounded on the Marne, he has been a prisoner in Nuremberg for three years. And he admits that he was admirably treated by the Germans.

— The 16th. On my way to see Victor Margueritte, about noon, we saw Joffre go by in his car. He indulged in a tremendous yawn, vast enough to engulf his chauffeur.

— The 18th. Kuhlmann is reported as having recently remarked to a Scandinavian: “If only the Entente can achieve a minor



success, it will checkmate the German militarists ; I shall return to power, and we shall have peace."

— The 19th. The Malvy incident begins to assume real importance. The fire-eating old patriots and those who are hostile to the Socialist programme—they are one and the same thing—denounce the policy of conciliating the more turbulent of the workers instead of arresting them. The absurdity of it all (and nowadays absurdity is universal) is that this Pérès report, which is modelled on Clemenceau at his most aggressive, heaps abuse on Merrheim. Now, only this last May, this same Clemenceau, in his rôle of Minister, was appealing to Merrheim to pacify the strikes.

— The 20th. Demartial has had a visit from an Englishman who has shown him the weekly edition of the *Manchester Guardian* reporting the Austrian incident (the introduction of this paper into France has been forbidden). It appears that the French Government refused Austria's proposals because they merely offered Alsace-Lorraine as it was in 1871. Our Government demanded the Alsace-Lorraine of 1814, which includes the left bank of the Rhine. I cannot believe this. If they have refused peace to pander to the wishes of a handful of steel magnates, it is an action which alone has entailed millions of deaths. It is not possible. It was in consequence of those articles that Robert Dell, who wrote them, was expelled from France.

— The 20th. Painlevé gave evidence in the Malvy case with the greatest enthusiasm. Naturally he again recounted the story of the offensive of April 16th. It is a topic which haunts him.

— The 21st. The capture of Château-Thierry, with 20,000 prisoners and 400 guns, has stirred public opinion to its depths. The patriotic newspapers are beside themselves. "Let us not shrink from throwing in all our reserves !" shouts one of them. Another demands the extermination of the Hohenzollerns. Many clamour for invasion of Germany. "We are frightened by our own happiness," declares Hervé. Capus, with his passion for an endless war, writes that this is no time for making peace. It never is the right time, whether we are advancing, retiring, or just staying where we are !

— I read out to Victor Margueritte the orders of Gouraud to his troops (July 7th). "Every soldier must have only one thought—to kill them, and to keep on killing them, until they have had enough."

— A manufacturer of munitions who produces aeroplanes, poison gases, motor-launches, and every kind of war material, has

expressed the following view : if he can be given an assurance that in twenty years of war we could wipe out that nest of vipers—those thirty million Prussians whose only livelihood is war [*sic*]  
— he would sign a peace treaty with both hands. How noble is this anxiety for posterity !

— There are some dramatic critics who have appointed themselves military critics for the time being ; and why not, since the present war is without precedent in the experience of the whole world ? But they will explain the battles to you (after the event) with all the panoply of traditional military terms, such as “ column,” “ hingeing,” “ deploying,” and “ out-flanking.” Oh, what a monstrous farce it would be but for all the deaths.

— The 25th. I have just heard of the death of General Bouttieaux, killed in a collision between his car and a motor-lorry. He was removed to Meaux, but never recovered consciousness. He was due to leave the front on the 18th October next, on attaining sixty years of age. They wanted to attach him to the Ministry of the Interior last May. But, despite his instinctive subordination, he lodged a protest and carried his point. I have often quoted his letters. They reflect his intellectual candour. Despite forty years as a professional soldier, he had managed to keep himself humane amidst the horrible massacre. That was rare. I have lost a friend.

— The titles of music-hall revues reflect the influence of these night bombings : *Beauty Arrayed*, or *The Singing Sirens*.

— On the morning of the 26th I caught an express on the P.L.M. Passengers were standing in the corridor, and all chuckling with delight as they read their newspapers reporting that the Germans had abandoned the south bank of the Marne. You heard only one brief, tense phrase : “ We are advancing everywhere ! ” A French lieutenant was pointing out to an American, a perfect stranger, the flaming headlines in his newspaper, with the remark : “ Excellent ! ” One gentleman observed to a captain : “ I tell you there’s 800,000 of them in a tight corner.” The captain diffidently replied : “ Are you sure ? ” The other returned : “ Eight hundred thousand, I tell you. Not a man less. And we shall catch the lot ! ” He leaned back and traced the operation with firm finger on the map of the front given in his newspaper : “ Look ! Thus . . . and here . . . and there ! ” The captain was convinced. He remarked : “ They are certainly thoroughly licked ! How they must hate it ! Just put yourself in their place. . . . ”

— The newspapers are publishing German *communiqués* to prove how they disguise the admission of their retirement. “ We crossed

the river without the knowledge of the enemy. . . . We have fallen back on better positions." Familiar phrases. What is so irritating is that the publication of the German *communiqué* has been forbidden for the last four years, and that nothing short of the present astonishing reversal could have lifted the ban.

— A charming item to record. In the street in Paris. Skirts have never been so short and flimsy. There was a high wind. The ladies had their work cut out to hold down the fluttering fabric. The friend who was with me was very lively, since he had received good news from his son, a second-lieutenant, that very morning. So it gave him no little pleasure to gaze upon a young woman in front of us who was clothed up to her waist in nothing but the capricious wind. Quite a good idea for a short story about solemn fathers with a son in the army, who can indulge in glances at feminine legs when they have just received good news from the front.

— The various types of steel helmet bear the stamp of the different nations. The German helmet suggests the chemist's still. The French has an ecclesiastical air. The British breathes of the colonies. The American is an appropriate crown to a stature worthy of an athlete of the ancient world.

— A certain soldier's wife was kept back in Lille, but afterwards released. Her husband heard her praising the courteous behaviour of German officers. He slashed her to death with a razor. He was acquitted amid public applause.

— I have been told of the arrival in Paris of prodigious numbers of wounded, chiefly during the night. And also of the terrible ravages of gangrene, due to poison gas.

— The 28th. My son, who was serving on the Montagne de Reims, was posted to Esnon near Laroche on the 18th July. One of his friends has described to us the incredible hardships of the troops—the wretched food, the rotten rice, the beans served with rancid bacon. When the supply of meat arrives, the cooks reserve the best pieces for the officers first of all, then for the N.C.O.s, and lastly, for those who give them bribes. The rank and file get what is left—the waste. But what resistance can they make? A formal complaint is looked at askance. Bully the cooks? But they are protected by their superior officers. I have also been told of an illiterate telephonist who can neither transmit a written message nor take down a verbal one. That is an epitome of army life.

— Nowadays, in the Boulevard cinemas, Wilson is acclaimed with frantic cheers. The whole audience leaps to its feet, to the strains of the American National Anthem, when he is shown on the

screen delivering his recent speeches. Ah ! It is only because now he has won a victory by force of arms. He has ceased to "pursue his vain dream," he is no longer "more Boche than the Boches."

— The 28th. Viviani (at his most eloquent), Briand, and Ribot, have defended Malvy in the High Court.

— The 30th. Referring to the evidence given by those three ex-Premiers, the *Œuvre* has produced the headline : "Malvy has shown his hand—three aces." The *Journal du Peuple* adds : "His opponent holds nothing but two Jacks."

— There are 158 officers in the War Office Secretariat, of whom 61 are engaged in opening and filing correspondence. The Ministry also employs 40,000 people (the number of staff scheduled for transport, in case Paris had to be evacuated). Recently one official was caught red-handed in misappropriation of funds. He had received 140,000 francs from the leaseholders of brothels as bribes for his securing their official licensing. In every quarter the war has let loose the same unbridled greed. It is killing even consciences.

— The 31st. About six o'clock numerous queues, kept in order by policemen, outside the bakers' shops in certain districts. Bread is growing exceptionally vile. In the Yonne area it is a sticky dirty-grey, doughy mass. Many country people have been made ill by it. Boret, the Minister, when shown a sample of this bread, was revolted.

— On the iron shutters of closed shops—and they number, on an average, one out of every two—street urchins have scrawled "Closed owing to funk," or, "Closed because of Bertha."

## AUGUST 1918

— THE NEWSPAPERS emphasise our entry into the fifth year of war. They all preach resignation and sacrifice, with all the attitude and phraseology of religion. They all promise victory, but naturally without defining it.

— The recapture of villages between the Marne and the Aisne is turning people's heads. The former Minister Puech writes : " Now, we have victory before us—all is changed—no compromised peace ; we must crush them ! "

— I am told that the two groups in the Senate either supporting or hostile to Malvy amount only to ten votes.

— I have heard some fitters mention that they are building 800-h.p. motors for the aeroplanes which are to bombard Berlin.

— Anatole France wrote to me a short time ago : " This war fills me with unspeakable horror." And more recently : " The evidence given in the High Court by three Presidents has given me a certain delight in the midst of all my sorrows. But the Caillaux case still depresses me. What criminal efforts to ruin him ! It makes me shudder."

— The 4th. The American workers' delegates have been welcomed by the Parliamentary Socialist group. They are all opposed to the resumption of international negotiations. One of their Press agents declares : " A short conflict would be followed by a short peace." That phrase " short conflict " is delightful !

The truth is that, in the eyes of this journalist, the war began at the moment when America descended into the bloody arena.

— The 6th. Foch has been appointed Marshal.

— Malvy has been sentenced to five years' exile. He has been acquitted of the charges of treason and complicity in treason, charges for whose investigation the Chamber suspended his Parliamentary immunity. But Flandin, the Senator, a former Attorney-General, suggested the charge of culpable negligence of

official duty. The court assumed the position of a Court of Final Appeal. The charge of dereliction of duty was carried by ninety-six votes to eighty-six. Stupefaction reigned among the Republicans. The C.G.T. lodged a protest. But the Chamber is on vacation until September.

— The 6th. In a further letter, Lord Lansdowne observes : " This war has cost too many human lives. Can we not open negotiations ? " Churchill, Minister of Munitions, has replied : " We have thrown into the furnace the flower of the human race. And are we, after that, to undertake amicable negotiations ? No ! " Thus we must still sacrifice the present generation to the future ! And yet the future is hidden from us by such an impenetrable veil ! The confusion of thought seems more hateful and stupid every day I live.

— The 6th. The super-gun. Many shells dropped around Vanves. Nearly fifty shells during the day.

— The 7th. Left for " La Béchellerie," to visit Anatole France. Last night they would not let us book seats, since the super-gun has caused a fresh stampede. I travelled with a Flying officer. He had just returned from Champagne. The Germans, he declared, have arranged their retreat strictly according to plan, fixing the day and hour when each strong point should retire. The troops who hurled themselves against these strong points were severely battered. Those who advanced between the attacking waves were not so badly cut up. Hence the conflicting accounts in letters from the attacking troops.

Anatole France was waiting for me at the station. He was quite overcome by the sentence against Malvy, reported in the Paris newspapers which arrived on my train.

We discussed his proposal to address an open letter to some prominent person. Poincaré ? But he would pay less attention to it than he did to Léon Daudet's letter ! Wilson ? But he does not understand French. I suggested Bourgeois, formerly our representative at The Hague, now a supporter of the League of Nations, with a profound admiration for France.

On the 8th we went to Tours, where the faithful Dubiau boldly confronts his fellow-citizens with the arguments of reason. We heard the news of the Franco-British offensive to the east of Amiens. And one felt that even the most sincere pacifists, though thinking all the time of the inevitable slaughter, have been bitten by the war demon. . . .

In the evening, on our return to " La Béchellerie," France told

me, with all the diffident hesitancy of a young author—so surprising in this master of thought—that he had just written a dialogue about God. It is a dialogue which he would publish after the war. Oh ! It was not yet finished, otherwise he would read it to me. In this work he develops the idea that, if God really exists and if He has allowed this carnage, He must certainly be the most abominable of beings.

— The 9th. A report has appeared of the six-mile advance on the first day of the Amiens offensive. Balfour has admitted in a speech that England will not restore the German colonies to Germany in her present state, because the Germans would tyrannise over the natives (!) . . . . Then what about this war for justice? And what about that formula “No annexations”?

— The 9th. Six in the evening. Gare Saint-Lazare. A lady of enormous proportions was buying magazines, and mentioned the *communiqué* to the woman behind the counter, in a tone of gaiety and with a florid voice: “Well ! Splendid news this evening ! Magnificent !” Still this utter oblivion of the deaths which it costs. In former days, people were quite excited over the twenty-five victims in a sunken submarine, or a well-sinker entombed.

— The 9th. In my train, four Americans with a French officer, almost covered with decorations. The Americans questioned him about these marks of glory. He explained the active-service chevrons and the wound chevrons, their difference from the stripes showing his rank. Then he explained the Croix de Guerre, the palm-leaves, his stars of gold, silver, and bronze. Then he explained the wound stripe (with its difference from the chevron)—the Cord of Honour, which may be either green, variegated, red, single, or double—and how it was a decoration awarded to a whole regiment. That discourse lasted from Paris to Montereau.

— The 12th. Malvy left for San Sebastian. A few Radical papers described the mass of flowers in the carriage, a tribute of respect from the trades unions. In his letter to Deschanel, Malvy asserts that our leaders are taking their revenge on him for having supported the strikers’ claims in the spring of 1917. These bitter feuds have obviously been helped by the Chauvinism of some Senators, their hatred of Socialism, and their subservience to Clemenceau.

— The 13th. How can the public possibly discover the

truth. Barrès writes that there were few losses in the offensive of the 8th August. But actually one hears, from all quarters, of fresh losses.

— A gossip-writer in *Information* warns the Germans not to visit Paris after the war. With that object he is proposing that a memorial tablet shall be placed on all the houses in Paris hit by German shells. We shall only have to show the Germans those tablets, and they will at once decamp. But, in the very next column of the same paper, you may read : " The raid on Karlsruhe was very effective." And the report continues : " British aviators have destroyed one wing of the Palace of the Grand Duchess Sophia. A bomb dropped near a factory killed eleven people and injured twenty-six." Then, on the following page : " The raid on Frankfurt caused twelve deaths and numerous injuries." In that case, will the Germans also put up their memorial tablets ? . . . Oh, the stupidity of war, and its fanatics. . . .

— The return to the caveman. In every family, even the most affectionate, every member has his *own* bread, his *own* sugar. They jealously secrete their rations in hiding-places. It makes one think of animals rushing off to a quiet corner as soon as they have secured a little food, to chew it at their leisure.

— On the evening of the 15th there was a raid from 10.50 p.m. to half an hour after midnight. We were just leaving the house of the Guillaumets, and thus we spent those two hours with other guests in the Trocadéro station of the Métro. Two Americans danced " two-steps " with some lady passengers, accompanying themselves with songs and whistling. . . .

— I am told that one of the reasons for the sudden calling up of the 1920 class, despite the unexpected abundance of American reinforcements, is the anxiety of G.H.Q. to secure enormous numbers of French troops, so that France may be able to claim the chief credit for future victories, and thus avoid relegation to the rank of a second-rate military power.

— Since the 18th we have advanced a few miles here and there, at the cost of enormous sacrifices of lives, which it is heart-rending to imagine—the kind of war wanted by Clemenceau and his chosen generals. The recapture of Lassigny on the 22nd has been announced.

It has caused universal satisfaction. Everybody has become an amateur strategist. Thus you may see a butcher's wife in the doorway of her shop—a large heavy woman, with golden hair and pink complexion—leaning over her newspaper and remarking to her



AUGUST 1918

assistant : " And after that, of course, as soon as we have out-flanked Couvy-le-Château . . . "

— There is a curious family resemblance between the different formulas of the people who want the war to last for ever. Poincaré wants " to dictate peace." The Americans want to " win the war." Renaudel claims that the only possible end to the war is victory, even if it is not purely military. Many people want " the surrender of Germany." All these formulas, fundamentally, represent an insistence on a Germany begging for mercy, confessing herself beaten, exclaiming : " Do what you like with me "—a Germany humiliated. And just to think that all these people proclaim an anxiety to avoid " another war in three years' time " ! The sort of peace they want could not possibly contain more potent seeds of future revenge.

— One can still feel the presence of opposition to the formation of a League of Nations. There is no stronger symptom of the unconfessed desire to prolong the war, since the League of Nations represents the best method of hastening the end.

— Special posters have been distributed to schools to encourage the children to obey the food restrictions. They have been posted up everywhere. They leave nothing to the imagination. But how painful it is that children should be shown urging their elders : " Economise this ! Deprive yourself of that ! "

— Recapture of Noyon. That will please Clemenceau enormously. Bapaume has also been recaptured. Since the offensive of the 18th July, I have heard, even in our own little circle of friends, of four men killed in action. Never have there been so many losses in so short a period. It is certain that the sacrifices of life in these attacks—carried out under the auspices of Poincaré, Clemenceau, and their favourite generals—are unparalleled since the beginning of the war. But I never hear anybody mention it. Not one cry of alarm, of pity, of foresight, of genuine patriotism.

— The 30th. The regiment billeted in our village. All these wretched youths (of the 1919 class) grumble about the food. They receive meat green with mould and raw for lack of cooking facilities. Tinned meat stinking of red lead because the coloured pattern outside the tins has filtered through. Lentils full of grit. Those who have a few coppers to spare buy extra food at the shops. Often these soldiers have only four ounces of bread. On Sundays they get no food at all (even sixty miles from the front) ! One day they were given lemons instead of vegetables. . . .

Every shady nook is swamped with ordure. In this village, built to accommodate only 300 residents, 1,500 soldiers are relieving themselves in the fields. I have been told by a farm labourer that there is a smell of "stale excrement" everywhere.

## SEPTEMBER 1918

— THE 5TH. Re-opening of the Chamber. Lofty speeches by Deschanel and Clemenceau. Great parade of solidarity. Members leaping to their feet. Will nobody ever dare to denounce the insane horror of it all ? I have seen violent lunatics in asylums. But they are passive sheep compared to a patriot if you express to him a hope of peace.

— I have been turning over a collection of twelve drawings which show children whose hands were cut off by the Germans. People have held indignation meetings and exchanged bitter comments on these atrocities. But my attention has been drawn to the fact that if, four years ago, *a single one* of these victims had actually been discovered, our brazen heralds of patriotism, such as the *Illustration*, would have distributed thousands of photographs of that child and his severed wrist, just to prove the atrocity and rouse universal indignation.

— Poincaré has visited Saint-Mihiel. The report in the newspapers informs us that "he displayed a charming absence of affectation, and shook hands with the troops, who came up to him with respectful enthusiasm" [*sic*].

— The 16th. Austria has submitted an official request for peace and is proposing a conference of diplomats. Almost unanimously, the newspapers reject this "peace offensive." Compère-Morel declares : "We leave the answer to our wonderful soldiers." Hervé writes : "No compromise !" Capus cries : "It will be time for the diplomats when our soldiers have done their work !" The English newspapers (at least, those which they let us read) describe it as "A German trick—a mere subterfuge. Victory alone can wrest from Germany the sceptre of Empire."

— The 17th. The masses are adopting the catchwords of the newspapers, who have shown themselves once more to be the servants of the powers that be. You hear the phrases : "We'll tell them we don't give a damn for their peace negotiations. . . . You can't discuss things with those swine !"

Lunching with some orthodox patriots, I remarked : "But every morning since the 18th July they have been announcing victories.

Isn't this peace offer the result? Why should they reject it?" From all sides came the reply: "We haven't yet won a big enough victory." That is the general tone. Many people want to invade Germany, to humiliate her, and to reach Berlin.

— The 18th. Clemenceau has replied to the Austrian offer by a frenzied speech, in which he recited the "Marseillaise." It made the whole Senate leap to its feet. Germany wanted a decision on the field of battle. Well, she should have it! We shall crush the last rages of foul brute force! (by force, of course!). They passed a resolution that the speech should be used for poster propaganda. And Pichon has sent a copy of the *Official Gazette* containing this speech to Switzerland, which is acting as intermediary for Austria. Different constructions have been placed on this action. The orthodox newspapers praise it, as "A slashing reply!"

— Yesterday I was told that the Americans had captured, lost, and then recaptured Pagny-sur-Moselle. It is estimated that in the engagement at Saint-Mihiel they flung a hundred thousand troops into the line and lost half of them.

— The 20th. End of the Inter-Allied Socialist Conference in London. It has displayed a more reactionary attitude than its predecessors, doubtless owing to the present course of military operations and especially to the presence of American delegates. That is why it passed a resolution that the invaded territories must be recovered by force of arms. On the other hand, it expressed a desire that the reply to the Austrian offer should not be purely negative, and it laid stress on Wilson's fourteen points, which are becoming rather popular. Finally their resolution mentioned the *social aims* of peace, such as the eight-hour day, the embargo on the employment of children under sixteen, etc., which are American in origin. They attach a certain sociological significance to the war.

— The 22nd. The Union of French Associations has broken out again. At its last meeting it reported that within the last two months it has distributed thirty-three million tracts to strengthen and restore the spirits of the people. Richepin contributed an "Ode to the Battle of the Marne." On the screen they showed a film: *Let us Never Forget!* And Lebrun, the Minister, recited some stanzas from the "Marseillaise."

— The Americans are bombarding Metz. Forty shells. The French approve of the bombardment of this town of Lorraine, though it cannot possibly be inhabited by any but natives of Lorraine, who are doubly French. I defy anyone to understand this attitude.

— I have been thinking of the anarchist outrages which were so violent between 1890 and 1900. How trivial they seem beside the present massacre, in which twelve million men have already fallen. That ridiculous ideal of destroying the world, in order to build it up again, is half way towards realisation.

— The regiment in our village. Two soldiers were talking in the neighbouring courtyard : " When a couple of dogs have a fight, at least it's for the possession of a bone. They know why they're fighting. But we're fighting merely because two Presidents can't agree ! "

— The 28th. Peace offer by Bulgaria. Franchet d'Esperey has refused the request for an armistice, but agreed to receive Bulgarian delegates. In our newspapers there is some division of opinion. They have developed such a habit of resisting peace that they are tempted to oppose it, even when the enemy is throwing himself on our mercy before the threat of invasion. However, the majority tend to welcome these negotiations. In the other camp, the *Temps*, the organ of industrial and financial feudalism, urges the rejection of these offers. Others want to dictate peace in Sofia. Others demand guarantees. And still further groups want the conditions of peace to be as harsh as possible : doubtless on the analogy of Bucharest or Brest-Litovsk.

— Strikes are taking place in the tailoring trade. But under the new pharisaism the newspapers have been allowed to mention it only under the following headline : " Dispute in Tailoring Trade — Movement to Submit Claim. . . . "

— The 30th. The newspapers have no further space to spare for letterpress. They are just a mass of flaming headlines : " We are Advancing ! We are Making Progress ! " And that applies to North and East, in Salonica and Syria. Every eye is gleaming, every face sparkling with joy.

## OCTOBER 1918

— THE 1ST. Bulgaria has accepted the conditions laid down by the Entente. An armistice has been signed. Although the abolition of secret diplomacy is one of the aims of the war, *we have not been informed of those peace conditions* ! Families who have lost an only son in the army of the East cannot tell what their sacrifice has been worth.

— None of our newspapers has a single word about a speech by Wilson on the 27th September, 1918, in which he urges the Allied Governments to make a clear statement and publish their war-aims.

— The 3rd. *The Times* in England has published the terms of the peace with Bulgaria. But we in France are still left without information.

— The 6th. In a headline occupying the whole width of their front pages, the newspapers announce a request for an armistice addressed by the Central Empires to Wilson, with an offer to begin peace negotiations "on the basis of Wilson's Fourteen Points and his various statements." (Notably his speech on the 27th September, 1918, which has been kept from us here, though they have given us a few misleading extracts.)

In our village there is frantic delight among the troops. They dance and sing and rush about. For them it means peace.

But on this very first day, immediately following the sensational news, the leading newspapers are already adopting an attitude of reserve, displaying hostility and distrust. *Le Matin* denounces "*this trap of an armistice.*" "What? Are we to call upon our heroic troops to stay their hands in the very midst of triumph, to let Germany quietly slip back across her own borders with all her arms and equipment, and then impregably entrench herself again? It is absolutely essential that Germany should first evacuate all the invaded territories, liberate Alsace-Lorraine . . . there cannot possibly be any negotiations until she agrees to those preliminary conditions."

— The 7th. The hostility of the newspapers is growing stronger. The evening papers yesterday were flatly opposed to any

negotiations. "We should have shed our blood in vain. . . . Must we conclude a *disastrous* peace?" remarks the *Temps*. The *Intransigeant* lays down its own conditions, very harsh ones: Evacuation with occupation of strategic points in Germany. Sembat, however, in the *Heure*, while demanding evacuation, does not want the offer of an armistice to be scornfully rejected. For such a rejection would play into Germany's hands and stiffen their **resistance**. This morning's newspapers put a reply into Wilson's mouth by selecting portions of his speeches—the most aggressive—and declaring: "There's his reply!" They also deliver a personal onslaught on Prince Max of Baden, the new Chancellor, who announced the request for an armistice in his Reichstag speech on the 5th October. They tear the veil from his private life. They accuse him of having gone back on his own word, quoting a letter he wrote to Prince Hohenlohe, etc. They flatter themselves that they have received the enemy's request "with magnanimity but mistrust." "Germany must make a public avowal of defeat. Wilson's five points dealing with territorial adjustment must be satisfied before any discussion is possible." *Humanité* calls for diplomatic and military guarantees. *Le Petit Parisien* publishes a leading article: "The trickery of the armistice." *La République Française*: "We must advance beyond the Rhine." And *L'Œuvre* prints great headlines: "Let us Push Them Out!"

— The 7th. The soldiers, so happy on Sunday, the 6th, are full of gloom when they read the newspapers of Monday, the 7th. "We shall have to carry on!" they observe with resignation.

— Posterity will observe that all the magazines giving illustrated accounts of the war are conventionally patriotic (*The Mirror*, *On the Alert*, *What I saw*, and *Illustration*)—which have all made a beautiful picture out of the conflict, never showing a single corpse.

— The 8th. It is now three days since the request for an armistice, and the efforts of the Press to prolong the war are raging more wildly than ever. They quote to us the American papers, which seem unanimously to demand unconditional surrender: "We must carry war across the frontiers, inflicting on the enemy a righteous chastisement" (that is to say, commit the very crimes with which we reproach him). "Germany must get rid of the Kaiser. . . . America has hardly begun to fight. . . . We must use unlimited force. . . . Let us strike without mercy, let us win victory on the field of battle. Let us fight until Potsdam is wiped out. . . . Let the only reply be that of our conquering armies. Roosevelt

and the American Senate demand peace without any conditions," etc. Such are the quotations handed out to the millions of readers of *Le Petit Parisien*. The French Press forms an almost unbroken chorus. . . . Only the Socialist papers express a quiet hope that we shall give a reply, and avoid secret diplomacy.

— The 8th. Visited Anatole France at the Hôtel d'Orsay. He was trying to collect opinions on the situation. At Calmann Lévy's, the publishers, the oldest employee of the firm, a little old man over seventy, trembling from head to foot, asked him : " Tell me, tell me, Monsieur France ! They're not going to make peace ? " For him it represented the final disaster ! And the very same day the wife of a colleague—a Jewess, strangely enough, remarked France—exclaimed to him : " Oh ! Oh, the very idea that this abominable thing should happen on my birthday !—peace ! "

France puts no trust in any influence but that of the C.G.T., " which, however, is losing in militancy what it is gaining in organisation." All his other visitors displayed the same attitude—the attitude of people who want the war to go on for ever—in their boundless conceit.

— The 9th. At noon appeared Wilson's reply, insisting that the German forces should evacuate our country before proposing an armistice to the Allies. At once there arise two separate opinions on the interpretation of this note : some have construed its meaning to be that the Germans must carry out the evacuation on their own responsibility, but others take it to mean that Wilson wants to expel the Germans by force of arms.

Actually, those who want to follow up the retreat by armed force—just as their favourite newspapers tell them—are in the majority. Some people assert : " We must kill the Boche." One of those who revealed to me this uncompromising attitude has two sons in the army ! Like everybody else, he forgets our past, present, and future losses.

— The posters in support of the Fourth Loan, the so-called Liberation Loan, display one soldier climbing out of a trench, another throwing a bomb, and yet another wringing the neck of a bird (the German Eagle) ; finally, a woman of Alsace and a woman of Lorraine affectionately waving their hands to passers-by.

A poster issued by the Union of War Associations displays a soldier imploring the civilians to resist the peace offensive.

— I forgot to mention that the German request for an armistice,



while exciting the hostility of all our exterminists and of our bourgeoisie, equally rouses the wrath of the pan-Germanists. But nobody enlarges on that, and with good reason.

— A description of Cambrai after the evacuation. Shells have fallen on the theatre and the cathedral. They cannot be anything but British shells. But, of course, the newspapers ascribe them to the enemy. How can one possibly fix the relative responsibility of each side for the havoc of war?

— Lower middle-class people in a café. They want to devastate an area of Germany as large as the invaded territories of France. They prescribe reparations down to the smallest details. In their fear of the dumping of cheap German goods they would occupy the German seaports, to seize their stocks of timber and building materials. They would break up Germany into small pieces. Forbid these petty States to unite! They appeal to the classic example of Jena—the great mistake (which we must avoid) of allowing the Prussians an army of 40,000 men. They give extravagant praise to the Single Command, the cause of victory. Need I say that they have read all that in their newspapers, but that they are as profoundly impressed by it as if it were their own inspired vision?

— The 11th. A current rumour asserts the abdication of the Kaiser in favour of his son Eitel or of the Crown Prince's eldest son.

— Neither in the newspapers nor in conversation is any impatience expressed to hear Germany's reply to Wilson's preliminary conditions.

— The middle classes are mostly in favour of an offensive of indefinite duration. "The further we advance, the more favourable the peace will be." Nowhere do you hear the idea expressed that the armistice would furnish the same results while *avoiding further losses*.

— The 13th. Germany has accepted Wilson's preliminary conditions. The newspapers publish their reply. Wild enthusiasm among the troops. Black looks from officers. People who hope for peace dare not either believe their hope or confess it. The masses are full of gloom. Nobody seems to imagine what a blow it must be to the pride of Germany to abandon the advantages represented by the occupied territories, to renounce the hope of Empire, and to adopt this tone of humility in her replies to Wilson. That ought to be all the more striking when one recalls how often we have been reminded of the conceit of German militarism.

The newspapers express various views. *Le Journal* writes : "Germany yields." *L'Œuvre* : "At last, it seems, we have got them." But those are the only papers to take the bold step of representing this result as a victory. They remind one of a couple of isolated spectators in a theatre clapping when all the rest are silent. In all the other papers there is a kind of stupefaction. In their headlines they all attach more importance to the capture of Vouziers than to Germany's acceptance. The general public follows suit. They do not want to believe that Germany is defeated.

— The 14th. On this second day the Press once more resumes its hostile attitude. They display the same anxiety to continue the war as they did the day after the request for an armistice. "The Germans intend to deceive us. . . . No armistice ! This is not the end of the war." *L'Echo de Paris* (and I am astounded that the Censor should allow it) declares that the whole question is no business of Wilson—that it is for the guns to speak. They regard his Notes as tiresome discussions, as vague homilies !

Ah, this frantic desire to continue the war ! Who would believe it ! Remember that the *Temps* recently uttered the cynical warning : "The price of War Bonds is falling." There you have it all. And one may imagine how many people are grinding their teeth in despair—the sub-contractors of munition factories, the business men, all those who see the golden springs drying up. . . . And also, I repeat, all those whom the war *suits*—the wife freed from the burden of a husband. . . . And, finally, that mad instinct for conflict, violence, and revenge, which is part of human nature.

In our village there are some Belgians who, you would imagine, would want to get back home, after four years, as soon as possible, hoping to find their houses safe and sound. Far from it ! The men want their country to be recovered by force of arms, even if it is devastated in the process ! . . .

And yet how horrible is that unparalleled butchery, which the regular officer regards as a mere opportunity for professional advancement, for brilliant exploits, for mentions in despatches, while the average civilian regards it as a guarantee of a "more advantageous" peace. And if all these negotiations are a mere piece of window-dressing arranged between Wilson and the Central Powers, what a hideous consummation to all this long insanity, these massacres that might have been avoided by a mere signature ! . . .

No. The strife goes on. Every day they fling fresh fuel on the

fires of hate. Though they have portrayed the German armies as demoralised, distracted, and disarmed, we are now told that they intend to re-organise themselves on the frontier and renew their determined resistance. But who can possibly believe that the soldiers would take up arms again, once an armistice were signed ?

— In the Nth Regiment of Infantry—the 1919 class—they give instructions to young recruits as follows :

1. In hand-to-hand combat, to jab two fingers in the enemy's eyes and force them back into his brain.

2. To twist the bayonet after delivering the point, to prevent the wound closing.

3. To slit open the stomach from top to bottom with a dagger.

4. To finish off wounded men lying on the ground, placing one knee on the chest, and then jerking up the head with a short sharp movement to dislocate the spinal column.

— The 16th. Further Note from Wilson. After recalling that the terms of the armistice will be arranged by the military advisers of the Entente, he demands safeguards. He refuses to contemplate an armistice as long as Germany “ indulges in the illegal and inhuman practices which violate the laws of civilised warfare.” Civilised warfare ! Finally, he draws the German Government's attention to one of the fourteen conditions to which the said Government has agreed : that the German people must change its Government, which might destroy the peace of the world by its deliberate policy. That is an essential preliminary condition of peace.

Naturally, this time the *sentence*, as they call it, has the full approval of the newspapers.

— What a bitter irony it is to remember, at this present moment, that the Entente is waging war on behalf of Justice. What cracks there are in the marble tablets of these New Commandments ! Every nation must enjoy the right of self-determination. And yet they lay their heavy hand on Asia Minor, on the German colonies ; they hand over to Bulgaria a portion of Turkey. These negotiations are still being conducted according to the inveterate methods of secret diplomacy, under the cloak of lofty purposes, of fresh and magnanimous ideas. Thus there is an atmosphere of dreadful hypocrisy brooding over it all—something baser than the lust for conquest candidly confessed.

And what seeds of future revenge it sows. Ah, the people who

have been exclaiming all through the war : " If we make peace, it means war within three years ! " On the contrary, never has the foundation for future war been more effectively laid than it is now being laid by the attitude of mind conducting the present negotiations.

— The 16th. Caillaux has been officially brought before the High Court, at the same time as Loustalot and Comby.

— Since the end of September, the Belgians, supported on either side by French and British troops, have delivered an attack. At the cost of enormous losses, they have recaptured Roulers and Thourout. It is a perfect example of the incredible cruelty of these final massacres, since the restitution and restoration of Belgium takes the first place in all the German offers.

— As circumstances have removed me far from Paris, which I visit now only at infrequent intervals, I cannot manage to disentangle the *multiple* reasons for the German retirement. If I must believe the newspapers, it is solely due to the military superiority of the Entente. But if I am to believe certain intelligent minds, while remembering Briand's theory of " successes which can be arranged," there is an element of consent in their retreat, intended to give the Entente that appearance of victory necessary to persuade them to agree to peace. Is it possible, then, that the internal situation of Germany, the Hohenzollerns' fear of revolution, has induced them to take this decision ?

When you discuss peace with a rustic, he replies : " We are advancing." The first—almost the only—thing which strikes him is the military situation as it appears on the surface. He does not bother about the peace discussions.

— The vile campaign against peace is still active. The Civic League has brought out a poster : " The Trap." No discussions, no compromise, peace without conditions, absolute victory. Not one word about the deaths we might avoid. Those are the most repulsive people, who sit comfortably in an armchair while they goad young men to slaughter merely to satisfy their own passions or interests.

— Pamphlets breathing hatred have been distributed in the munition factories. " People of France, your hatred is not as burning and passionate as it ought to be. . . . Germany is a nation devoted to the Devil. . . . You will have to lick the blood-stained Prussian jackboot. . . ." Then comes the abuse : " That diabolical Kaiser, and that scoundrel of a Crown Prince, with the bloated face of an impudent drunkard," etc. Merrheim complains

about this propaganda, and declares that the working-classes are sick of being hounded on like this.

— The regiment in our village. One soldier refused to eat his rice—a dirty, grey, sticky mess. He threw it away in the yard for the cat. The cat would not touch it.

— The 23rd. Patriotic madness reaches its climax. The Censor has given his assent to a poster declaring “They want to rob us of our victory.” The newspapers are dominated by a brazen attitude of cantankerous equivocation.

— And all that is going on amid such a novel crisis, under such an unprecedented menace ! For the last two months a frightful epidemic, the so-called “influenza,” has descended upon France. It has been hovering over Europe since the spring. It was specially violent in Switzerland this last summer. In France, since the beginning of September, it has attacked the troops—herded together as they are, with their poor food, poor accommodation, and poor medical attention—at the front as well as in the rear. It is complicated by affections of the lungs or meningitis, often fatal. It is a kind of plague. People have given it an innocent kind of label which is almost amusing. They have even called it “Spanish influenza,” since the King of Spain, it appears, has had it. The name suggests the title of a dance, as if it were a kind of fandango. In France, words are all-important. An army doctor solemnly remarked to me : “Soldiers are not invalidated out for influenza.” An official in the Ministry of Education, interviewed as to the expediency of closing the schools, remarked : “Influenza is not mentioned on the official list of diseases for which such a step is authorised.”

Later on, this epidemic has been hushed up, censored. At one time even the very name was forbidden in the newspapers. It was not until the middle of October that they mentioned it, since Clemenceau’s son-in-law died of it. At present, fifty soldiers are dying of it every week in a single hospital at Sens, and 1,200 people in Paris. They die in a few days, sometimes in a few hours, of suffocation. Every letter from every part of the country mentions this scourge. In Brittany, whole families are being swept away ; five hundred soldiers have died in a single dépôt. Seaports have been especially affected. At Lyons, there are not enough hearses to go round. And yet it does not bring peace any nearer than would the death of a sparrow !

At the hospital in Joigny, where my son (who was wounded on the 1st September) has been for more than a month, lying

between life and death, with relapses and complications, there is a shortage of staff. The Chief Medical Officer was attending his own son, who was down with a severe attack of influenza. His assistant was in bed with pleurisy arising from influenza. The nurses were simply swamped with work. *One man died every hour.* And then, amid this frantic disorganisation, there suddenly appeared a D.A.M.S. He solemnly inspected the rejected linen, insisted on having everything laid out in front of him, noticed a pair of socks, and pronounced that they could still stand a further mending.

— The 23rd. Northcliffe declares that the Entente will not restore the German colonies. Balfour (of the Foreign Office) makes the same statement, in phrases of the most disgusting hypocrisy, greeted with long and loud applause. "Shall we leave the communications of the British Empire at the mercy of a power which is deaf to the voice of humanity and honour? The security and unity of Empire cannot be reconciled with the restoration of those colonies to Germany." And yet this is supposed to be a war on behalf of justice! And all nations are to enjoy the right of self-determination! Balfour went on to say that the end of the war is not yet in sight—naturally!

— The 25th. Wilson's ultimatum. A document with some very sharp edges and corners. Wilson will suggest an armistice to his Allies if Germany is reduced to a condition in which she cannot renew hostilities.

— The ultimatum seems to have had a good reception, especially in England.

— There is a current rumour of the abdication of the Kaiser on the 16th. Liebknecht has been released and given a great welcome by the people. (Péricat is still in prison.)

— Alas! Nobody will admit that it is not decisions on the field of battle which are settling this war. The Germans are still in possession of our territories. Their retreat—at present stabilised—has left free only a strip of the occupied territory. And yet they adopt the tone of a beaten foe. Really, the course of events is being decided and controlled by their economic conditions, their hardships, their suffering, and the blockade. But people insist on disguising these facts under the semblance of purely military defeat.

— The League for the Rights of Man, the C.G.T., the Republican Coalition, and the Socialists, have amalgamated in an attempt to struggle against the war maniacs. . . .

— In this supreme moment of the great tragedy, when our appalling losses can be dimly realised, when the fate of the world is at stake, the music-halls and theatres in Paris are flourishing in radiant activity. The Apollo has re-opened with a performance of *The Queen of Joy*, including 120 women in the Persian festival. At the Folies-Bergère, the English revue *Zig Zag*. At the Olympia a "Monster Programme"—so the poster declares. Mistinguett is reappearing at the Casino de Paris in the revue *Pa-ri-ki-ri* (Paris actually laughing amid all this bloodshed and grief!). At the Ba-ta-clan, the revue *Faster and Faster*. And we have first nights also. The elder Guitry in a play by the elder Guitry. The younger Guitry in a play by the younger Guitry. Bataille's play, *Image*, with Réjane. *The Naked Truth* at the Gymnase. *Chouquette and her Ace* at the Renaissance. *The Dandies* at the Antoine. I will not mention the others. . . .

— Everywhere there are fresh appeals to hatred. The League of Fathers whose Sons have been Killed at the Front demands the crushing and chastisement of Germany, and has thus informed Wilson. The Institute refuses ever again to meet representatives of the Central Empires at international congresses.

— In Paris there are queues everywhere. Any and every shop selling chocolates, coffee, pastry, or tobacco. And the masses stand mesmerised before those little flags stuck on maps, showing our advance.

— The 29th. Since last evening there has been a rumour that Austria is begging for a separate and unconditional peace. This time, people are displaying a certain lively satisfaction. No doubt the idea of Austria throwing herself on our mercy has carried people away. And likewise the reflection that Germany will be isolated. Officers in billets are drinking champagne. The troops wear a permanent grin; the delight of waking up in the morning with the thought that they will not be killed within six months. . . . A headline of the *Œuvre* for the 29th: "Ah! If they had made only half the efforts to prevent war that they are now making to delay peace!"

— The 29th. Some people refuse to recognise the prevalence of influenza. To hear them, you would think that they applied the term influenza to any disease which proves fatal. They also declare: "It is not so severe as the influenza of 1889." This attitude is regarded as heroic.

— In Paris, during the present crisis, burials are conducted as late as midnight.

— The 31st. Turkey has accepted the armistice conditions proposed by the Entente. Some joyful demonstrations in the streets. The news was brought by the British general, Townshend, lately prisoner of war in Turkey.

— On the 31st, Professor Vincent was telling me that the influenza epidemic is graver than is admitted by the authorities, who are concealing the truth to bolster up the public morale. He himself would set up a dictatorship of doctors. Close the theatres, cinemas, and large shops. "Forbid people to spit, cough, or sneeze, except in their handkerchiefs."

— The Catholics are saying that God has sent this influenza to restore the balance, since twice as many women as men have been struck down. The apathy of the masses is indescribable. Last week 1,800 people died of influenza in Paris—that is, nearly 300 people *every day* ; in other words, as many as have been killed by aeroplanes and super-guns in *four years* of war.

— The Socialist papers still display an anæmic sort of timidity in face of the violent campaign against peace. Nowhere do you see any sign of the poster which the party is understood to have brought out by agreement with The League for the Rights of Man, the C.G.T., etc. On the contrary, the walls are simply hidden under the posters issued by the Civic League ("the Trap"), and those published by the League of Memory, with the object of stimulating the masses to insatiable hatred and vindictive rage.



## NOVEMBER 1918

— THE 1ST. I have been taken across the Champs-Élysées and the Place de la Concorde, where the crowd is clustering round the German guns. "The Fair of Death," Madame X—— remarked to me. . . . You can always find a soldier explaining the guns' mechanism. Many children were playing with the handles and levers. Is there a single one among these idlers who ever reflects : "Perhaps that was the gun that killed my son ?" No.

— The 1st. At seven in the evening I was told that Austria accepts the conditions of the armistice, which involve, in particular, free passage for the Allies across their territory. Everybody is filled with happy stupefaction. One phrase often recurs : "Who would have thought of this four months ago ?" But they dare not rejoice too much because the desire for peace has been regarded as shameful for the last four years.

Even in well-informed circles people still know nothing. Ignorance is our real dictator.

— The newspapers are still making enormous efforts to construe this breakdown in a purely military sense. The military correspondent of the *Œuvre* displays subtle ingenuity in proving that Turkey was defeated by force of arms. It was just the same, he declares, with Bulgaria. They are writing history in advance. So much the worse for the truth. And also for posterity. For this glorification of slaughter is the beginning of future armaments. To declare that all these nations now appealing for mercy were dying of hunger and hardship would be to rob the war of its crimson halo. And yet . . .

— The armistice terms suggested by Italy to Austria, in consultation with the Entente, have been accepted. There is a definite feeling of gladness, especially among the Italian troops transferred to France, who are now decamping with the cry : "Peace has been signed !"

— So far as Germany is concerned, here is a dialogue, overheard in the street, which presents the two different attitudes towards it. A middle-class woman remarked : "At last we shall soon see

the end of it all ! ” A man replied : “ Oh, no ! We must still push on and invade their own country ! ”

SHE : Yes, that would be all very fine. But it would mean still further losses !

HE : In any case, they must pay up.

SHE : Oh, yes, they must certainly pay !

On that point they agreed. It is the national watchword. It is the universal cry.

— The 6th. Publication of the terms of the armistice with Austria. People smile broadly as they remark : “ Hard lines ! ” Clemenceau expressed his raptures in a speech in the Chamber, though he twice remarked that “ peace is not so near as some people think.” Mayéras and Renaudel pressed for further details about the clause in the armistice conditions which contemplates a military occupation by the Allies “ to maintain order.” They also tried to discover whether the Entente accepts Wilson’s Fourteen Points, which have been accepted by the enemy. A very indiscreet question !

— The 6th. I went into two shops in Joigny (we are due to leave this town to-morrow, taking our son back to Serbonnes by car). And those two different attitudes were still in evidence. In one shop, the proprietress forgot that she was in charge of the cash desk. She was surrounded by maps and newspapers. She was measuring the *advance*. She was measuring it, just as she would count up her receipts, with a gloating greed. She did not care the least bit about peace with Austria. Our advance, our advance—that was all that mattered. She positively slobbered over the map of the front. And three-quarters of France feel just the same.

The other woman expressed a timid hope of peace. She sighed : “ One daren’t believe it ! ” It is a phrase that is only murmured, a hope which you know people are cherishing, but hardly dare express. . . .

— The 7th. The German emissaries have left Spa, and are on their way to Foch, who will acquaint them with the terms of the armistice. . . . A tragic moment. The note in the Press which announces this crucial event incidentally informs us that the Entente accepts Wilson’s Fourteen Points. God knows, it was high time !

— A further headline in the *Œuvre* : “ Now that we have created a Republic in Germany, suppose we did the same in France ? ”

— The 8th. The newspapers publish the wireless messages sent by the German G.H.Q. to ensure the arrival of the German

envoys. Not a shot was fired along the German front from seven in the morning until three in the afternoon. The delegates made the humane suggestion of a provisional suspension of hostilities. We have not been informed what action was taken on this request by our own chiefs. The plenipotentiaries were due to arrive about ten o'clock on the night of the 7th.

The Press—which will stubbornly refuse to abandon its policy of systematic hatred and disparagement, even in these solemn hours—observes that there is an inordinate number of German envoys, including one Minister (Erzberger), that they are striving to make the interview cover a wider range than it ought, etc.

— In these supreme moments, the recapture of Rethel and Vervins, and the advance to within sight of Sedan (with the inevitable suggestion of a parallel with 1870) appeal to many people as the outstanding events. “Triumphant Pursuit,” shout the newspapers.

— The 8th. A report has appeared that the German Navy has mutinied, that the Battle Fleet is in the hands of the sailors, and that the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, has fled by car.

— The 9th. An account has been published on the interview between the Germans and Foch ; their arrival at ten p.m. on the 7th ; the reading of the armistice terms on the 8th, from ten to eleven in the morning ; the refusal of an immediate armistice for which they had made a further appeal in the name of humanity ; the 72 hours allowed for their reply ; and the despatch of a messenger to Spa. The whole ceremony as harsh and unbending as the heart of militarism could desire. It revealed the mysterious sadism of discipline.

— In Paris, on the evening of Saturday, the 9th, people believed the armistice had been signed. There was an outburst of gladness, of which traces appear in all the letters we received. “Our wish was father to the thought,” people confessed, once the mistake was realised. For now, at last, they are daring to hope for peace.

The newspapers publish the proclamation of a Republic in Bavaria, and the ultimatum of the Socialists requesting the Kaiser to abdicate before noon on Friday.

The haunting fear that the terms may prove unacceptable grips the heart of all those who desire peace.

— To sum up, it is the extreme distress of a blockaded country (especially since Wilson rationed the neutral countries) which

explains the revolution of a nation which has been portrayed to us as bristling with militarism. Relatively speaking, France has enjoyed comparative prosperity.

— The troops are to have the privilege of taking home their steel helmets. And yet people can say that the authorities have not done everything for them !

— The 10th. The newspapers announce the abdication of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince's renunciation of his right of succession, the formation of a Regency and the appointment of the Socialist Ebert as Chancellor. The law of compensation is especially exemplified in the case of the Crown Prince. He was one of the protagonists of the war. He has now suffered deep humiliation. That is just. But what of all the others . . . ?

— Until the last moment our Press has ungraciously clung to its deliberate policy of abuse, even in these hours when the very first rules of decency would demand courtesy. One article declares that the Germans have merely yielded to fear in deposing the Kaiser, that they have merely "given a coat of red paint to the House of Hohenzollern." Thus, this noble assertion of the democratic spirit, for which we appealed, which was to be *one of the consolations* of the war for those who have suffered, is dragged down to the level of the meanest subterfuge.

— On the 11th, at seven in the morning, the local military H.Q. was informed by wireless that the armistice was signed at five o'clock in the morning. . . .

Bells are ringing. The air is full of their peals. Soldiers dance with ecstasy. They brandish flags. They wave bouquets of flowers. It is a pleasure to witness their delight. Tragedy was looming over them. The 1919 class . . . they were just on draft for reinforcements. Within six months they would all have been killed. At noon, we heard of the flight of the Kaiser to Holland.

At three o'clock, I was informed by telephone from Paris of the terms of the armistice. . . . The only chance that this unparalleled war shall not entail further war, lies in vigorous action by international Socialism during the peace discussions. God grant it may play its full part ! And now, for the moment, we must savour the gladness of salvation and echo the soldiers' words : "The war is over."



## INDEX OF PERSONS

### A

ABRAMI, 213  
 Accambray, 141, 142, 146, 157, 165, 174,  
 296, 302  
 Alexander (King), 56  
 Almereyda, 270, 272, 273, 299, 301  
 André, 51  
 Angel, Norman, 258  
 Appert, Colonel, 146  
 Asquith, 84, 157, 158  
 Aubert, Admiral, 37  
 Augagneur, 67, 74, 102, 256, 285, 296  
 Aulard, 152, 247  
 Austria, Empress of, 251, 253, 318  
 Austria, Emperor (Charles) of, 335, 336,  
 (*see also under Charles*)

### B

BACQUET, GENERAL, 87, 88, 100  
 Balfour, 158, 366, 381  
 Barclay, Thomas, 236  
 Barrès, 40, 73, 125, 145, 213, 214, 292,  
 313, 367  
 Barreteau, 346  
 Barthe, 277  
 Barthou, 14, 117, 122, 150, 158, 168, 275,  
 284, 285, 289, 290, 291, 342  
 Bastia, Jean, 190  
 Bataille, Henry, 127, 209  
 Baudin, 66  
 Beau, 112  
 Belgium, King of, 71, 163, 286, 296  
 Belgium, Queen of, 71  
 Bénazet, 174  
 Bérenger, 140, 288  
 Bergson, 158  
 Berlinger, Mlle., 141  
 Bernard, Tristan, 17, 19, 21, 36, 37, 45,  
 47, 56, 58, 63, 64, 66, 69, 73, 77, 78,  
 86, 87, 88, 96, 101, 106, 107, 108, 109,  
 110, 116, 118, 123, 131, 138, 139, 153,  
 159, 161, 171, 172, 173, 182, 188, 189,  
 190, 193, 197, 205, 211, 212, 218, 219,

231, 234, 237, 243, 245, 269, 270, 282,  
 284, 290, 303, 321, 328, 329, 333, 343,  
 348, 353, 357, 363  
 Bernstorff, 276, 316  
 Bertaux, 52  
 Berthelot, 162  
 Berthoulat, 122  
 Bethmann-Hollweg, 126, 216, 224, 286  
 Blanqui, 52  
 Bloch, 320  
 Boelke, 208  
 Bokanowski, 211  
 Bolo, 298, 301, 314, 316, 317, 318, 334  
 Boncour, Paul, 70, 254  
 Bordeaux, Henry, 140  
 Boret, 363  
 Borgey, Dr., 300  
 Botrel, 36  
 Bouchardon, Captain, 296  
 Boué de Lapeyrière, 67  
 Bouge, 216  
 Boulanger, General, 112  
 Bourey, 146  
 Bourgeois, Léon, 29, 47, 58, 121, 166,  
 289, 365  
 Bourget, Paul, 42  
 Bousquet, 304  
 Boutroux, 165  
 Bouttieaux, Colonel (later General), 22,  
 34, 50, 58, 67, 69, 70, 75, 77, 80, 83,  
 87, 89, 90, 91, 93, 97, 98, 103, 109,  
 116, 117, 123, 134, 135, 140, 159, 199,  
 207, 236, 237, 239, 240, 244, 246, 260,  
 272, 323, 347, 361  
 Bratiano, 57  
 Briand, Aristide, 10, 14, 16, 24, 25, 27,  
 28, 29, 33, 34, 37, 41, 62, 64, 65, 69,  
 77, 85, 86, 87, 90, 117, 120, 136, 142,  
 143, 149, 150, 152, 154, 155, 156, 157,  
 158, 162, 165, 166, 167, 168, 171, 172,  
 174, 175, 177, 180, 182, 183, 185, 186,  
 195, 196, 204, 209, 210, 211, 212, 214,  
 215, 216, 217, 218, 226, 234, 237, 238,  
 281, 282, 283, 285, 286, 293, 318, 321,  
 343, 351, 352, 363, 379  
 Brioux, 75, 76, 84, 85

Brizon, 176, 188, 216, 277  
 Broussiloff, 174, 182  
 Broutchoux, 337  
 Brun, 51  
 Buat, Colonel, 12  
 Busser, 278

## C

CADENAT, 144  
 Cadorna, 299  
 Caillaux, 44, 45, 60, 66, 153, 168, 182, 192, 197, 264, 279, 280, 281, 292, 293, 294, 296, 299, 301, 302, 303, 304, 306, 307, 308, 309, 311, 312, 316, 318, 323, 337, 347, 349, 352, 364, 379  
 Cambon, 163, 342  
 Capus, 40, 142, 199, 264, 360, 370  
 Capy, Marcelle, 176, 294  
 Carrel, Dr., 236  
 Carpentier, 83  
 Castelnau, 52, 86, 88, 103, 104, 105, 110, 111, 121, 122, 124, 136, 137, 138, 141, 150, 165, 167, 176, 184, 299  
 Cavallini, 318  
 Cavell, Nurse, 137, 143  
 Ceccaldi, 309  
 Chaplain, 347  
 Charles, Emperor of Austria, 335, 336, 337, 338, 342  
 Charles, Ernest, 111, 239, 280, 323  
 Chenu, 143  
 Chéron, 242  
 Churchill, Winston, 64, 365  
 Claveille, 326  
 Clemenceau, 26, 27, 47, 58, 70, 96, 114, 127, 131, 133, 136, 141, 142, 161, 165, 167, 168, 182, 183, 186, 197, 238, 265, 272, 273, 282, 283, 288, 290, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 320, 321, 322, 325, 326, 330, 331, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 342, 343, 347, 349, 351, 352, 353, 354, 356, 357, 360, 366, 367, 368, 370, 371, 380, 385  
 Clementel, 136  
 Clunet, 281, 293  
 Cochon, Denis, 321  
 Combes, 119, 161  
 Comby, 379  
 Compère-Morel, 370  
 Condé, 79  
 Connaught, Duke of, 75  
 Constant, d'Estournelles, de, 240  
 Constantine, King, 110, 115, 196, 258, 298

Coppée, 286  
 Corday, Michel, 6, 341  
 Courteline, Georges, 278  
 Courteline, Madame, 278  
 Crémieux, 58  
 Crown Prince (*see also* William), 26, 54, 102, 216, 379, 387  
 Crozier, 15, 162  
 Cruppi, 16, 103, 108, 179  
 Cruppi, Madame, 30  
 Czernin, Count, 335, 337, 342, 352

## D

D'AMADE, 77  
 Daniel-Vincent, 146  
 Danton, 302  
 Daudet, Léon, 281, 352, 365  
 d'Aumale, Duc, 56  
 de Brocqueville, 282, 286  
 Decori, 36  
 Decl, 94  
 De Flers, Madame, 34  
 Deguise, 239  
 de Lancken, 282, 286  
 Delcassé, 25, 31, 64, 70, 77, 91, 94, 111, 112, 113, 118, 119, 175, 202, 243, 319  
 de Lisle, Rouget, 91  
 Dell, Robert, 360  
 Demartial, 360  
 De Mun, 99  
 de Pierrefeu, Jean, 5  
 Deschanel, 166, 177, 202, 253, 352, 366, 370  
 Desclaux, 69  
 Despard, Mrs., 55  
 d'Esperey, 137, 167, 354, 372  
 Desouches, 285  
 de Sévigné, Madame, 330  
 Djavid-Bey, 260  
 Donnay, 40  
 Doumer, 55, 60, 85, 97, 100, 156, 168, 275  
 Doumergue, 230, 256, 267, 296  
 Doumic, 184  
 Draga, Queen, 56  
 Dreyfus, 11, 33, 67, 103, 132, 151, 184, 207, 303, 306  
 Driant, 33, 112  
 Dubail, General, 27, 88, 138, 301, 303, 347, 353  
 Duberry, 138  
 Dubiau, 278, 365  
 Dubost, Antonin, 265

Duflos, Raphael, 81  
 Dugens, Raffin, 168  
 du Paty de Clam, 33  
 d'Urbal, General, 71  
 Duval, 298, 342, 343, 345

E

EBERT, 387  
 England, King of, 75, 84, 202  
 England, Queen of, 203  
 Erzberger, 264, 268, 386  
 Etienne, 46, 58, 120, 121, 226  
 Eyschen, 112

F

FAVRE, 100  
 Ferdinand (King), 56, 73, 108  
 Ferrero, 126  
 Ferrié, Colonel, 177  
 Ferry, Abel, 146, 236  
 Feydeau, 105, 187  
 Flameng, 187  
 Flandin, 364  
 Foch, 57, 65, 88, 95, 96, 97, 103, 104,  
 105, 114, 120, 121, 137, 179, 180, 182,  
 252, 288, 299, 330, 333, 337, 351, 364,  
 385, 386  
 Foerster (Professor), 222  
 Ford, 126, 128, 129, 133, 230  
 Forain, 180, 226, 307  
 France, Anatole, 13, 36, 41, 57, 94, 184,  
 210, 211, 212, 238, 239, 262, 275, 276,  
 277, 278, 279, 281, 289, 290, 291, 299,  
 301, 302, 303, 309, 311, 314, 321, 322,  
 323, 324, 328, 334, 341, 345, 352, 364,  
 365, 375  
 Francfort, General, 329  
 Francis-Joseph (Emperor), 22, 73, 211  
 Franc-Nohain, 40  
 Franklin-Bouillon, 282  
 French (Sir John), 81  
 Freycinet, 58, 113, 119, 121, 205, 212  
 Freystatter, 89  
 Fuller, Loie, 35

G

GALL, YVONNE, 278  
 Galliéni, 39, 45, 66, 93, 101, 111, 119,  
 120, 121, 123, 124, 129, 150, 151, 152,  
 161, 168, 170, 171, 176, 198, 244, 260

Galopin, 141  
 Gamelin, Colonel, 167  
 Garrett, 96, 142  
 Garros, 22  
 Gassier, 284, 325, 341  
 Gauthier, 285  
 Gémier, 213, 236  
 George, Lloyd, 96, 171, 175, 201, 204,  
 209, 212, 232, 264, 268, 288, 298, 311,  
 337, 338, 342, 356  
 George, Prince of Greece, 196  
 Gheusi, 39, 66, 244, 248, 253, 258, 259,  
 260, 261, 281, 318, 321, 326  
 Gilbert, 248  
 Girod, 169  
 Godart, Justine, 239  
 Gosset, 114  
 Gouraud, General, 77, 96, 196, 360  
 Grazziani, 108  
 Greece, King of, 74, 112, 116, 172, 204  
 Greece, Queen of, 172  
 Greffulhe, Madame, 32, 286  
 Gregh, 342  
 Grosclaude, 40  
 Guesde, Jules, 56  
 Guilbert, Yvette, 68  
 Guillaumet, Madame, 16, 20, 33, 53, 62,  
 159, 367  
 Guist'hau, 127  
 Guitry, Lucien, 160, 278, 336, 382  
 Guitry, Sacha, 382

H

HAASE, 153  
 Haig, Earl, 230, 330, 333  
 Hanotaux, 51, 78  
 Haraucourt, 191  
 Helbronner, 283  
 Henderson, 269, 322  
 Hennessy, Jean, 236  
 Henry, Prince of Prussia, 286, 386  
 Herbaut, 299  
 Herr, General, 176, 198  
 Herriot, 227  
 Hertling, 352  
 Hervé, 128, 192, 244, 313, 327, 336, 360,  
 370  
 Herz, Cornelius, 309  
 Hindenburg, 36, 46, 282, 356  
 Hirsch, 135, 231  
 Hirschauer, General, 34, 75, 90  
 Hohenlohe, Prince, 374



Hohenzollerns, the, 275, 277

House, Colonel, 299

Houssaye, Henry, 167

Hughes, 208

Hugo, Victor, 127, 144, 188

Humbert, Charles, 27, 83, 85, 98, 142,  
181, 189, 190, 202, 216, 238, 277, 280,  
285, 299, 312, 317, 318, 319

## I

IBÁÑEZ, 159

Ignatius, 307

Ingelbrecht, 277, 278

Isola, 66

Italy, King of, 84, 202

## J

JAURÈS, JEAN, 29, 52, 129, 189, 197, 252

Joan of Arc, 15, 73

Jobert, 263, 280, 285

Joffre, 7, 8, 10, 22, 28, 30, 31, 32, 34, 45,  
46, 47, 48, 55, 58, 59, 60, 62, 66, 67, 68,  
69, 70, 73, 77, 81, 82, 83, 84, 88, 89,  
90, 91, 93, 96, 97, 98, 99, 101, 102, 103,  
107, 108, 109, 111, 119, 120, 121, 124,  
131, 136, 137, 139, 141, 142, 144, 150,  
151, 152, 153, 156, 161, 162, 165, 166,  
167, 171, 174, 175, 179, 180, 183, 187,  
188, 189, 190, 198, 205, 207, 209, 212,  
214, 219, 220, 221, 223, 244, 245, 250,  
253, 263, 276, 294, 321, 343, 344, 359

Johnston, 192

Jonnart, 51

Jouhaux, 144

## K

KAINER (*see also* William II), 20, 22, 31,  
37, 42, 51, 54, 94, 112, 116, 136, 163,  
171, 174, 224, 264, 265, 282, 295, 310,  
318, 335, 336, 353, 356, 374, 376, 379,  
381, 386, 387

Kerensky, 288

Kiderlen-Wachter, 192

Kitchener, Lord, 35, 81, 84, 87, 137, 171,  
172, 173

Klotz, 116, 294, 343

Korniloff, General, 275

Krupp, 290

Kuhlmann, 286, 359

## L

LABORI, 30

Labroue, 283

La Fouchardière, 303

Lambert, Albert, 324

Lansdowne, Lord, 296, 300, 365

Lapauze, 214

Launcy, 278

Laval, 257, 280, 319

Lavedan, 191, 205

Lavisse, 130, 205

Léandre, 206

Leblanc, Maurice, 127

Leblois, 137

Lebrun, 371

Lefèvre, Andre, 89, 93

Lenin, 310

Lenoir, 285

Leygues, 282

Leymarie, 273, 290, 345

Lieb knecht, 381

Lloyd George (*see* George, Lloyd)

Lombroso, 126

Longuet, 128, 252, 253, 303, 311

Loti, Pierre, 10, 13, 40, 53, 68, 71, 88,  
124, 166, 167, 211, 212, 260

Louis XV., 87

Loustalot, 379

Luxbourg, 309

Lyautey, General, 94, 97, 127, 137, 150,

Lynch, Arthur, 204

## M

MAGINOT, 146, 158, 165, 174

Mailloux, 141

Malvy, 50, 77, 210, 280, 281, 283, 291,  
293, 299, 305, 349, 352, 360, 364, 365,  
366

Manfred, 279

Mangin, 208, 237, 238, 249, 288

Marceau, 14

Maréchal, 303

Marghiloman, 57

Margueritte, Victor, 8, 51, 75, 114, 117,  
131, 134, 141, 146, 150, 168, 202, 258,  
269, 280, 291, 302, 323, 346, 359, 360

Marin, 352

Martin, Bienvenu, 99, 110

Marx, 343

Mata-Hari, 267, 281, 283, 293

Matou, 217

Maunoury, 120  
 Max of Baden, Prince, 374  
 Mayéras, 385  
 Méline, 119, 197  
 Ménard, Captain, 159, 162, 163  
 Ménard-Dorian, Madame, 11  
 Menier, Paul, 63  
 Mérode, 286  
 Merrheim, 137, 144, 310, 322, 360, 379  
 Messimy, 14, 60, 163, 164  
 Meyer, A., 253  
 Michael, Grand Duke, 238  
 Michaelis, 267, 286  
 Michelin, 116  
 Millerand, 12, 14, 23, 24, 25, 27, 33, 48,  
     51, 55, 56, 58, 62, 67, 85, 88, 90, 92,  
     93, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 110, 111,  
     113, 118, 124, 137, 138, 244, 246  
 Milner, Lord, 330  
 Mirbeau, Octave, 231  
 Molière, 324  
 Monaco, Prince of, 20, 42  
 Monnier, 290  
 Mordacq, 321  
 Moure, 180  
 Moutet, 38, 40, 175  
 Moutet, Madame, 39

N

NAPOLEON I., 31, 37, 45, 233, 317  
 Nicholas, Grand Duke, 105, 161, 243  
 Nikita, King, 134  
 Nivelle, 233, 266, 288, 308, 354  
 Nordmann, 233  
 Normand, 82  
 Norman, Sir Henry, 200  
 Normann, 31  
 Northcliffe, Lord, 294, 381  
 Noulens, 298, 304

O

OHNET, Georges, 51  
 Orlando, 311, 342

P

PAINLEVÉ, 31, 32, 44, 55, 71, 93, 105,  
     114, 120, 127, 130, 131, 139, 140, 146,  
     152, 154, 158, 166, 170, 179, 180, 184,  
     196, 197, 198, 202, 204, 205, 209, 211,  
     212, 216, 217, 229, 232, 236, 238, 257,  
     258, 262, 263, 275, 276, 282, 283, 284,  
     285, 286, 288, 292, 293, 298, 302, 308,  
     314, 354, 360

Paisant, 303  
 Paléologue, 63  
 Pasquet, 85, 94, 100, 111, 288  
 Pau, General, 208  
 Paul, Grand Duke, 237  
 Paulmier, Madame, 142  
 Pavenstedt, 316  
 Peixotto, 37  
 Pelet, Marcelin, 13  
 Pelet, Madame, 12  
 Pelletan, 99  
 Pénelon, Colonel, 179  
 Percin, General, 265  
 Pérès, 360  
 Péricat, 381  
 Pershing, General, 261, 263  
 Pétain, 150, 166, 180, 217, 252, 256, 258,  
     273, 298, 323  
 Philip VII, 96  
 Picard, 51  
 Pichon, 39, 41, 49, 305, 307, 371  
 Pinsard, 159, 162, 163  
 Poidatz, 166  
 Poincaré, Raymond, 10, 17, 21, 23, 25,  
     26, 27, 29, 30, 33, 36, 38, 49, 57, 58,  
     60, 69, 73, 76, 78, 80, 82, 83, 84, 85,  
     86, 87, 88, 90, 91, 92, 95, 96, 97, 98,  
     99, 102, 103, 105, 109, 111, 112, 119,  
     127, 131, 135, 137, 138, 144, 149, 150,  
     156, 161, 163, 165, 166, 168, 172, 175,  
     176, 181, 184, 186, 189, 192, 195, 198,  
     202, 205, 209, 213, 217, 226, 229, 235,  
     243, 246, 247, 248, 252, 253, 254, 258,  
     264, 266, 275, 277, 280, 281, 284, 289,  
     293, 296, 298, 304, 309, 311, 318, 328,  
     330, 332, 334, 337, 342, 347, 352, 353,  
     365, 368, 370  
 Poincaré, Madame, 10, 21, 29, 36, 58, 67,  
     69, 131, 181  
 Ponchon, Raoul, 276  
 Pope, the, 89, 101, 158, 239, 270, 271,  
     272, 273, 275, 276, 278, 318  
 Poulbot, 206, 351  
 Pressemane, 214  
 Prévost, Marcel, 55, 167  
 Primoli, Count, 79  
 Prince, 236  
 Puech, 364

Q

QUILORAN, 131

R

RAPPOPORT, 98, 328, 334  
 Rasputin, 105, 161

Raynaud, 20, 87  
 Reboux, 80  
 Reinach, Joseph, 56, 152, 172, 265  
 Reinette, Gastine, 190  
 Renaud, 121  
 Renaudel, 116, 136, 278, 304, 368, 385  
 Renoult, René, 351  
 Ribot, 36, 45, 58, 68, 74, 76, 84, 85, 88, 111, 113, 122, 153, 158, 226, 229, 238, 239, 255, 263, 265, 267, 272, 273, 275, 282, 284, 285, 286, 287, 290, 311, 336, 337, 347, 363  
 Richard, 137, 151, 169, 170  
 Richepin, 184, 246, 346, 371  
 Richet, 202  
 Richtenberger, 89, 276  
 Richthofen, 339  
 Robertson, Field Marshal, 202  
 Robespierre, 52, 70, 142, 302  
 Roch, Madeleine, 324  
 Rolland, Romain, 28, 231  
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 46, 234, 235, 374  
 Roques, General, 152, 153, 154, 165, 207, 208, 213, 215, 217  
 Rosny, 236  
 Rostand, Edmond, 145  
 Rothschild, Dr. H. de, 82  
 Rousset, Lieut.-Colonel, 105, 289  
 Roux-Costadau, 215

## S

SAINT-JUST, 52  
 Saint-Saëns, 78  
 Santos-Dumont, 7  
 Sarrail, General, 28, 41, 46, 52, 95, 96, 97, 99, 101, 102, 120, 121, 131, 136, 137, 138, 172, 175, 176, 186, 196, 198, 199, 202, 207, 209, 213, 216, 312, 318, 337  
 Sarraut, 28, 90  
 Sarrien, 166  
 Scheurer-Kestner, 12  
 Sembat, 29, 34, 35, 36, 41, 44, 56, 64, 68, 97, 100, 128, 157, 206, 253, 254, 305, 351, 374  
 Séverine, 127, 128, 207, 228, 239, 311  
 Signoret, 232  
 Simon, Henri, 146  
 Sixte de Bourbon, Prince, 335, 342  
 Sixte-Quenin, 173  
 Silvain, 324

Snell, Victor, 303  
 Spain, King of, 62, 180, 295, 380  
 Spain, Queen of, 318  
 Steinlen, 277

## T

TARDIEU, 66, 163, 165, 215  
 Thomas, Albert, 81, 93, 123, 125, 146, 157, 161, 175, 204, 219, 254, 285  
 Thomson, M., 7, 8, 9, 11, 16, 27, 29, 30, 45, 49, 50, 83, 94, 95, 102  
 Thomson, Madame, 23, 58, 59, 88, 89  
 Tissier, 285  
 Tittoni, 77  
 Torres, 159  
 Townshend, General, 383  
 Trarieux, 162  
 Trepoff, 214  
 Trotsky, 304, 309, 310  
 Troussaint, 102  
 Tsar of Russia, 87, 97, 103, 105, 108, 202, 237, 238, 256, 266, 296  
 Tsarina of Russia, 105, 161  
 Turin, Duke of, 76  
 Turmel, 290

## V

VAILLANT, 97  
 Vandervelde, Madame, 84  
 Venizelos, 74, 83, 111, 204  
 Vergniaud, 9  
 Vialon, General, 281  
 Vilgrain, 295, 296  
 Vincent, Colonel, 169  
 Vincent, Professor, 383  
 Violette, 158, 175  
 Viviani, 10, 16, 17, 20, 24, 27, 29, 37, 38, 50, 56, 63, 69, 85, 87, 88, 90, 91, 92, 94, 99, 100, 103, 113, 115, 119, 161, 172, 198, 215, 237, 242, 245, 250, 258, 263, 268, 272, 295, 318, 363  
 Viviani, Madame, 22  
 Voilin, 312  
 Voisin, 44, 111, 117, 134, 183, 187, 209, 271  
 Voltaire, 324  
 Von Bulow, 56, 286  
 Von Kluck, 46, 77, 131  
 Von Kuhlmann, 286  
 Von Oppel, 11, 43

W

WAGRAM, PRINCE DE, 42

Wells, H. G., 5, 88

Wetterlé, Abbé, 53, 60, 69, 86, 130, 174

Widal, 40, 120

William II. (*see also* Kaiser), 10, 300

William (*see also* Crown Prince), 11,  
26

Wilson, President, 46, 167, 208, 214, 220,  
224, 226, 234, 242, 243, 258, 270, 275,  
277, 290, 299, 300, 304, 306, 307, 309,  
314, 315, 319, 325, 357, 365, 371, 373,  
375, 376, 377, 378, 381, 382, 385, 386

Wilson, Caroline, 190, 192

Z

ZEPPELIN, COUNT, 48



